

JAN.
1928

The SHRINE


MAGAZINE

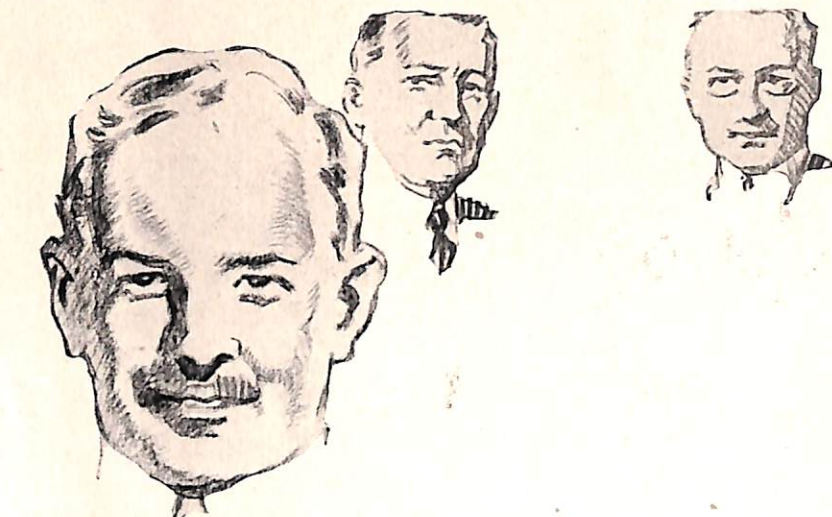
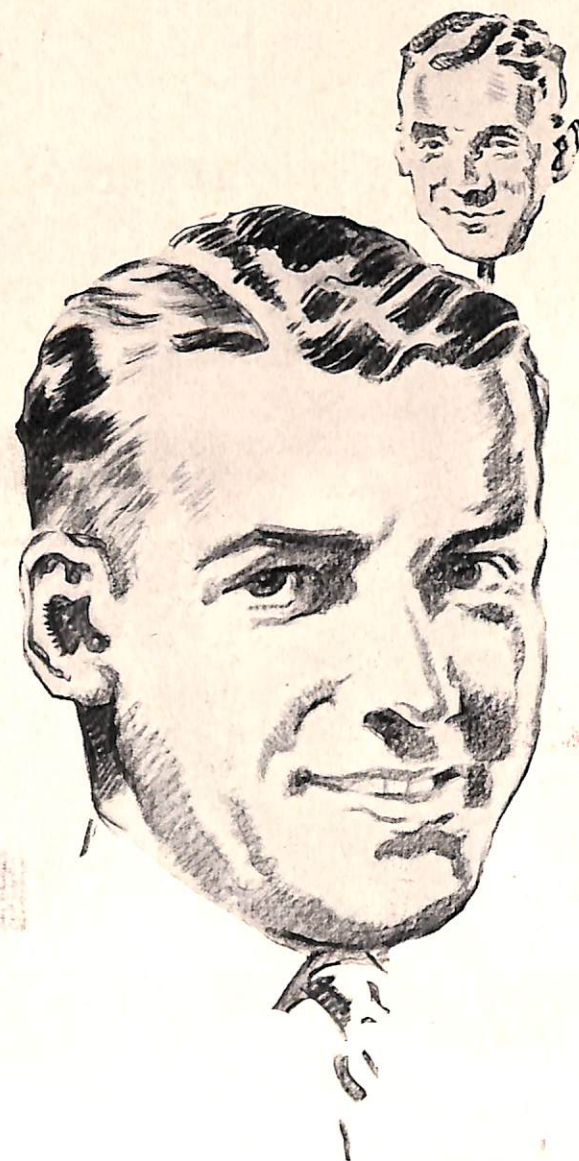
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AMLET *and the* BIG FELLER

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

SAMUEL MERWIN · RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET
MONTROSE J. MOSES  BEATRICE BARMBY
JANE L. COMFORT AND OTHERS



All Men . . . are not alike

THERE is as much difference among Insurance Companies as among individuals. The policies men follow and the policies insurance companies issue reflect a wide range of practices.

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Acacia Offers Exceptional Advantages Not Obtainable Elsewhere.

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MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION

William Montgomery, President

HOME OFFICE - WASHINGTON, D. C.

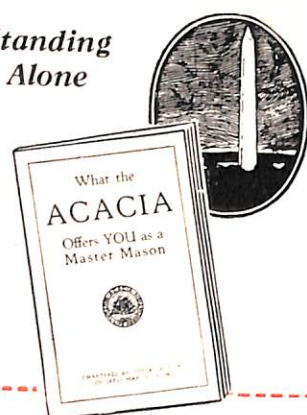
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City State

JANUARY, 1928



In 16 years we have not published a more dramatic story than this

This is the story of a man who almost threw \$10,000 into the waste basket because he did not have curiosity enough to open the pages of a little book. (Have you read one single book in the past month that increased your business knowledge or gave you a broader business outlook?)

The scene took place in a bank in one of the southern cities of California. The Vice-president, who had sent for a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, said to him:

"I want your help in making a little private experiment among the junior officers of this bank. We have got to appoint a new cashier. I hate to bring a man in from the outside, and yet I am not at all sure that any one of our younger men is ready for the position. Here are the names of five of them. I want you to send a copy of 'Forging Ahead in Business' to each one, but without letting them suspect that I have had a hand in it. Then call and tell the story of the Institute's training to each one separately and let me know how he receives it."

"I enrolled for your Course in New York years ago," he explained. "It gave me my first real knowledge of the fundamental principles of business. It meant everything to me, and I have an idea that there is no better way to test a man's business judgment than to see how he reacts to the opportunity it offers."

The five copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" were mailed, and a few days later the representative of the Institute called. One of the five men was on a vacation; three had tossed the book into the waste basket. They "knew all about it already"; they were "not interested." The fifth had his copy on his desk unopened. To that fifth man the Institute representative said:

"You may not suspect it, but there is a check for \$10,000 in that little book."

"Don't kid me," the other answered.

"I'm serious," was the reply. "I'll see you tomorrow."

The following morning the Institute man was called on the phone. "I think I found that \$10,000 check last night," said the man at the bank. "If you're down this way today, drop in. I'd like to enrol."



A few months later the directors of the bank appointed him cashier: his upward progress had begun. One of the first friends whom he notified of his promotion was the Institute representative.

"It gives me a cold shudder," he said, "to remember that I was just on the point of throwing that little book into the waste basket—\$10,000 and all."

Few men realize how eagerly business leaders are looking for the heads that stick up above the mass—for the men who by any sort of special training or ability have marked themselves for larger things.

For business nowadays develops the specialist—the man who knows his own department well, but who is so close to his job that he hasn't had time to learn the broad fundamental principles upon which all business is built.

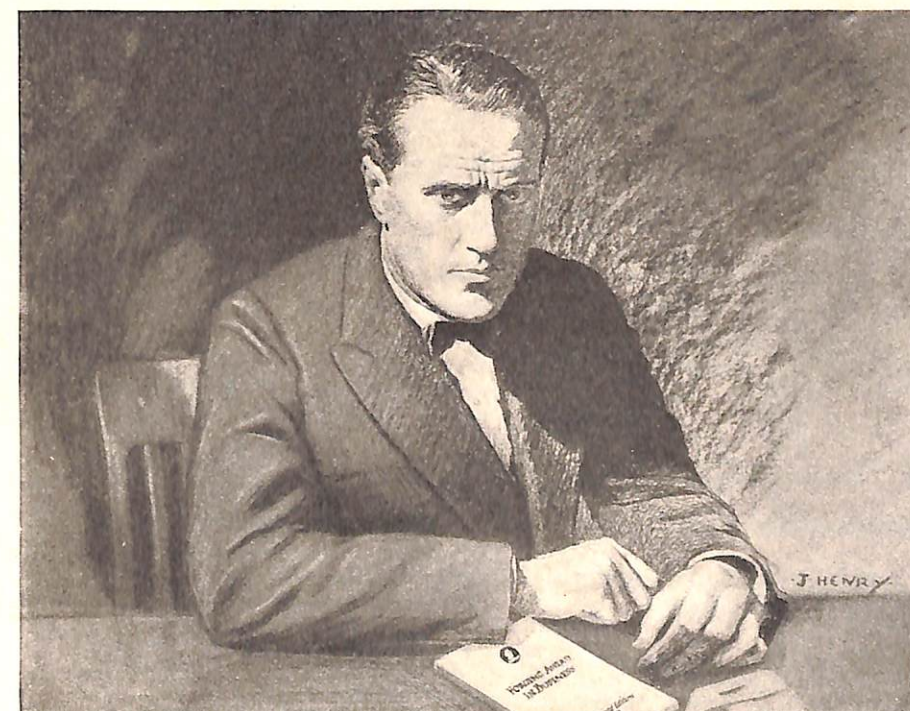
Do you want more money? Ask yourself this: "Why should anyone pay me more next year than this year? Just for living? Just for avoiding costly blunders? I am devoting most of my waking time to business—what am I doing to make myself more expert at business?"

Here is the Institute's function in a nutshell: It first of all awakens your interest in business, stimulates your desire to know, makes business a fascinating game. And second, it puts you into personal contact with leaders, thrills you by their example, makes you powerful with their methods. Is it any wonder, then, that Institute men stand out above the crowd?

Thousands of men will read this page. Hundreds will turn aside, or cast it into the waste basket, as those three men in the California bank threw their copies of

"Forging Ahead in Business" into the waste basket. But a few hundred will be stirred by that divine emotion—curiosity—which is the beginning of wisdom. They will send for "Forging Ahead"; they will read it, and like the fifth man, will find a fortune in its pages.

In Canada, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto.



"I said to him, 'There is a check for \$10,000 hidden in that book.'"

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
465 Astor Place New York City

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature..... Please write plainly

Business Address.....

Business Position.....



HE WHO LOVES LAST By DREW HILL

VES and Brett were brothers—they fought freely and fiercely on the slightest provocation with no grudging aftermath—over marbles, games, anything—but all this was as nothing until—lovely Patricia Hale stepped into their lives. Read "He Who Loves Last" by Drew Hill in the February Issue.

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Unconscious of danger Patricia coasted down the hill alone. "She won't know where to turn off," shouted Wes to his brother, leaping to a sled.

HE WHO LOVES LAST

By Drew Hill
In the February Issue

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Cover design by Guy Hoff

Official Publication of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America

Sewell Haggard, Editor

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Robert P. Davidson, Business Manager

Published monthly at 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y., by the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America. Entered as second class matter, April 15, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912; additional entry at Chicago, Ill., Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 15, 1926. Price, single copy, 25c. Subscription in the United States and Possessions for Shriners, \$1.00 per year; for non-Shriners, \$2.00 per year; Canada, 50c extra; foreign, \$1.00 extra. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering changes of address, please do so through your Recorder, giving him 1. Your name, 2. Old address, 3. New address. Allow five weeks' time.

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JANUARY, 1928

He Mailed Me A Coupon



President, American Business Builders, Inc.
(Authorized Capital, \$500,000.00)
Dept. 10MM, 18 East 18 St., New York.

Please mail me a free copy of your book,
"How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

Name *Al West*

Address *712 Broad Ave.*

City *Ridgely*

State *N.J.*



And His Dream Came True

How an ambitious bookkeeper, in his spare time started a real estate business of his own and made \$3,200 in 15 days. Can you do as well? My free book shows the way.

AL WEST dreamed dreams. He saw himself at the head of his own business; wearing well-cut clothes; driving a fine car; living in a comfortable home of his own; making enough money to enjoy the good things of life; through forever with the old bookkeeper job.

But Al, unlike some dreamers, kept on the lookout for Old Man Opportunity, determined to make his dream come true.

One day he ran across one of my ads, and mailed me a coupon in the hope that I could help him realize his dream. The coupon brought Al my free book. He read it. He enrolled for my successful Real Estate System. He started in his spare time. Soon he was making enough money to quit the old job. Now he owns his own business—which brought him \$3,200 profits in 15 days—more money in a few days than he made in a year and a half as a bookkeeper.

What Others Are Doing

Now if Al West were the only one that made his dream come true by mailing me a coupon and following my instructions, it would hardly be worth talking about. But hundreds of others have done the same thing—men and women, from almost every walk of life, and from all ages from 19 to 79.

Frank J. Kolar, of Cicero, Ill., was in the grocery business until he mailed me a coupon. He enrolled for my course. And his first two months in his new business put \$1,500 in his pocket. Mrs. Evelyn Balster, a widowed school-teacher, with three children to support, made \$5,500 on her very first real estate deal, after she got my scientific training. A. D. Perkins, former furniture man, of Forest Hill, Conn., made \$2,556 in 2½ months. J. W. Randolph, former grocery clerk of Elizabeth City, No. Carolina, made \$510 in 2 weeks, and Thos. Mone, Jr., an insurance solicitor, started in real estate just as soon as he had studied the first few lessons of my Course. And he reports earnings of \$28,000 for his first



Al West, former bookkeeper, made \$3,200 in 15 days

six months in his new business. Did you ever before hear of such big money made so quickly?

Profits Hard to Believe

Yes, I know that these great big profits—made so easily and so quickly, by people who had no previous real estate experience—are hard to believe. I don't blame you for being doubtful. If I were in your place reading this ad, I would probably be doubtful, too. But don't make the big mistake of letting your doubt prevent you from mailing the coupon and getting the free book and finding out for yourself the whole truth about this remarkable business opportunity and what there is in it for you. For every statement I make is backed up by the most convincing proof you ever saw. In fact, I have authentic records of earnings made by some of my students that I don't dare print because I am afraid that no one would believe them. They simply sound too good to be true.

\$1,000 Reward

I have a standing offer of one thousand dollars in gold to anyone who can show me any other course in business training that has enabled as many men and women make as much money in as short a time as my successful Real Estate

System. And no one has ever applied for the money. Why? Because there is no other Business Course and Service like mine.

Now I don't say that if you enroll for my course you will make \$3,200 in 15 days as Al West did. Or \$5,500 on your first deal as Mrs. Balster did. Or \$28,000 in six months as Mone did. But I do say that if you have the least desire to get into a high-class business of your own—earn more money than you ever earned before—make your business dream come true—you will make the mistake of your life if you do not get and read my free book "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

It costs you nothing to get all the facts about this unusual business opportunity. My book is free. It contains the most amazing stories of big business success you ever read. And it fully explains my Course of Training which makes this success possible.

The kind of men and women I want to hear from—the kind that are slated for success—the kind that are determined to get ahead—who are ambitious to own good businesses of their own—who want to make their dreams come true—will lose no time in mailing the coupon and reading my free book. It has helped others achieve remarkable business success. Let it do the same for you. Address, President, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 52-1, 18 East 18 St., New York.

President, American Business Builders, Inc.,
(Authorized Capital \$500,000.00)
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SHRINE SERVICE TRAVEL BUREAU



What Shall I Take When I Go On My Trip?

By Anne C. Granbeck

IT IS difficult to give absolutely hard and fast advice on the subject of "what to take" when you go on a trip, for everybody's itinerary varies so materially and all purse-strings operate with different limitations. Climatic conditions of places you plan to visit have bearing on the subject.

If you are going abroad, certain articles of apparel are essential for steamer wear, no matter what the season. Even during warmer weather, one needs a heavy coat, or sweater, a steamer hat and comfortable shoes for walking the deck. Sports clothes are always the right thing to wear during the day, and many people do not even vary the sports clothes idea for evenings. This, however, depends upon the class in which you are traveling. If you are traveling first class, it is essential to have dinner or evening dress, with wrap and other accessories. On the cabin steamers, a great deal of the formality of dress is dispensed with during the entire trip, except perhaps the evening before landing when the Captain's Dinner is always given. This does not, necessarily, mean formal wear. Dinner dresses are entirely correct.

A bath robe and slippers should be included and a raincoat, umbrella and bathing suit may be added. A steamer rug need not be taken if you do not desire, as one can be rented on board.

Whatever is purchased abroad can be shipped home "in bond" (which means not to be opened until final destination is reached) if you do not choose to carry things with you.

Men will need, in addition to a warm coat and cap, business suits or golf clothes for day wear, aboard steamers, and tuxedo clothes for evening wear.

When taking a world tour, you are likely to meet every season, and therefore will need clothes for all the varying climates.

In China, Manchuria, Korea and Japan, it is winter until April, and then the climate is somewhat like our own. The cherry blossom season in Japan is April.

For a Mediterranean Cruise in winter, visiting such countries as Greece, Italy, France, Spain, as well as North Africa, despite the brilliant sunshine during the day, evenings are cool, and spring or fall clothes are advisable.

The winter time is the best season to visit the Philippines, India and the Dutch East Indies, for in these places it is so warm, that people do not even emerge from their houses between eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon. Linen clothes are the best for this climate (at any rate wash clothes) and shade hats and plenty of shoes are necessary.

In southern South America, the climate is very much like our own, but with summer during our winter. Of course the highlands of western South America are cold and snowy, and heavier clothes should be taken if you plan a trip there. The northern part of South America is in the tropics and requires only summer clothes the year round, as do the West Indies, Panama, Hawaii, the South Seas and New Zealand. Australia, and South Africa too, have their winter time when we have our summer.

If you plan to go to the National Parks,

you have a choice of either the "camp" way of traveling or making your stop overs at the beautiful modern hotels throughout the Parks. Sports clothes and outdoor clothes are worn during the day and more formal clothes if you wish, at the hotels in the evening.

On a cruise there is no limit to the amount of luggage and clothes you may take, because once you are aboard, there is not the trouble of checking baggage in and out. Therefore, from the most simple to the most elaborate of wardrobes will do. The length of time aboard should determine how much you will need on such a trip and what your normal needs are ordinarily will govern what you take.

Another question many people ask me is: "How shall I lug things with me?" to which I would like to answer that modern luggage is a positive revelation. Great amounts of clothes, shoes and accessories can be taken in little space these days. Wardrobe trunks are compactly built to allow the maximum of interior space—no crushing of clothes—and to take up the minimum amount of outside space. Hat boxes are actually a misnomer, for these boxes serve not only as hat boxes, but as actual suitcases, fitted up often as traveling cases, as well. A very handy wardrobe trunk, a little larger than the normal suitcase, is the wardrobe or autorobe, which is built inside like a trunk and fits under a Pullman berth, on the running board of a car, in a steamer or airplane cabin, and is equipped with a handle like a suitcase, which permits of carrying. There are so many accessories available for travelers, in compact form, from the small sewing kits, writing cases, jewel cases, men's toilet cases, to the beautifully fitted bags and suitcases, if you desire them. The daily necessity accessories are very cleverly built into luggage these days and take up very little space. Steamer rolls are handy, for a heavy coat or raincoat or rug.

While the steamship companies are generous about the amount of luggage one may carry, it is well to remember that in England 100 lbs. is allowed; in France 66 lbs. and in Italy 45 lbs., with similar limitations throughout the world, and excess baggage rates are high.

If you register valuables (jewelry and furs) with our customs officers before leaving you will have no difficulty bringing them in on your return. When making purchases abroad, keep all sales slips for presentation to special customs appraisers when returning.

Baggage can be insured before departing on a journey. Railroad, steamship and individual insurance companies issue baggage, travel or accident insurance.

Miss Anne C. Granbeck of the Travel Bureau will be glad to help plan your travel wardrobe, do your shopping, select appropriate gifts for your friends who will travel, make travel reservations of all kinds. Write, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

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IMPERIAL POTENTATE
CLARENCE M. DUNBAR
NO. 3000 N. W. 10TH ST.
PHOENIX, ARIZ.

November
10
1927

Mr. Fred N. Hicks,
Assistant Traffic Manager,
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway,
Seattle, Washington.

Dear Noble Hicks:

It has been my pleasure to travel on the Milwaukee Road many times. Their equipment is such as to call for the admiration of the traveling public. The combination of Timken bearings and box spring mattresses makes sleeping a genuine pleasure, and the ease of starting and stopping these trains makes the entire trip one of rest and pleasure.

The dining car service and courteous treatment that are extended to every passenger make one feel at home every hour of what might otherwise be a tiresome trip. My experience has been that the Milwaukee Road is years in advance of many railroads who seek the patronage of trans-continental travel.

My recent trip on the Olympian was such that I wish to express my sincere thanks for the many courtesies and kindnesses extended to me and my party.

Courteously yours,

Clarence M. Dunbar
Imperial Potentate.

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FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

TO ERR is human. But investors who never make any mistakes seldom make many profits. There exist today and there always will exist, splendid opportunities to make profits in stocks and bonds. Those who seize the opportunities owe it to themselves to hedge the effort with all the safety precautions possible. It is due to failure to take such precautions that many estates are burdened with bundles of "securities" which cannot be sold promptly by executors at any price. These securities are not necessarily worthless assets. They are frozen assets and frozen assets have caused more financial cold feet than all the depressions and bankruptcies of the last decade.

Where the men in whose estates such securities are found make their error is in selecting holdings which are not salable at a moment's notice. Nearly any man no matter how wealthy, may, on occasion, be faced with a necessity for immediate cash. If his investments are liquid, he can obtain that cash at a moment's notice and without a sacrifice. If they are frozen, he may have extreme difficulty in obtaining any cash immediately and if he does, he probably will have to pay high for it.

This does not mean that every investor must restrict his holdings to gilt-edged railroad bonds or stocks with as broad and active a market as United States Steel. It simply means that he ought to be able to see his way out of any investment as well as the way into one.

It undoubtedly is well to choose stocks or bonds which are listed and traded in on the recognized exchanges. In this way the holder is protected by having a regular market which must necessarily reflect to some extent the condition of the corporation involved.

The facts cited above are not directed against speculation. If no one "took a chance" there would be no new industries, no new trade trends, and no commercial and industrial progress. But the investor usually will find it safest to buy for investment first and then for speculation.

It is an absolutely true fact that only the man who does not care whether he loses or not, can speculate with full effectiveness. If a speculator cannot afford to lose, that very fact must bias his judgment so that he usually closes out his trade too soon or too late. But if he has enough money invested so that he will not feel the loss of a certain sum, then he is in an advantageous position to speculate with that amount.

Many speculators have a mania to be on the "inside," feeling that this advantage would make their speculations certain to yield profits. There are no certainties in speculation. Not infrequently the man "inside looking out" is at a greater disadvantage in stock dealings than the gentleman who is looking out through a steel

barred window. In both cases it is usually better to be "outside looking in."

Those on the inside are frequently too close to the picture to catch its true perspective. Insiders sometimes fail signally to agree. The trader who knows the facts open to all and interprets them correctly is seldom at a disadvantage and then only temporarily.

For example, there is a stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange which has recently shown considerable activity. The control lies in the hands of one family, but the scouts and watchers in The Street attributed the heavy buying to the father and the heavy selling to the son.

In the case of another corporation, at a recent directors meeting, one faction of a family resigned its offices because it could not agree on judgment and policy with another faction. The difficulties in which an outside "insider" would have found himself in these two concerns can readily be estimated. It is far safer to obtain the unbiased, unprejudiced facts.

The effort to clean up from the inside may easily result as did a similar effort by Paddy Driscoll of Park City, Utah, and points north and south. Paddy had been firmly and carefully instructed, after some hours of joyous vocal abandon, to get out of Mike Fitzgerald's saloon and gambling house and to stay out. This rankled, and after oiling up at several other alcoholic filling stations he asked a friend to accompany him while he went down to Fitzgerald's and "made a cleanin'."

"It will be unnecessary fer ye to come in," instructed Paddy. "I need no assistance whatsoever. What I want is for you to stand outside and count them as I throw them out."

Obediently the companion took his stand at one side of the swinging doors. Sounds of conflict welled out to him for a brief moment. Then the doors parted and between them sailed a dark human figure which landed in the mud of the road with a dull plop. "Wan," shouted the faithful counter. The dark figure sat up, and glared with disgust at the speaker. "Oh shut up," said Paddy Driscoll wearily. "It's me." Another inside clean up had failed.

Service for Investors

Accurate, reliable, unprejudiced information is the basis of all successful investment. The Shrine Magazine is prepared to furnish its readers with information of that sort on investment securities. Send your inquiries WITH SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Jonathan C. Royle, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

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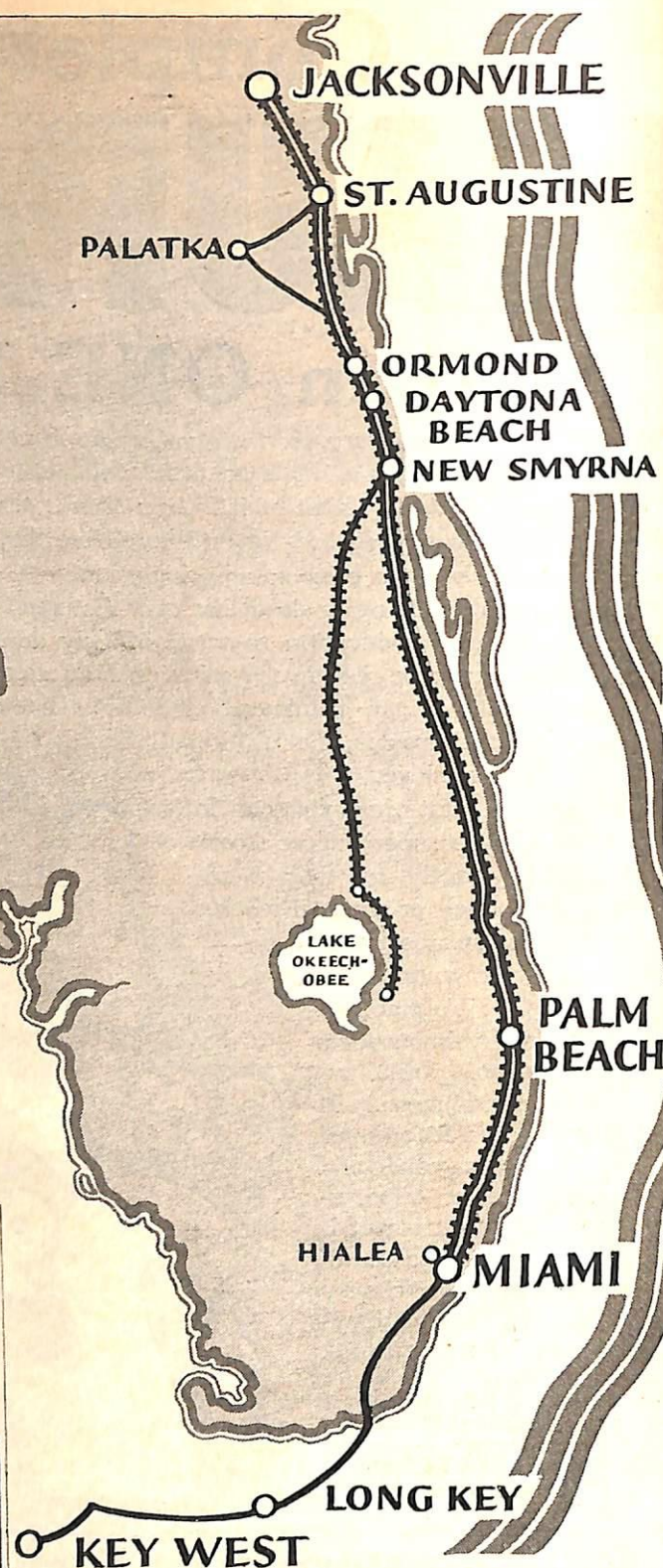
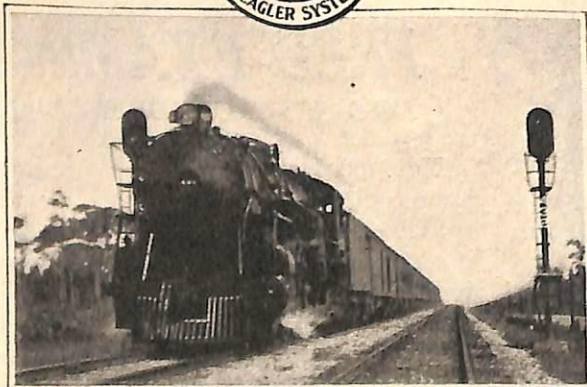
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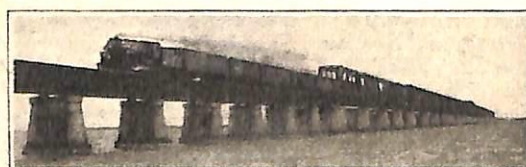


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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1928

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S MESSAGE

¶ We are now starting a new year, when good business men take stock to find where they stand. Old stock which has not proved profitable is marked down and disposed of at any price, that fresh stock may take its place. Plans which have proved poor are abandoned; those which were profitable are amplified.

¶ Now when new officers take the place of old ones in the Shrine is the time for stock taking. Now is the time for us to review the past for the benefit of the future. Let us weigh carefully the past policy of our Temples and decide which have been of benefit, that they may be amplified. If there have been policies which have not worked to the best interests, let them be abandoned.

¶ Let our New Year's resolutions be to make the Ceremonials worth any Noble's attendance. Let us give the membership work to do which will tie them into the Shrine activities. Let all Nobles resolve to be more active, uphold the hands of the officers. The Shrine is a human institution; out of every human institution we get only in proportion to what we put in!

¶ But enough of preaching! What's the use of preaching with no chance to pass the hat? The New Year is before us! There is the Shriners' Cruise to the West Indies and the Imperial Council Session at Miami amidst the orange blossoms and the alligators. There are Ceremonials where the proud and lofty in spirit are made to see their utter uselessness in the eternal scheme of things!

¶ When Napoleon said "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" the Old Guard promptly upped and atted 'em! There is no Old Guard of the Shrine. There are a few kids around eighty-five or ninety but the prefix "Old" never fits a Shriner! Let's up and at life for the coming year.

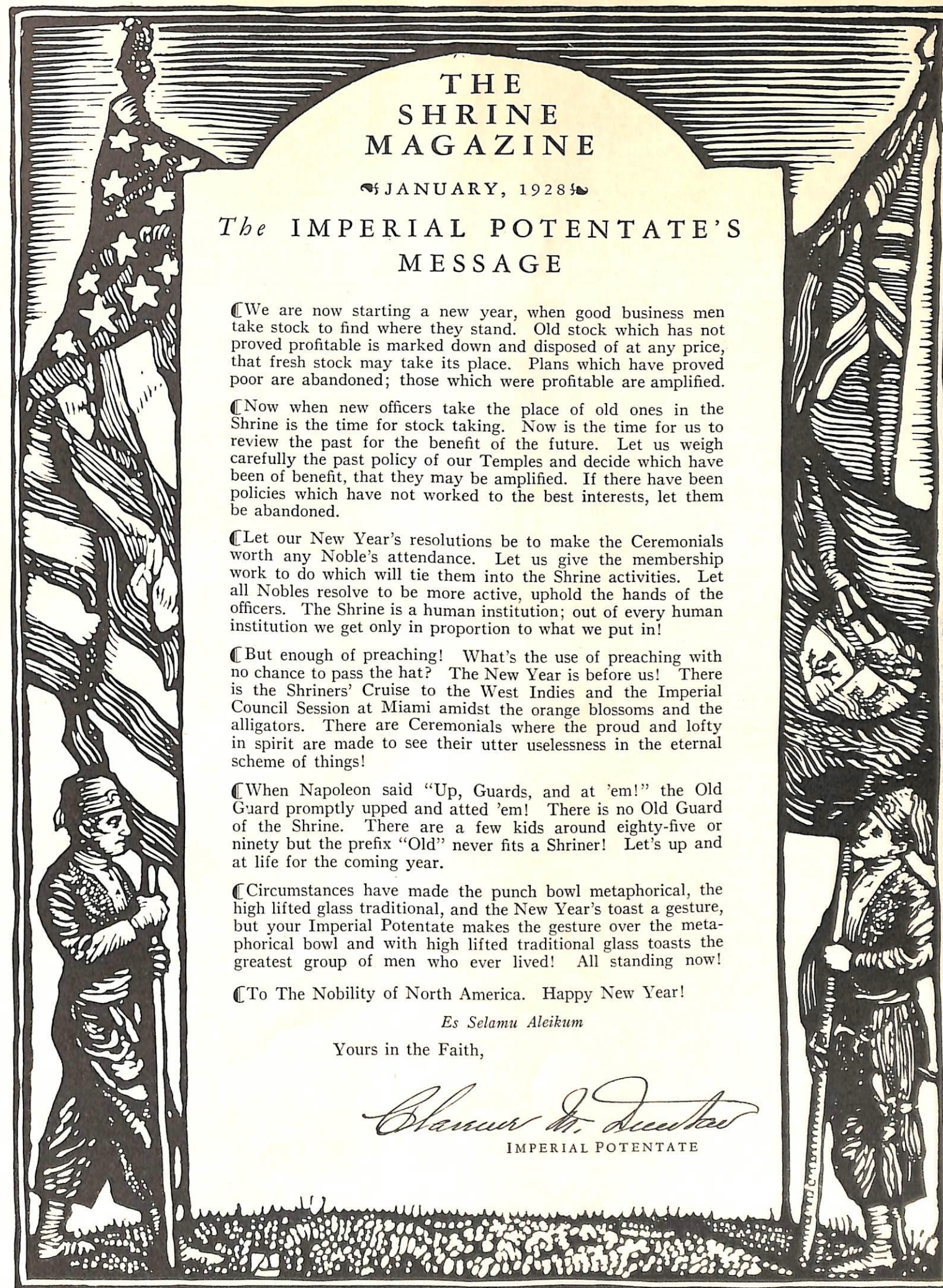
¶ Circumstances have made the punch bowl metaphorical, the high lifted glass traditional, and the New Year's toast a gesture, but your Imperial Potentate makes the gesture over the metaphorical bowl and with high lifted traditional glass toasts the greatest group of men who ever lived! All standing now!

¶ To The Nobility of North America. Happy New Year!

Es Selamu Aleikum

Yours in the Faith,

Chas. W. Dwyer
IMPERIAL POTENTATE



*The Shakespeare
Pose in the Prize
Ring and How
Hamlet was Revenged*

HAMLET

Illustrations by
David Robinson

IT WAS the easiest attitude the Big Feller had been called upon to strike; and he had struck many.

At various stages in the course of his rise he had been deferential, boyishly eager, suave, deadly, savagely, Olympically genial. All of the poses had called for facial and bodily action and for the right words—stuff that was hard to remember and to keep clearly assorted.

Smeed, his manager, had ordained each pose. Smeed had coached him. Smeed had made up the talk that went with it all. Smeed was a wonder.

"The day has went past for good," he used to tell the Big Feller, at the outset of every new attitude, "when a fighter can just chop wood and draw his pay. He's got to get talked about in the papers. That gets the public to jawing about him and that makes them come and see him fight. Why the moniker, 'Gentleman Jim,' was a gold mine to Corbett! Folks come to see him fight that would 'a' walked around any other fighter like he was a lake. Now, the 'Gentleman' line has ran out; even if we could drape it on to you; which same we can't, Spike. No use asking why. You wouldn't understand. But there's others. Plenty of them. And each one is good for a write-up or so, when the sporting editors has space to fill. Some day, one of our stunts will hit the public. Then you're made."

Accordingly, Spike Wessen had begun his career under Smeed's management, as "Just a great big friendly kid who's so sorry for the poor boobs he laces that I have a lot of bother keeping him from slipping them his share of the purse. A big shy cuss, with a heart the size of a watermelon."

One or two sporting writers were so obliging as to inform their public of these agreeable traits of the Big Feller. But nobody seemed interested. Watermelon-sized hearts may be more than coronets. But they are less than spectacular fighting.

But at last Smeed's unwearying protean ambitions were bearing fruit. Wessen's newest Smeed-made pose was actually winning newspaper mention in a score of sporting pages. Two editorials, only slightly derisive, had been written about it.

And the whole thing had happened by accident. Accident, plus Smeed. Like this:

Smeed took his man to Blumenhurst to train for his Raegen fight. They set up training quarters in a rickety summer cottage just vacated by a group of school teachers who had rented it for the holiday months.

In cleaning out the cupboard in his own room, on the ground floor, Smeed came across a forgotten red-leather copy of Hamlet.

It was somewhat battered and thumbed; but otherwise it was in fair condition. Its school teacher owner had not left it there purposely.

Smeed turned over the little volume, bending its limp leather covers and glancing at its title-page.

"HAMLET, A Tragedy, by William Shakespeare."

The author's name had a familiar ring. Riffing the pages and stopping at random, Smeed read:

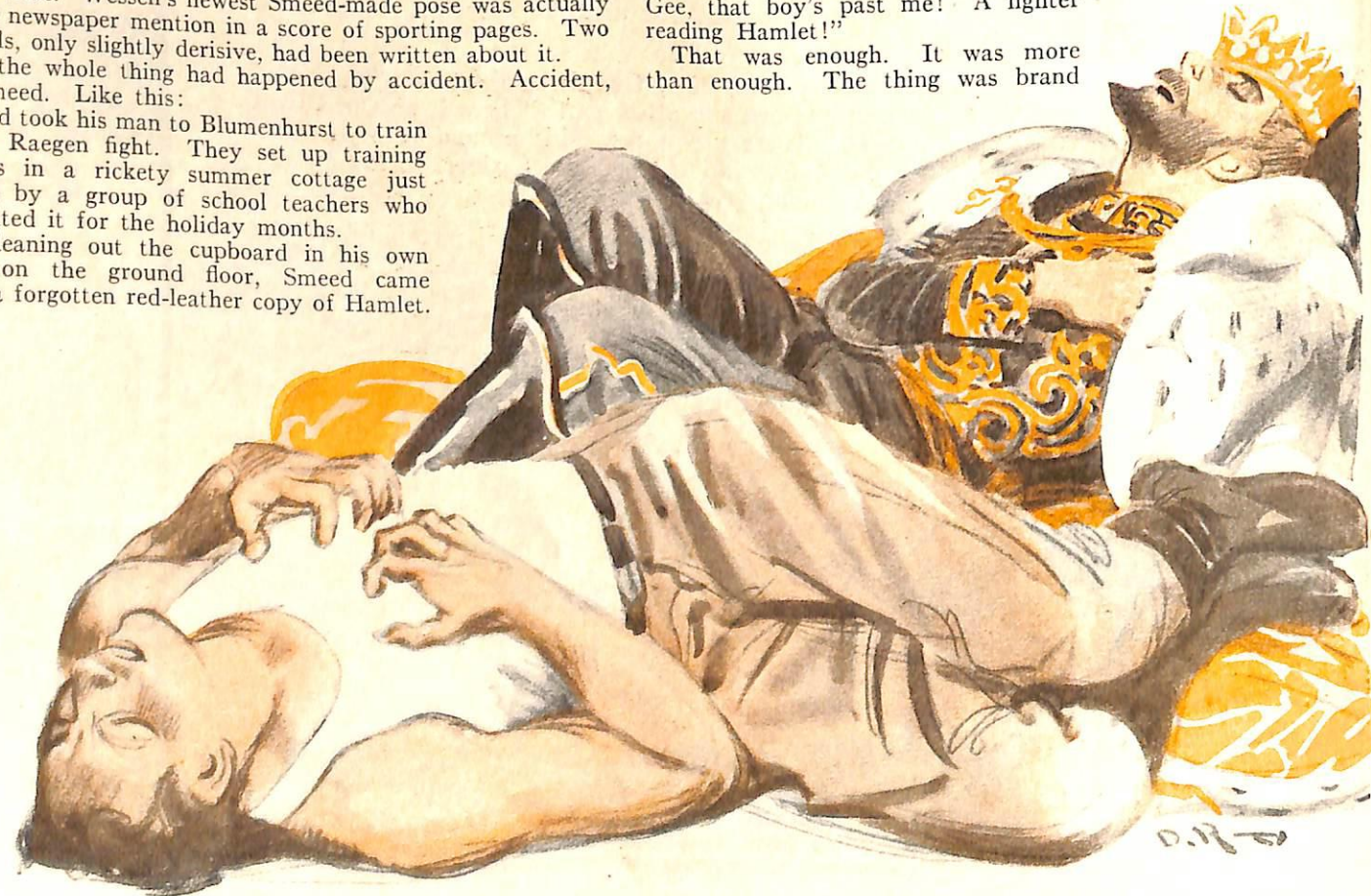
"Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an aerie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't."

Smeed the erudite had had enough. The lines made no more sense to him than did they to the first Thespian who cut them out of the acting version. In disdain for such highbrow idiosyncrasy, he shut the book. Then, as the call to breakfast sounded he started for the kitchen-dining-room. On the way he noted he still held the copy of Hamlet. He dropped it on the hall table.

There, an hour later, it caught the eye of a sporting writer. "Hello!" exclaimed the reporter, picking up the book and seeing it bore every sign of use. "What's the idea? Who's the highbrow? You, Smeed?"

"Nope," disclaimed the manager in some contempt; then, his inspiration coming into action with a shock that thrilled him, he added: "Not me. I don't go in for litterchoor, outside the papers. I leave that to the Big Feller. He's the wildest guy for reading, you ever set your two eyes on. Every minute he ain't on the road or in the gym, he grabs up this book; and reads into it for hours and hours at a time. He must 'a' read it fifty times. Maybe more. Shakespeare's his fav'rite writer. He's daffy about him. I'd hide this book, only I know he'd chase off to town for another copy of it. Gee, that boy's past me! A fighter reading Hamlet!"

That was enough. It was more than enough. The thing was brand



and the BIG FELLER

By
Albert Payson
TERHUNE

new. And the book was not new. It had been read. Passages in it had been marked. There seemed not the faintest reason to doubt that Spike Wessen, heavyweight champion of the East, was a devotee of Shakespeare.

Whether or not the Big Feller understood half of what he read in Hamlet didn't matter. His reading it at all, and his loving it, was a bright bit of sporting news.

Never had such a thing been heard of, before, in prize-ring annals. The reporter went back to his office with a training-quarters yarn which had a genuine new slant to it.

The sporting papers snatched at the innovation. Smeed, next morning, woke to find the Big Feller and Hamlet equally famous in the news; their names coupled on the sporting page of every paper he could lay hands on.

He had turned the trick, at last. His man was made.

It took Smeed five minutes to find the mislaid copy of Hamlet and twenty-five more to coach the dazed Wessen in the first simple rudiments of his new rôle.

That day, four sporting writers and one news reporter called at the Big Feller's quarters. All came on the same train. They found Spike sprawled out on a veranda chair; gazing with dull eyes at the center of a page in the center of the volume. Oblivious of their approach, he stared on.

"Now, then!" bawled the manager. "Are you going to spend all day over that measly book? This is the second time I've had to— Oh, g'morning, gentlemen!" he broke off, observing his audience with a start of surprise. "Excuse me, won't you, for going up in the air? But this guy is never going to get anywhere in the ring, if he spends all his off-time mulling over litterchoor. Carrick's waiting for you, Spike," he finished, conciliatingly. "Won't you—?"

With a sigh, the Big Feller laid down the book, first carefully placing the silken marker between two of its leaves.

"Say, boys!" wheedled Smeed, dropping his voice as Wessen slouched away toward the gym, "just as a big favor to me, don't go talking to him about that Hamlet book of his. I'm trying to jolly him out of wasting his time over it. If he thinks other folks back him up in it, I'll never get him to do a single lick of work. And the bout is only four weeks off."

Up to a day earlier, Spike Wessen had been looked on as an uninspired and uninspiring slugger, who had a fair chance, perhaps,



"Laertes poisons the sword and sticks it into Hamlet. Then Hamlet gets the sword and sticks it into Laertes and the King, and the whole bunch die. That's all there is to it, except a girl named Ophelia who goes crazy because Hamlet won't marry her. She sings a song that it's a wonder they don't jail her for."

ord speed. During a visit to the drowsy resort, he had chanced to meet Carrick. When Smeed left for home, Dan was carting the manager's heavy suitcase.

Then, Spike Wessen's sparring partner was fired for consistent drunkenness. Dan inherited his job. Carrick was a natural boxer and was big and powerful and was adapted to stand much mauling. Smeed, from the outset, had seen the boy could not hope to rise above the pork-and-bean zone, as a fighter; not only from lack of form, but still more through the possession of a keen imagination and an innate gentleness.

Upon Carrick's imaginative soul had dawned a veritable hero-worship for Wessen. He regarded him as the ideal fighter, the super-man of the ring. Only this adoration kept him from dropping his own hopeless career and going back to his father's store. Not only did the store beckon him; but in Blumenhurst was the One Girl.

Her name was Simmons. Nellie Simmons. She had deep eyes and a steady jaw. She was not pretty; but Dan thought she was. He and she were in the primal stages of courtship when Smeed's lure of ring-fortune led Carrick cityward.

Dan rejoiced at coming back to his home town, during the month of training for the Raegan bout. But his joy dropped sickeningly at the icy friendliness that met him on his first visit to Nellie. Nor could he pound his way past that wall of placid ice. The girl allowed him to call on her. She even went for an occasional walk with him. But, to save his soul, he could not bring back their relationship to within a mile of its former footing.

He grieved; sensing Nellie's disgust at his mode of livelihood. Then, of a day, he had an idea.

Smeed ordained a series of three gym receptions—afternoons whereon the supposedly avid local public should be at liberty to visit the Big Feller's training quarters, there to watch Spike skip the rope, punch the bag and box three rounds with his sparring partner. On the morning of the first of these days, Dan Carrick made known his idea, as he and Wessen set forth for their hour of road work.

"Say, Spike," began Carrick, shyly, "I wish you'd do me a big favor. It's something that means a whole lot to me; and it'll be easy for you to do it. Will you?"

The Big Feller squinted obliquely at his worshiper; and grunted in mild and noncommittal interest. Emboldened, Carrick launched upon his project.

"You see," he said, "I was born in this burg. I lived here always, till I went with Smeed. This place is crawling with friends of mine and friends of my folks. Some of them are due to come out to the gym this afternoon to watch you work. One of them will be a—girl."

"Huh?" queried Spike, roguishly.

"I—I was kind of keeping comp'ny with her," pursued Dan, "before I went into the ring, and—"

"Before you which?"

"Before I went with Smeed," Carrick corrected himself, humbly. "And now that I'm back here again, she don't seem to care anything about me, somehow. Well, here's what I'm getting at, Spike: I've got her and her dad to say they'll come up here for a while this afternoon, to watch you work out. I had a heap of trouble persuading them to. But I—"

"You needn't 'a' bothered," said Wessen. "There'll be plenty without them. I—"

"Not for me there won't," spoke up Carrick, with certainty. "I asked them there, so's they could see you work out and see what a grand game this is of ours—yours. Well, here's what I'm driving at, Spike: When I and you put on the gloves for our exhibition stunt, after your other work, would—would you mind going kind of easy with me, just this once; and letting me show up for something? I mean," he hurried on, nervously, "I mean I'd kind of like to have her see me hold my own—just in exhibition work, of course—with a winner like you, Spike."

The Big Feller looked his sparring partner over, with an ever-widening grin.

"I get you," he said, presently. "Hippodrome stuff, hey? You want to make a hit with her by standing up to me for the three rounds and looking like you was holding your own?"

"That's it, Spike," Carrick assured him, much heartened by his idol's amicable tone. "I know it's a nery thing to ask of a coming champ, like

you. But it's only for this once. And she'll be there; and all my old friends. But mostly her. I'll do anything to pay you back, if ever I get a chance to, Spike. Honest I will. You see, I figure when she sees what a wonder you are and then sees me standing up to you on kind of equal terms, she can't help but stop looking down on me. Maybe she'll even get to feeling like she used to feel toward me. I want that, more'n I want anything else there ever was. I— How about it, Spike? Will you?"

The Big Feller did not speak, for a moment; and Carrick's heart began to skip beats. Suddenly Wessen laughed explosively, and smote his idolator painfully on the back.

"Sure, I'll do it," he declared, loudly, his wide shoulders jellylike with mirth. "It's a deal. You're on."

"Gee, but I'm grateful to you, Spike!" cried Dan, in almost hysterical gratitude. "I— Say! You'll never be sorry for this, so long as you keep on living. Of all the white men that ever happened, you're—you're that man, Spike Wessen."

For a space they jogged along in silence; the Big Feller shaken by intermittent recurrences of his first noisy mirth.

On the way back, Spike broke the silence as a sudden recollection came to him.

"Say!" he demanded, "Did you do that job Smeed put up to you, the other day? Did you?"

"What job?" asked Carrick, the query yanking him so suddenly from a roseate reverie that his face and voice took on almost an idiotic blankness.

"Lord!" grunted the Big Feller, in sour reproof. "You don't even remember what it was? Here I'm promising to let you look like a champ, in our go, today, and you can't even remember the one thing Smeed told you to do for me!"

"Which thing?" asked the humbled Dan. "He's always sicking me on to something to do. Which one was it?"

"That Hamlet thing," said the Big Feller. "Don't you even remember him telling you I'd ought to know what the bum story was about, in case I'd ever get cornered by some high-brow who'd ask me about it? Don't you remember he told you to read it through, first chance you got; and tell me about it? You've forgot—"

"Hold on, there!" expostulated Dan, fighting for words in the torrent of Wessen's rebuke. "Hold on, Spike! You misjudge me wrong when you say I forgot it. I didn't. I read it through, all right, all right. Then I went down to Nellie Simmons' house, last evening—she's the lady I just told you about—and I asked her had she ever read it. Well, she had. Likewise, she seen it on the stage, once. I was kind of balled up by some of the long speeches; so I got her to tell me the yarn, and explain the whole thing. After that, I read a lot of it all over; and I could understand it fine. It's a corking story, too, when you get so you ain't tangled up by the poetry-way it's wrote."

"What's it all about? Spiel it as short as you can; so I'll remember it. A coupla reporters and one college sharp pretty near caught me on it, already. What's it about, anyhow?"

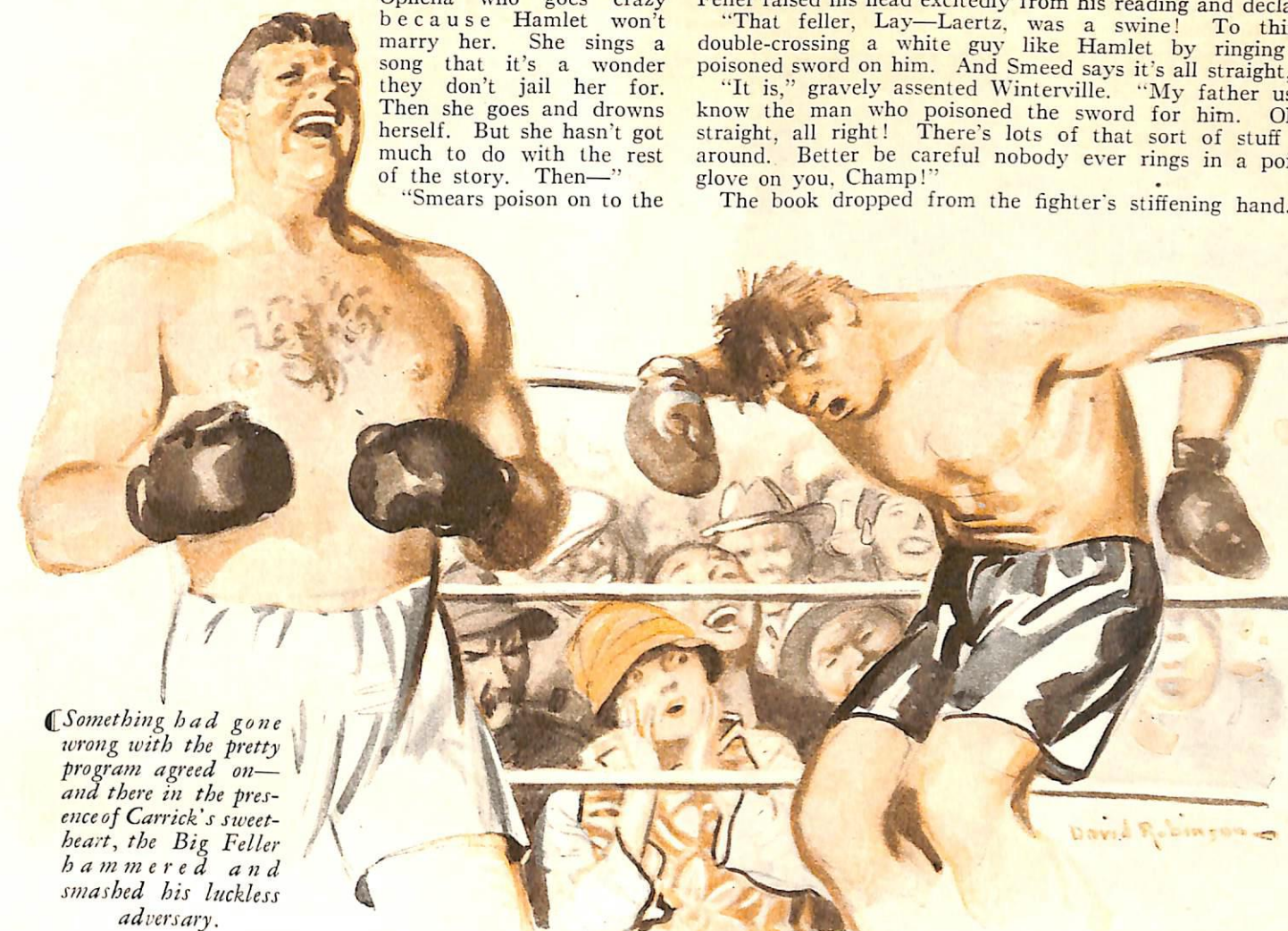
"Why, there was a king, over in Denmark—you know, the Danish pastry place—and his young brother poisons him, so's he can marry his wife. Then he marries her; and he works it so he can get elected king, instead of the poisoned king's son, Hamlet. All that part of it happens before the story begins. Then—"

"Say!" bewilderedly protested Spike. "I'm asking you what the story is about. Not what happened maybe a couple of years before the story starts. Get down to the story of it. And for Mike's sake, make it short—and easy!"

"Well," said Carrick, collecting his facts and trying to compress and simplify them as best he could, "this young feller, Hamlet, gets told by his father's ghost that it was his uncle, the new king, that did the killing. So he starts in to get the king. He takes a terrible long time about it and he talks a lot and he misses about fifty good chances at him. Then at last the king gets wise that Hamlet is after him. So he hires a man named Laertes to fight a duel with him. Laertes wants to make sure

of earning his pay. So he smears some poison on to the point of his sword and he sticks it into Hamlet. Then Hamlet gets the poisoned sword away from Laertes and he sticks the point of it into him and then into the king. And the whole bunch of them die. That's all there is to it, except a girl named Ophelia who goes crazy because Hamlet won't marry her. She sings a song that it's a wonder they don't jail her for. Then she goes and drowns herself. But she hasn't got much to do with the rest of the story. Then—"

"Smears poison on to the



Something had gone wrong with the pretty program agreed on—and there in the presence of Carrick's sweetheart, the Big Feller hammered and smashed his luckless adversary.

point of a sword?" demanded the Big Feller, truculently. "And it kills three folks?"

Visibly and audibly impressed was the Big Feller; with the triple poisoning performed in so subtle and entertaining a fashion. Just then, Smeed strolled up. Wessen insisted on Dan's repeating the sensational tale to the manager. Smeed laughed at the fighter's amaze.

"Why, it's just like that poison needle scare in the papers awhile back," he told Spike. "Yep, and it's like a thing I saw in the movies, once, where a woman got rid of her husband by scratching him with a pin that had poison on it. Lulu Borgia, they called her, or some other Dago name. Costume stuff; but pretty good, at that. Sure, they can kill a guy that way. It's recognized by the Poisoners' Union," he added, in elephantine sarcasm which Spike as ever took for truth.

When a horse with brains runs away there is hope of bringing him down to a restrained gait; if his rider or driver keeps his own head. When a "fool horse" runs away, nothing short of a collision or a broken leg can check him. When a brainless human gets into his tiny gaping brain space a be-setting idea, it is ineradicable. This morning, Spike Wessen had received into that empty space two ideas. One of them was sublimely humorous—as you shall see. The other was the concept of the poisoned sword. The latter swelled to the point of obsession.

As the townsfolk were drifting bashfully in groups into the cleared space around the gym that afternoon, for the promised free exhibition, Charlie Winterville of the New York Chronicle dropped in to report the performance. Winterville was neither a sporting writer nor a straight reporter. His specialty was human interest stuff and funny stories.

"Hello, Champ!" he hailed Spike whom he found, at Smeed's direction, poring over the red leather book, on the porch, preparatory to beginning the afternoon's public training. "How's Hamlet coming on?"

To the hitherto sceptical Winterville's surprise, the Big Feller raised his head excitedly from his reading and declaimed:

"That feller, Lay—Laertz, was a swine! To think of double-crossing a white guy like Hamlet by ringing in a poisoned sword on him. And Smeed says it's all straight, too."

"It is," gravely assented Winterville. "My father used to know the man who poisoned the sword for him. Oh, it's straight, all right! There's lots of that sort of stuff going around. Better be careful nobody ever rings in a poisoned glove on you, Champ!"

The book dropped from the fighter's stiffening hand. He

got to his feet suddenly, glaring ferociously at the reporter.

"They couldn't," he snarled. "If they did, I'd—"

The advent of Smeed to conduct him to the gym interrupted the scared outburst. Dan Carrick picked up the fallen book and restored it to its place on the hall table. Then he followed the rest around to where an ever-increasing crowd surrounded the gym ring.

He ranged himself alongside Nellie Simmons and her father; luring them from an inconspicuous corner to two ringside chairs he had kept vacant for them. Then, standing behind them, he watched the Big Feller's preliminary work of shadow-boxing and bag-punching and of skipping the rope.

At last, Carrick edged away to the box-stall where he changed into his trunks and splayed rubber shoes. Smeed was announcing to all and sundry that Spike would now box three fast exhibition rounds with his sparring partner, Mr. Daniel Carrick of this town.

Dan climbed modestly in the ring and stood in one corner, fidgeting with his gloves and shuffling his feet in the resin; until such time as the gaudily-costumed Big Feller appeared at the ring-edge. Spike vaulted the ropes and stood in his corner. Smeed and a handler led a ripple of applause which died wellnigh stillborn. Smeed rang a gong. The boxers advanced to the center of the ring and shook hands.

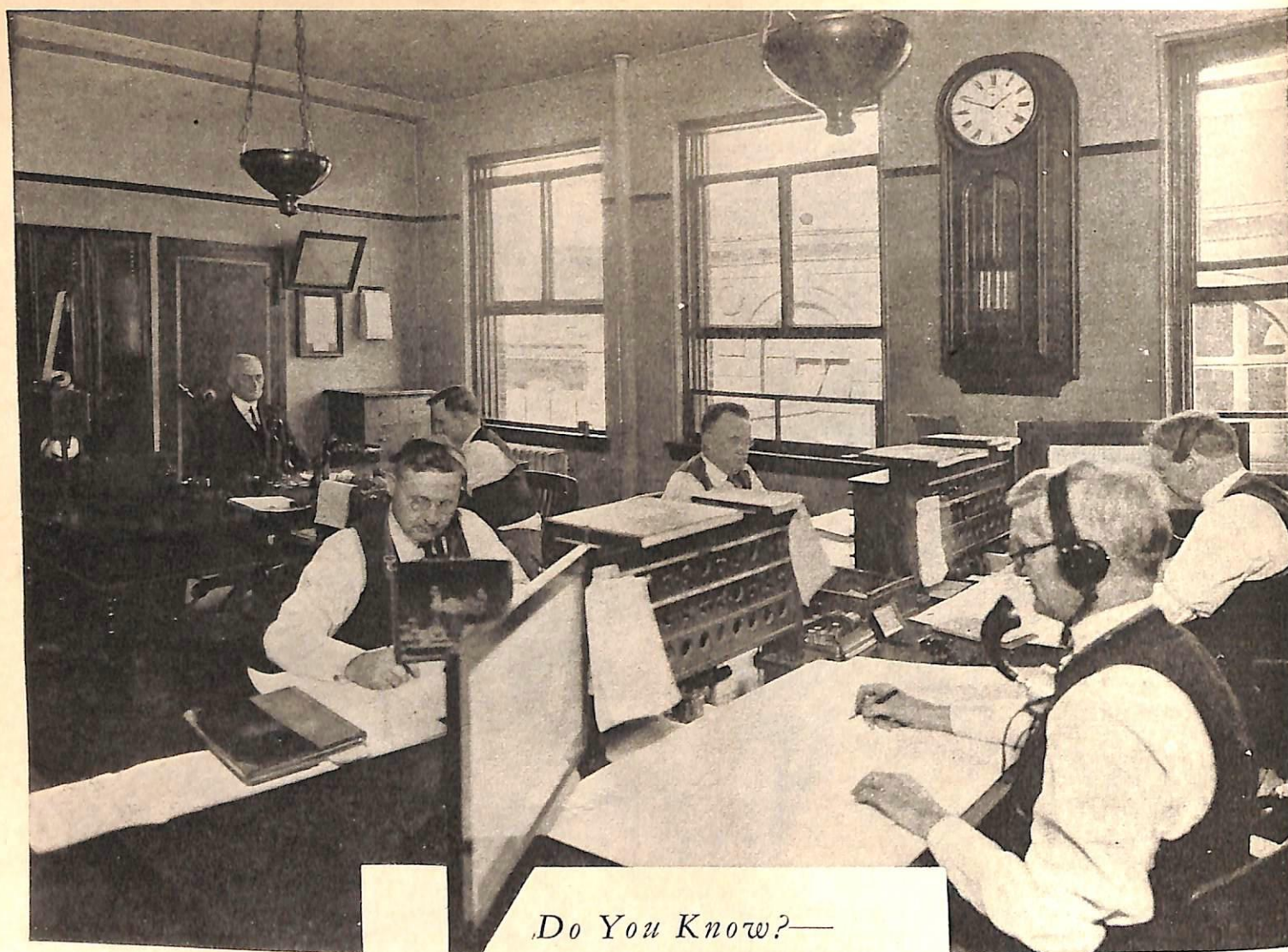
It was the big moment of Dan Carrick's life. In the presence of the girl he loved he was to box on equal terms with the greatest fighter on earth. If that did not re-awaken Nellie's interest in him, nothing could.

He threw himself on guard; and politely awaited Spike Wessen's exhibition attack. He had not long to wait.

Of a sudden, at the very outset, the Big Feller flung himself at his sparring partner. But [Continued on page 49]

*The Story of the Pullman
and the Men behind it
is an Arabian Nights
tale come true*

BACK-STAGE



Do You Know?—

(Photographs Courtesy Pennsylvania R. R.)

THE red-bordered carpet down the aisle, the beflowered women, the kissings and handshakings suggested a wedding, but the presence of red-caps and railroad officials dispelled illusion and announced to the world that it was nothing more than the daily departure of the Limited.

Just as the gate was about to close, Mr. Average Passenger hurried himself through the diminishing gap, dashed down the carpeted aisle which led to the platform, found his car and delivered himself into the willing hands of the porter, reflecting thankfully that now his part in the undertaking was finished! He had bought a ticket, made a reservation and caught the train—"Now let George do it!"

Incidentally this habit of leaving it up to George costs the traveling public the goodly sum of \$7,000,000 a year in tips! But it's worth it, for this combination porter, houseman, janitor, and valet is the passenger's most available and intimate

That in 1923, the peak year for railway traffic, some 50,000,000 meals were served in the diners of the United States?

That this gigantic family will consume 2,000,000 pounds of fish, 8,000,000 pounds of beef, 60,000,000 rolls, 2,000,000 pounds of coffee, 1,250,000 grape-fruit?

That the Pullman Company's family in one year amounts to 36,231,000?

That it employs 4615 men and women for cleaning purposes alone; that this little army uses supplies which cost approximately \$258,744.00 and the 413 electricians engaged in upkeep use 703,282 lamps, 709,459 feet of belting; 160,430 fuse plugs and 134,793 link fuses?

That porter George is paid by distance and travels 11,000 miles to earn a month's salary, and that the passengers' yearly contribution in tips amounts to \$7,000,000?

A train despatcher chief and his assistants. Before the despatcher is a huge chart bearing full information about the train. From the moment it leaves the station a close record of its behavior is kept until it reaches its destination.

link with that cold, hard-boiled and ungetatable Railroad Company—the average conception of the organization which supplies transportation and its accompaniments!

Actually, however, it is the most paternalistic institution in the country, with each and every man from porter to president chiefly concerned in just one thing, the safety and comfort of the passenger. And to prove that this is no exaggeration, let's take a trip through the various departments which provide a seat, a meal, a bed, and all the other accessories of travel, and see how each human unit is actively engaged in looking after the bodily and dietetic safety of the passen-

On The RAILROAD

By
Beatrice
Barmby

ger, together with his hygiene, his nerves and even his morals!

It is amusing to notice an indirect result of this sense of responsibility which is hammered into the head of every employé from his youth up. Talk to engineer, trainman, despatcher or president and you discover that there are only two types of people—railroad men and—passengers. If you are unlucky enough not to belong to the minority group, then undoubtedly, whatever your worldly importance, you are an infant who doesn't know enough to take care of yourself and it is up to the Railroad to do it for you!

Let us for a moment anticipate Mr. Average Passenger's comfortable relaxation in his seat and watch him making his reservation. All he sees is the clerk in the Pullman ticket office who immediately proceeds to take up a telephone; all he hears are some unintelligible mutterings which he regards with suspicion.

Actually, however, by the lifting of the receiver, the clerk puts himself in direct touch with the Pullman room which, although somewhat removed from the activities in the busy station, is part of the railroad organization and makes all reservations for sleepers and parlor cars supplied by the Pullman Company. By quoting a letter which has been previously distributed, he is immediately connected with the one girl in the long line who has before her the chart of the particular train he needs. If the required reservation is available, a slip is at once made out; if not the customer goes on the waiting list in order of application.

The Superintendent of the Pullman room is a quick-witted, efficient man whose motto is, "We know every berth before it is born!" Since he is responsible for the successful working of the scheme over which he rules, not only does he keep an eagle eye upon the forty or fifty girls in his department, but he is personally keen to give the passenger that lower on which his heart is set.

Even if he were less sympathetic, he is in intimate touch with the General Passenger Superintendent, who, with his acute sensibility to the passenger's wishes, is perhaps the most important man in the transportation chain. Not only does he provide trains, take care of overflow and make the time-tables, but he may generally be regarded as the god in the machinery!

He must indeed be almost a god, for the characteristics which make him successful are so various that it seems they can scarcely be found in one mortal man! Since weather has an appreciable effect on traffic, he must be as susceptible as a weathervane! He must be aware of the various social, business and national affairs of the moment which may make a sudden demand for transportation; he must forestall the holiday needs in advance of other railways which are also clamoring for extra pullmans, and he must be responsive to the varying moods of the passengers who make demands for seats and beds. He must have intuition, stick-at-it-ness, a memory for detail, a systematic mind, and above all ability to meet emergencies.

For, though in the ordinary way, through systematized records and averages, he knows pretty well just how many cars and sections will be required for a certain train, every now and then the system must be expedited to the nth degree, when, in the motto of a Passenger Superintendent who is known to his friends as Charlie, who has been on the job for forty years, and who has a prodigious memory, "we turn 'em round on a dime!"—which means that cars, pullmans, locomotives and tracks are, so to speak, pulled out of the air!

Such a man simply doesn't know the meaning of cannot, as is illustrated by this story of the days when he had 25 years less experience than he has now.

One September evening in 1901, just as he had reached his



The new "single-room" sleeping car. Each room has a comfortable bed and no upper berth.

home, an hour's journey out of New York, the telephone rang. "McKinley has been shot!" came the startling news, "Find Roosevelt and get him to Buffalo!"

Considering that Roosevelt's location was most vaguely "somewhere in the mountains," the first part of the job was no sinecure—neither did a primitive wall telephone encourage lengthy conversation.

Yet the young man stuck to that telephone for exactly eight hours! At the end of that time he had found Roosevelt and got him out of the woods and on to a special. He had arranged for that train to make a fast run to Buffalo and for another special to take Secretary of War Alger, en route from Washington, from New York to Buffalo.

And at the end of the eight hours when he left the telephone with the stupendous task accomplished, all he said was, "Gee, my arm aches!"

The next important man, who is particularly concerned with the passenger's safety, is the Train Despatcher, whose motto might well be taken from the Rubaiyat—"that moving finger writes; and having writ, moves on—"

Let us take as example a certain delightful Irishman who will perhaps allow us to call him by the affectionate name he's known by on the Road, Mike, by whom any railroader with a mere 25 years experience is spoken of as "a nice boy!"

Through his machinations a train simply hasn't a dog's chance of proving an alibi. It is "watched" along every step of the way and all its movements, errors and idiosyncrasies are written down moment by moment!

To be sure the "watching" is done through the ears of Mike's



Dining car stewards are trained in special schools conducted in exact reproductions of a dining car.

assistant, a man of grey-haired responsibility, who sits at the end of a telephone wire. Before him there is an enormous chart, bearing the train number with that of its engineer and conductor at the top of each column.

The moment the train leaves the station, that moment the record of its journey is begun. The finger begins to write, and as the train passes each tower or junction, back to the ears of the listening man comes a voice, recording the time—and down moves his writing finger—2.45—2.49—2.55—and so on! Should the train have passed tower B, for instance, at 2.55 and, being due at the next point at 3.10, not show signs of arrival, it is immediately tracked down and questioned about its behavior!

As a further safeguard telephones are installed at stated points so that if a train breaks down between junctions or towers, the engineer immediately telephones the information to the listening despatcher.

Such system is a check on a possibly careless engineer. Some years ago, for instance, there was a wreck of a certain "extra"—a train not on the time-table—and the engineer of the train which did the damage tried to escape blame by swearing that he had never traveled at more than 10 miles an hour. Foolish perjury! For there on the time sheet was the fatal evidence! The time he left the terminal, the time he passed the last tower, and the time he hit the extra all proved a rate of not less than 35 miles per hour.

Usually, of course, the despatcher's job is largely one of routine, but occasionally there comes a sudden demand and then routine passes into initiative.

Last month a man was knocked down by a train and the only hope of saving his life was a speedy operation. The nearest hospital was 30 miles away. Instantly another train was pressed into service and down the line the despatchers buzzed the news—everything was cleared for the race against death, and with the injured man, his wife and a doctor, the otherwise passenger-less train made the trip to the waiting ambulance a mile a minute!

Other devices which safeguard the passenger are the fuse or cracker in case of delay, the electric signal which warns of a cracked rail, and the derails at sidings which, rather than

allow an absent-minded engineer, who is conducting shunting operations, to run on to the main track, throw him off the line—a reminder that "being busy with his lubricator"—his usual alibi—is not a legitimate excuse.

Similarly such safety derails are used at the head of open bridges, with the idea that, should the engineer be taken ill and run past all danger signals, it would be preferable to incur the lesser of two evils, and throw the engine off the track rather than have the whole train precipitated into the river!

It will no doubt be a comfort to the passenger to know that in case of accident, by means of the route telephone and the watchful despatcher, the news and extent is immediately flashed right through the organization up to the President of the Line!

So much for a glance at the organization which takes care of the passenger's bodily safety



Every day 12,000 napkins and 3,000 tablecloths are freshly laundered for use on the dining cars of one railroad.

and comfort. Next let us see how the safety and comfort of the inner man is assured, which will make it necessary to listen in at the preparations for those most interesting moments in a long trip—meal times.

Considering that in 1923, the peak year for railroad traffic, some 50,000,000 meals were served in the diners of the United States, it is obvious that pleasing and guarding a passenger's palate is a matter of large concern. For if the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, the Company most certainly wishes to reach his heart!

"We feed them well, too—even if we do so at a loss—which is always the case!" says this man at the head of the department which runs the eats. "And here's why!"

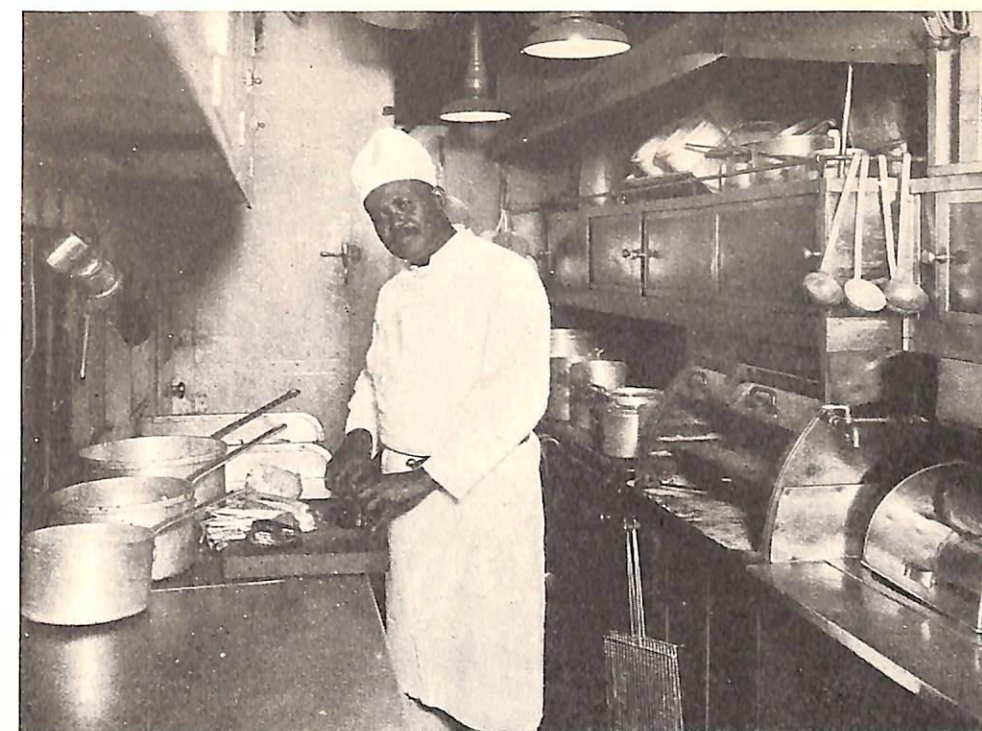
"Breakfast is a light meal, lunch often fairly so, and the average for a meal works out at only \$1.10. Yet the divisional cost per meal is:

Food	54 cents
Wages	40 "
Equipment	9 "

Superintendence & Storage	5 cents
Laundry	4 "
Repairs, ice, sundries.....	32 "
	\$1.44 "

One dollar and forty-four cents average cost—one dollar and ten cents average receipt—there's the reason!"

This superintendent of dining car service, a good-tempered



In this small but very efficient kitchen a railroad chef concocts delicious and attractive dishes.

man with a twinkle in his blue eyes, has been feeding people for 40 years and naturally it is no use trying to fool him about what they want to eat. As steward, as inspector, as assistant superintendent, he has worked his way to the top.

By long experience this superintendent of eats has the whole situation so carefully summed up that he actually knows if you are one of the 85 out of 100 who will take coffee with a meal—or one of the 35 out of a hundred who will order roast beef! He also knows that it will take 3000 cows working day and night to provide the six million quarts of milk and cream which will be consumed in a year. He knows that during a working year his gigantic family of 50,000,000 will eat—

2,000,000 pounds of fish
8,000,000 " " beef
3,250,000 " " butter
2,250,000 loaves of bread
60,000,000 rolls
2,000,000 pounds of coffee
50,000 " " tea
2,500,000 oranges
1,250,000 grape fruit
16,000,000 pounds of potatoes

He knows, too, that besides consumption of food, there will also be consumption of linen! Considering that for a short over-night trip a car's set will include such items as 600 napkins, 300 tablecloths, and 50 waiters' jackets, it is easy to see that the laundry bill attached to dining car service is considerable. It is easy to believe that during a single month one railroad sent some 1,220, 195 pieces of linen to the washtub!

This knowledge has all been gathered by slow degrees and in the years which have elapsed since 1867 when a great event

in railroad travel occurred. For on April 8th of that year, Mr. Pullman's famous new hotel car, the "Western World," left Chicago, and passengers were actually able to feed en route!

From a copy of the menu, it is interesting to note that although you could get a beefsteak and potatoes for 60 cents, prices which compared with our own time and the reputed enormous increase in the cost of living, make us suspect that perhaps after all the golden days had a tinsel glitter!

Under the Superintendent are the various heads of commissary departments at special depots, the stewards in charge of each of the diners, the staff of six or seven waiters, the chef and his three assistants.

Each train is victualled up at the commissary depot before each trip. All the food has been inspected by one of these experienced wizards in the food line—each ear of corn, each cantaloupe or honey-dew has been passed or rejected before going on the train. Filtered water has been put into special tanks for drinking and kitchen purposes, ice stored in the refrigerators.

Not only has the food been inspected, but the white coated waiters who are lined up so neatly before each meal, have also been medically inspected, and the kitchens and pantries—amazing examples of much in little—have been searched by the eagle eye which is used to tracking down carelessness.

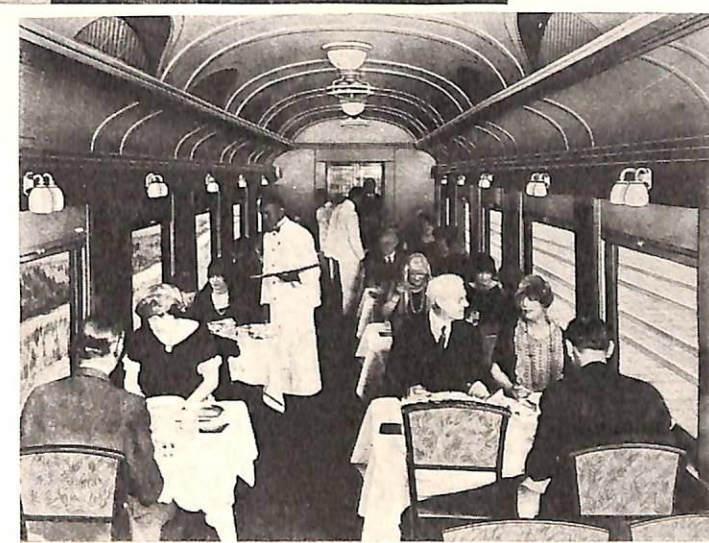
Improvements in equipment are constantly being made. In some of the diners just completed, not only have electric dish-washers been installed, capable of turning over 250 gallons of water a minute, but the whole of the lockers, bins, walls, etc., have been made of monel metal, to facilitate a more scrupulous cleanliness than is possible with the white paint which chips off with service.

The Railroad is taking no chances that an alert germ may slip in and work

havoc in the passenger's interior! Further, knowing that meal time is often the brightest spot in a long journey, it is always taking pains to tempt the passenger's appetite.

If, for instance, his mental attitude toward prunes is usually the simple desire to start the day right, let him but take a trip on a certain Southern road and he will instead find himself awaking with a pleased smile of anticipation at the thought of the juicy fruit which awaits him! For these prunes have all been bought in the Santa Clara Valley, taken to the company's special kitchen and by a process known to the chef been transformed into food for the gods, purveyed to the passenger through the homely Mason fruit jar. On another Road his palate is appealed to by the fact that he is eating the largest baked apple in the whole country!

Occasionally, of course, the usual evenly applied pressure upon the food department is accelerated by a sudden demand for a diner and then everyone has to work with the speed of escaping steam, while emergencies test out the wits of everyone from the superintendent downward. [Continued on page 64]

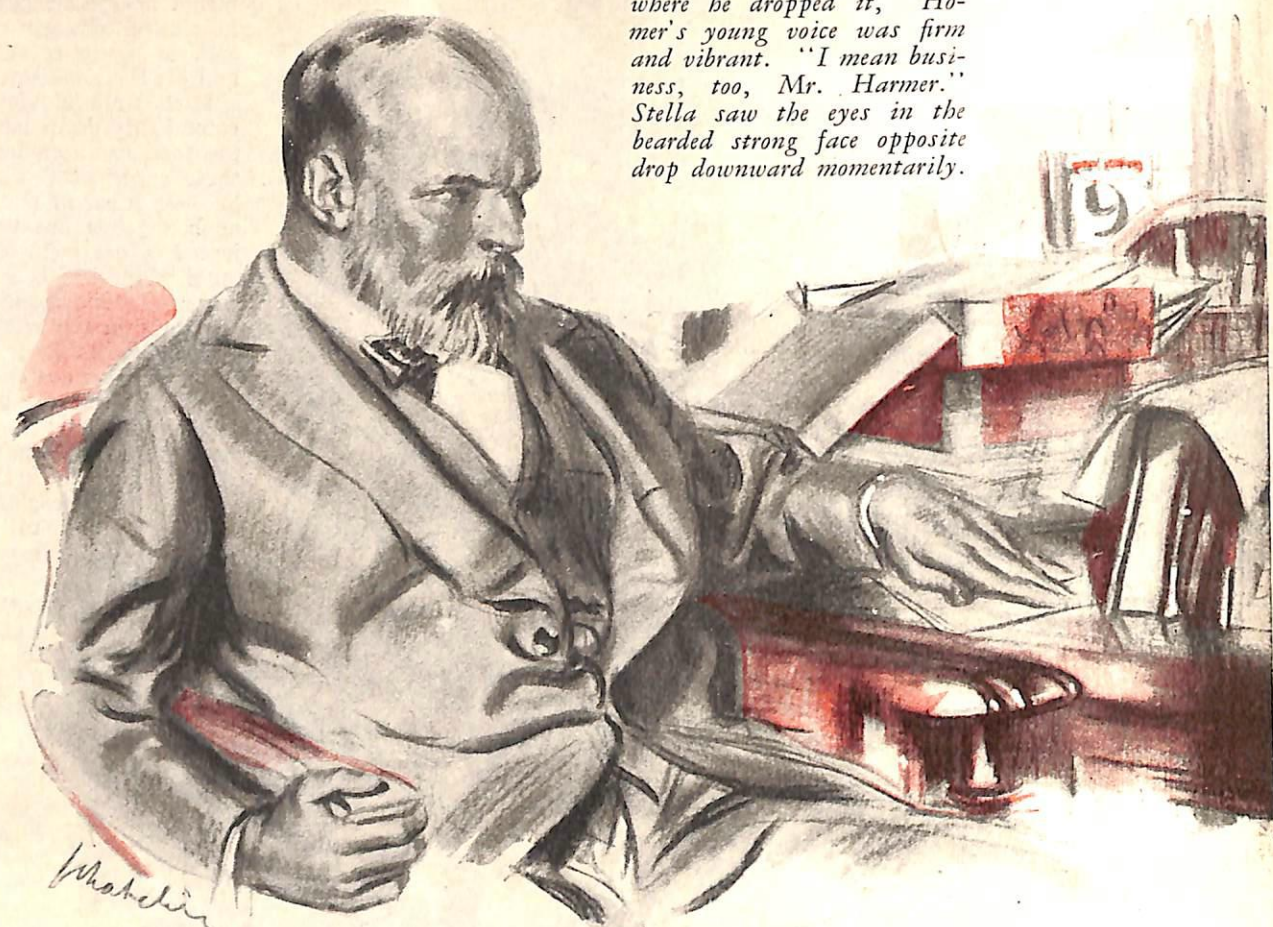


The most interesting moments on a long train trip—meal-times. Pleasing and guarding the passenger's palate is another matter of great concern.

JAZZLAND

Her Puritan upbringing and her New York ideas play havoc with a lovely girl

"I'm taking up Ham's fight where he dropped it," Homer's young voice was firm and vibrant. "I mean business, too, Mr. Harmer." Stella saw the eyes in the bearded strong face opposite drop downward momentarily.



What Has Gone Before—

THE lovely old New England town of Ackland Center was being invaded. Easily accessible to New York or Boston, speed-mad motorists flashed through it, sometimes stopping to buy farm products from the Bagot wayside stand, with pretty Martha Bagot, a product of quiet old Ackland's high school, serving them. Her older sister, Stella, a handsome, highspirited girl had broken away from the home ties, going first to college and then to New York where she had made quite a brilliant place for herself on the editorial staff of a magazine.

The old town was being littered up with "hot-dog" stands and filling stations, but the last straw came one day when Ackland awoke to find one of its fine old mansions being turned into a roadhouse. "Jazzland," its bootlegging gang of owners called it. "Ackland's sore spot" was what young Ham Pew, editor and owner of "The Ackland Age" called it in his vigorous protests against it and all it stood for, not only despoiling the fine old town, but reaching into its homes—it was no secret that girls of the town had been lured there. The Pews, Ham and Homer, were now carrying on for their father, who before he died had made the paper famous. With his lovely little sister to worry about Ham's hatred of the roadhouse was all the fiercer, especially after detecting the fumes of liquor on her breath. Homer, the younger brother, did not quite see how they could hope to win out singlehanded as most of the town, especially its most prominent citizen, Joe Harmer, seemed to be philosophical about it.

One night as Ham and Homer were alone in the newspaper office a man's voice came over the telephone demanding that

Ham Pew stop his newspaper attacks. As Homer had always been anxious for a "try" at New York, Ham thought it a good time for him to go. "This thing is, after all, my private fight," Ham said. "You've never had a voice in it. But I've got to go on. It's my life work, really." So Homer got in touch with Stella Bagot, whom he had known in school in Ackland, and was surprised to find how lovely she was. He told her all about Ham's fight with the Roadhouse crowd and she decided there was a magazine article in it. The next morning she was stunned to receive word that Ham Pew had been murdered and that Homer was on his way home.

SCATTERED here and there to the southward and westward of Washington Square are occasional small restaurants to which a privileged patronage gains admittance by ringing at a locked door. Here in rooms screened from the street wines and liquors are served and food cooked usually very well in the Italian or Greek or Russian manner.

In one such secluded spot Stella Bagot and Ernest Hallam sat late over their coffee and cigarettes. All but a few couples of the dinner crowd had paid their checks and had gone. The balmy evening air stirred caressingly about them. Stella, very pretty in a slight summery frock and a small hat that fitted closely about her shapely dark head, rested her bare elbows on the table and smoked thoughtfully. Hallam considered her. He liked the way she held her cigarette. She had pretty hands, the fingers slender and tapering, and she posed them daintily.

He was perhaps ten years older than she, and a personage.

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz



He had three children, in some suburb or other, in whom, as in their mother, he seemed soberly, honestly, to have lost interest. He wasn't, Stella told herself, the suburban type. He was cosmopolitan. Really something of a superman. You had to be honest with yourself about such things. Conventional folk couldn't be expected to understand him. You didn't find his sort in books, or in the routine sort of life.

Of late his personality had colored and, in deepening measure, enveloped hers. She couldn't help talking like him, even in a groping way thinking like him. And many of what she supposed to be her personal convictions, to be maintained with fervor, were little more than echoes of his. Yet Stella had color and personality of her own. There had been vigor in the Bagots long generations before Pearce Bagot drifted rather aimlessly into this puzzling tangle called living.

His new novel, "Flame," he told her, had just been put under the ban of censorship in Boston. His publisher was dashing up there on the Owl with a lawyer.

"Are you going up?" she asked.

"I rather think not. They've been at me about it, of course."

"Why don't you? I should think you'd want to fight."

"Oh, you have to fight 'em. But that's the publisher's job."

Stella's pretty mouth twisted into a faint smile. "Poor old Boston," said she, musingly. "If those Puritans could only be made somehow, for just a minute, to look honestly into their own minds."

"It would scare 'em to death. It's only the morbidly over-sexed sort of folks that are so frightened about sex."

"Of course."

"By the way, Stella, you haven't told me when you're going."

Early in his twenties a precocious first book had brought him a considerable success. Since then he had published many. He was a striking figure of a man, tall and vigorous, the leonine head thinned somewhat by approaching baldness but losing nothing in distinction through the deepening touch of maturity. She had been excited when he first asked her out to dinner. It had seemed incredible that the famous Ernest Hallam should single her out from among all the gifted and attractive girls that swarm in the big city, he who could pick carelessly where he chose. She knew that he was as much at home along the Boulevards of Paris, even at Rome and Madrid, as here in New York.

The complexity of the man taxed her understanding. An epicure, he was yet at home at any carelessly Bohemian meal. An outspoken modern realist, he appeared to dwell imaginatively in the region of pure fancy. A man (the thought brought a flutter of the darkly fringed eyelids) whom a number of women had loved with something near tragic intensity, yet a tireless worker of austere daily habit. A grim thinker with the reputation of a wit. A proud man, who knew his public and his place before it, yet something of the sensitive child. A literary sensualist governed by a rigid artistic conscience. An adroit, often inspired writer with an unerring sense of word values, and an elusive delicacy of taste, who yet talked, at times, like a slangy boy, who went to ball games and played Kelly Pool at his club.

She put her cigarette aside, clasped her hands before her on the table and looked down at them. "Tonight," she said. "I'm on the Owl too."

His keen eyes studied her. "Why didn't you tell me before?" "Well . . . things moved along rather fast at the office today."

"That murder's really pretty interesting," said he.

"Very."

"This Hamilton Pew must have been something of a fellow. By the way, what was his relationship to the boy you had up at the apartment that night? His name was Pew."

"Brother."

"Really? What's he doing about it? Has he taken up his brother's fight?"

"I DON'T know. I've only had an impersonal letter from him. Enclosing some things he wanted me to read."

"Why are you going, Stella?"

"When Homer told me about his brother's campaign, I sensed a story, and asked if Ham mightn't be interested in writing an article for us about it. Homer thought he would. And that night he was murdered. Since then, with all this stuff in the papers, the folks at the office have been rather stirred up. Today they gave me the chance to write it myself. It used to be my town, you see. I know the background. In a way, it's a stroke of luck for me."

"It means something of a stay, doesn't it, Stella?"

"Well . . . it's likely to be a few weeks."

"I don't like that."

"Neither do I."

"Do you have to be there in the morning?"

"Why."

"I was thinking, I might drive you up."

"Oh, Ernie, how wonderful!"

For a few minutes he studied the table-cloth. Twisted his glass around, very slowly. Then, without lifting his eyes, he said—"If you could take the time, Stella, we might run up part way tomorrow afternoon . . . stop over for the night somewhere in Connecticut and go on the next day."

He looked up now, and their eyes met.

She was the first to look down. A warm color appeared in her face, and the outlines of her mouth softened.

"No," she said. "No, Ernie. I . . . can't."

"You puzzle me."

"Do I?"

"After all, you know, we do have to live, we humans. For something. For somebody."

"I wish I could see clearly what one does live for."

"There is only one thing worth living for, dear . . . at least, to the artist . . . and that's ecstasy."

"Perhaps. Yes, I suppose you're right. Though I seem to hesitate over the implications."

"The Puritan in you, of course."

"Perhaps. I don't know."

"Oh, yes. It's rather wonderful, too, do you know? It's probably part of what I love in you, Stella. There's a strong element of taste about it. You could never be cheap." He smiled faintly. "Of course I don't want to go getting emotional about you, dear. At least not to your face. It has stung me lately to observe what a crazy young heart I've got beating inside my ribs. I've even been jealous."

"You have no cause for that, Ernie."

"There's no other man?"

"Absolutely none."

"I couldn't help wondering. Forgive me. But I've been puzzled. Here you are, a lovely girl. You're not immature. You're not cold. Really you're glowing with a fine human warmth. You're living here in New York, where things happen pretty fast. You're certainly not the bourgeois marrying type. I can't help feeling at times that some other man'll get you if I fail. I don't mean that cheaply, dear; but I'm older than you, I see clearly enough that you're a mature developed woman, however much of a girl you may still think yourself."

"Ernie dear, you're entitled to honesty from me. I'm very, very fond of you."

"I know that, dear."

"I don't know, though, quite, whether I love you. Enough, I mean. Enough to face all the possible suffering I seem to sense in it. Probably I am partly Puritan. But if I am, I can't help it."

"No, that's a fair statement. You can't help it," he replied. "I've come to see lately that there are depths in me that scare me. What if I were to turn primitively possessive? It is distinctly possible."

"Yes, I suppose so." He twisted the glass. "Thank the Lord you're not a light o' love. I'm sick of those."

Stella winced. But quickly recovered. People were honest about sex nowadays. It's the only course for civilized beings, she told herself.

"Perhaps, Ernie," she said, "you've just got to give me a little more time. It's pretty complicated. There's love. And there's the rather terrible possessiveness. And there's—children."

"Oh, yes," he said.

Her eyes were wet. Abruptly she reached out and caught one of his hands. "Ernie dear, will you do this? Will you get up early tomorrow morning and drive me up home. So that we can be there by evening?"

His two hands gripped hers. "Imagine me," he said whimsically, "getting up early." Then—"You bet I will."

"I'll call you up," said she. A ripple of laughter escaped her. "I'll wake you. Say at half-past seven. And we'll start right out."

"Then I'd better get to bed right now. Must have a little sleep if I'm to drive two hundred and fifty miles before evening. You'll be out there in Ackland digging out your story while I'm fighting the smut hounds of dear old Boston. And there'll be evenings when I can run out and take you somewhere for dinner and a dance. You're my real reason for the trip, you know. It'll be only fair to keep that in mind."

"I shall keep it in mind, Ernie."

Just before they left the place, she broke out with this—

"Ernie dear, I am modern! I'm not a stupid Victorian at heart! I realize that we Yankees have a way of watching our step. It does seem to be in the blood. But just give me time. Time to think. Will you, dear?"

Deeply moved, he looked at her. She was nearly as tall as he. And she was softly, vibrantly beautiful.

The roadster sped lightly through the outskirts of Ackland, past the rich truck-farms of the Five Forks by the placid river, on through the small settlement known for two centuries as Hunnewell's Corner and over the railway tracks into the village. It was nine o'clock in the evening. The simple white houses nestled confidingly in their surrounding shrubbery.

They turned in around the Green. It was a Friday evening, and most of the shops were lighted and open to the week-end trade. Cars were parked all about the open square. Breckinridge's drug store was gay with young people crowding about the soda fountain.

"Will you stop a minute, Ernie?" Stella spoke impulsively. "I want to take something to little sister. I haven't been home for a year."

He turned in to the curb; and then, while she went into the drug store, idly surveyed the pleasant village scene. A little beyond, on the front of one of the old gable-roofed buildings, he noted the sign, "The Age." There were lights within, and people working at desks.

A COATLESS young man wearing an eye-shade came out of the Age office. Stella, emerging from the drug store with a two-pound box of candy, greeted him. Hallam heard her say, "Oh Homer, I'm so sorry!" Then he recalled the blond head.

Stella was saying—"Ernie, you remember Mr. Pew." They clasped hands. The boy looked years older. Very grave and quiet.

"Ernie drove me up from New York." There was a throb of half-suppressed emotion in Stella's voice.

Homer Pew stood in the road with one foot on the running board. He appeared disinclined to make conversation, even with the famous Ernest Hallam. Stella's eyes were taking him in. Rather eagerly, Hallam thought. He started up the motor.

"Oh, Homer." Yes, Stella's emotions were quick tonight, and there was a gloomy beauty in the dark eyes.

"I've been sent up here to write that article. Perhaps I can help you. I hope so."

Hallam's brows drew slightly together. He opened the door. Stella stepped up into the car; then leaned out to add—"When will you be able to spare me a little time?"

"Oh, any day, Stella. These Friday nights are as good as any



(Homer had one foot on the running board. Stella's eyes were taking him in eagerly, Hallam thought, so he started up the motor. "Perhaps I can help you, Homer," she said. "I hope so!")

time. I have to be down here till between twelve and one."

"I'm afraid I'll have to get home now. The family will be wondering. But I'll look you up very soon. Tomorrow, perhaps."

He bowed. Hallam quickly backed the roadster out and drove away. A little beyond the village, out on the state road, he turned off under a tree and stopped. Stella glanced up at him, and smiled.

"Parking, Ernie?"

"For a minute."

"Better be careful. They're rather watchful in this town. They don't know the car. And they won't identify you. Stella, I'm pretty torn up."

She was silent.

"Do you really have to go home tonight?"

"Oh, yes. Heavens, yes! They'll be sitting up for me."

"I wish you could ride on into Boston with me," he ventured. "Please drive me home, Ernie. There'll be chances to meet."

"You're evasive now. It isn't like you."

"I don't mean to be. I've loved the ride with you, Ernie."

"Stella, I love you."

She studied the road.

"Haven't you anything to say?"

"It's just as I told you last night, dear. I've got to have time to think."

"How much time?"

She laughed softly. She liked his moods. Now he was impatient and somber, like an eager boy. She sobered, and sat thinking.

"You'll be settling back into this Puritan atmosphere, Stella. It will get you."

"No," said she, "it won't get me." [Continued on page 72]



((Above) No cyclone, no tornado, no hurricane can create any greater devastation than Prohibition Officers "doing their duty." They certainly are house wreckers of the first order.

((Above) Carrie Nation facetiously called her campaigns against Saloons "hatchetations". She was a Great Smasher.



Diana's Doom—if our St. Anthony is allowed to have his say.

((Above) Newspapers beckled Comstock with ironic cartoons.

((Right) Anthony Comstock, the hero of Heywood Brown's astounding history of "Comstockery". Comstock knew more about the nude than most "good" people ever dreamed of!



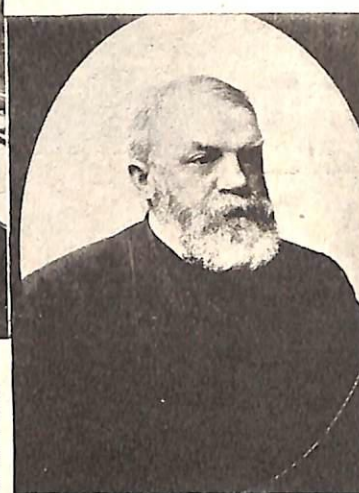
((Above) The Rev. Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College in 1778, a be-wigged parson who startled the early Puritans.



((Above) Such a picture is of a bygone age. When saloons become as legendary as Night Clubs in Nero's time, Steve Brodie, famous liquor server in this "joint," will be a hero!



((Above) Trail bitters are Billy Sunday's specialty. So are base bitters, since the famous revivalist was once a baseball player.



((Above) Dwight L. Moody, a great exponent of modern evangelism. He was Victorian; Billy Sunday is jazz.



((Above) Ira D. Sankey, revivalist of sacred song, and called by many our first great community singer. With Brother Moody, he swept the country in 1875.



((Right) The Lady Temperance Crusader mixed prayers in the punchbowl, and shed public tears over the drunkard. She was a profound sentimentalist.



HISTORY

AS TOLD IN PICTURES

Concerning Reformers

The fifth article in a series which show changes in our ideas governing morals, manners, city and country ways, travel, sport and entertainment

Arranged and Commented upon by
MONTROSE J. MOSES



MAN is by instinct a reforming animal. He wishes to better conditions according to the way he sees things. Pushed from the trees because of overcrowded quarters, he separated himself from his ape ancestry and began to improve himself, and to throw stones at those less adeptly equipped than himself to meet the changes of time and place. He developed his hands by use, he raised his forehead by cunning (which enlarged his brain) and he's been throwing stones, of one nature or another, ever since.

Then man began to argue instead of climbing trees. While he used force, he contrived javelins and stone sledges and the more refined weapons of persuasion. These inventions marked the rise of his improved thinking, and he began planning how devastating his conduct of warfare might be made. When he used his tongue in argument, which often took the form of bullying, he called it Moral Suasion. When he resorted to arms, he called it the Last Recourse. In such a soil, the Reformer was born.

There are many things we may reform: and there are many people other than ourselves. It is true that however broadly History may record these changes, Reform has usually emanated from a burning light in the mind of One Man. Hence the truth of Emerson's statement that "Every Reform was once a private opinion. They may not always be right—these things we call Reforms—but they nearly always emanate from a very righteous impulse. That's the confusing, the terrifying thing about it all. Reformers are always good people trying to make the world a better place to live in. They are forever taking the torch out of Liberty's hand—where it belongs—and using it for narrow purposes.

In our day and generation we have seen culminate in successful legal issue three sweeping reforms—the freedom of the Negro, the granting of Suffrage to Women, and the adoption of Prohibition. These issues, which resulted in amendments to the Constitution, were brought on by zealous Reformers. During the Civil War era, there were men who would have wrecked the Union to free the Negro and others who would have wrecked it to keep him slave. The moral issue of the Abolitionist was right, the economic method of the Victor was far from wise. The problem is still being worked out.

Curiously Prohibition and Woman's Suffrage were closely related issues in their early years. There was a belief that organized Liquor traffic was inimical to the female vote. Thus Frances E. Willard found her heart torn equally between two fervors: to abolish drink and to get the ballot. The two battles have been won and the victorious results have been written in the Law. And that's that. But is it? Just as the Southern States sought to modify, if not to abrogate, the Federal amendments regarding the Negro vote, so now political platforms are built on Wet and Dry Planks. And while suffrage has been granted women—while there have been women governors and secretaries of state and judges—they do not rush to the polls as it was thought they would. Even in the rural districts it is difficult to get them to attend their school board meetings. Nor can we see the

fumes of Stale Politics turning into the Incense of Purity as was once promised on the stump.

The peculiar thing about Reform is that when it sweeps away it doesn't do a perfectly clean job. It always leaves a condition just as insidious, for the next Reformer. So, like the poor, we have the Reformer always with us. There is ever a Next One. George Washington used to Bet and play the Races, and invest in Lotteries and attend Cock Fights, and he used to champion the Actor of his day. Yet the Rev. Samuel Davies, a Virginia divine, uttered anathema against such entertainment. Washington even used to drink, much to the annoyance of Temperance Advocates, who would rather not have these things mentioned in biography. Yet it was the custom of Washington's time. The moral point of view shifts with the ages. Ladies know that, when they consider their fashions. What would Cotton Mather or Jonathan Edwards say of silk stockings? What did the evangelist, Dowie—who descended upon New York to rid it of sin—say of the peek-a-boo waist? He had all women in Zion City arrested who appeared on the streets in such garb. Sometimes we wonder whether Reform does not have its initial impulse in the most doubtful and immoral of ideas. Yet the Reformer's intentions are undoubtedly good.

Unfortunately Reform is not content to adopt evolutionary processes. It wishes to take the evil by the roots; it wishes to turn the rascals out with no thought as to who might come in their stead. Ibsen was such an Idealist. In his plays he tore down the schemes of life that ordinary people found workable, and gave them no idea how to build their lives on sounder foundation. After a while he argued that his desires as a Reformer were creating disaster and dire unhappiness. He asked himself: Have I a right thus to spread confusion? In every direction, the Reformer often seizes on an Idea and works it for all it is worth in its narrowest sense. Anthony Comstock and his Society rid the mails of much obscene printing, but they were blind to the difference between art and vulgarity, between beauty and viciousness. The unfortunate thing about the Reformer, who is righteous and eighty-five percent wrong, is that there comes a time in his campaign when it seems that his greatest opposers are his greatest helpers. Comstockery has stood for censorship, and the prevalence of nudity on our stage, the increase in latitude of themes treated in our plays have blown full wind to the sails of those Advocates of Censorship who would limit what we would read, curtail what we would see, and restrict what we would think. Remember the curious limitations put upon moving pictures by the various states. "A kiss shall not be more than three feet long", reads the law in Pennsylvania. And Shakespeare is too immoral to be pictured! So Comstockery may yet have its way, and Diana be properly swathed in draperies instead of showing the beautiful contours of her limbs.

The cartoon we print of Diana clad not only in her right mind but in the swaddling clothes of Comstock purity is reflective of the public irritation over the "Vice Society's"

HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

unwonted protection of public morals. The history of this society is a varied tabulation of good and bad deeds, its membership comprising names of citizens of good standing.

Passion and violence have always been in the path of Reform. And thus National Problems are created. There must be martyrs to every cause, banners must be torn to tatters, either on the steps of government houses or among pickets on the public squares. If there had been no Garri-sons and Harriet Beecher Stowes, where would the Negro cause have been? If Susan B. Anthony had not spoken, if it had not been said of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton by her husband, "You stir up Eliza and she stirs up the world", how would suffrage have progressed? If Carrie Nation had not dashed hither and thither, smashing bottles and glasses with her hatchet, what would have been the fate of saloons? There had to be Fanny Wrights and Lucretia Motts and Lucy Stones before Inez Milholland and suffrage parades and zealots, forcibly fed in prisons. There had to be Reform forerunners to rumrunners. There had to be the word "prohibition" in the dictionary before "bootlegger." It's a curious progression, with a good deal of backsliding. And, in the way of the Reformer comes the societies he fosters, to carry on the good cause, societies with long names: the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Society for the Promulgation of Christian Knowledge, the American Federation of Labor—a long string of abbreviations which are the real primer of the Reformer—abbreviations as familiar as the stars and stripes and much more familiar than the words of the National Anthem. Do you have to be told what they are?—the W. C. T. U., the A. F. of L., the Y. M. C. A., the I. W. W.—all of them the A. B. C. of varied reform.

The desire to make us better, the impulse to keep us within strict bounds—these have been at the basis of our national existence since the Pilgrims picked out that particular rock to land on. Our history is full of Righteousness against moral slackness, against the wornness of the average soul. Stern faces have told us to mend our ways; and the dictators have built fires to burn us into redemption as in witchcraft days. Our statutes are riddled with Blue Laws meant to be efficacious Reforms.

And these Reformers, officious in their methods of purification, left behind them stern claims on our gratitude, because so many of our colleges were fostered by worthy divines that spared not the rod for fear they might lose the soul of the child. The Puritan Sunday—we broke from it, but now I hear the voice of a new Reformer in the air who pleads for a Gasless Sunday. But, unfortunately, there is no mandate in the Good Book against working a Ford car on the Sabbath Day!

Reform has speeded up since the early days. There is as much difference between Ezra Stiles, President of Yale in 1778, and Billy Sunday, as there is between a stately sail boat and a swift motor speed boat. The Rev. William Sunday streaks across the sawdust trail with all the vigor of a sporting baseball player that he was. Thus the Reformer himself may be the reformed. John L. Sullivan preached vociferously for Prohibition, yet ringside rooters know that it was not always thus with him. The fact is, there is no telling behind what rampart the Reformer may be lurking. He may be on top a soap-box, haranguing against capital, against labor. He may be a circus man exhibiting the Wild Man from Borneo, as was the case of Barnum who could preach a sermon as ardently as he advertised his show. He may be the itinerant minister, flanked by his saddlebags, fortified by the Good Book, but endowed with his greatest asset, a glib tongue. Somewhere, always, there is the person

ready to explain a Mission in Life, who is anxious to be "taking up subscriptions for the Heathen Black Egyptians and the Terre del Fuegians."

We have had the varied types of Reform always with us; they have flowered into examples that have become world famous—Moody and Sankey, the Booth family and the Salvation Army, the Y. M. C. A. (once opposed curiously because, around 1845, the anti-Y. M. C. A.'s could find no Bible sanction for such an organization). Everywhere there have been the pussyfoots who have tried to cover the evils up; there have been the "loud speakers" who have tried to blow the lid off. The organized steamroller has killed many of these worthies, and evils have settled into their ruts again. The history of organized society is the fluctuating record of the *ins* and the *outs*.

One hears still in Brooklyn, N. Y., the tale of the thunderous voice of Henry Ward Beecher; Tammany Hall in New York has not yet forgotten the fulminations of Dr. Charles Parkhurst who, in the nineties, drew crowded houses on Sundays as he railed against the police and commercialized vice. One speaks of the muckraking writers of this time—the era of Lincoln Steffens and the Shame of Cities—as a passing phase of literary expression. One studies the cartoons of Davenport and McCutcheon to sense the political animosities of not so long ago. In other words, successful Reform never pleases everyone. There is always the Opposition.

As a little boy I went to a revival meeting of the Rev. Sam Jones. It was beneath a huge tent in a Southern town. He was the barker outside the door of Spiritual Salvation, begging us to enter. He swayed with the hymns, he pounded the table until the pitcher of water splashed, he begged us to come up and show that we were repentant. I recall the desire of some of the youngsters to join the line that went to seek forgiveness. It was contagious.

One has to go very far these days to find the ancient spirit of the camp meeting, with its tents, remindful of the one-ring circus; with its myriad arc lights, and with its sea of upturned faces—beatific, ecstatic, wracked with the frenzy of the realization of sin. George Bellows, the artist, has caught the true atmosphere in his sketches of the Sawdust Trail. The exhortation of the preacher, with the exercise of sponges, assents from those whose eyes uplifted to the evangelist, turn further upward toward the Great Evangel—myriad voices shouting in song, "And I'll meet you in the City of the New Jerusalem."

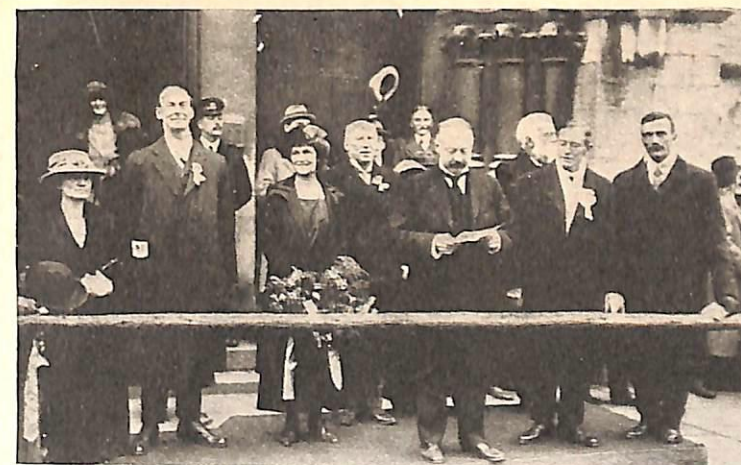
The psychology of the Reformer is very simple. But I remember as an older boy coming in contact with a less flashy Pleader—an anti-something advocate, pale and suave and with a touch of Uriah Heep about him. He would sidle up to one and poke a pamphlet (badly written) into one's hand and slip away. He had no circus quality.

So, after all, it is the Big Drum atmosphere that makes a man with a Mission popular: William Travers Jerome, who, as District Attorney in New York, railed against the smug brown-stone front citizens, had the populace crying for his nomination to the Governorship. But then things cooled down and Jerome disappeared, as some Reformers have a habit of doing. Not all of them, however. Jacob Riis, Jane Addams, are symbols of beneficent movements.

Thus it will always go. As long as there are streets to sweep, as long as there are contracts to be given out, as long as there are people in Power keeping other people out of Power, both sides will advocate their causes. Who are the Reformers? Meum and Theeum, and always it's Theeum in greatest need of being saved!



Inez Milholland is believed by the Woman's Party to have given up her life for the Cause. Suffrage mythology likens her to Jeanne d'Arc.



(Above) Announcing Lady Astor's victory in gaining a seat in the House of Commons—a shock to Conservative England!

(Above) Even a Lady must mix with the lower classes, especially when they can help the Woman's Cause, so thinks Lady Astor.



(Above) Every Reform must have spectacular followers. Mrs. Pankhurst set the style for many Suffragettes on this side of the ocean. To struggle in the arms of a policeman was a distinction coveted by many!



(Above) These are not Pilgrims to the Nation's capitol. They are future citizens demanding the vote.



(Left) And what did they fight for, what did they starve themselves for, what were they forcibly fed for? For this! (Below)



(Above) In early days the bold Lady Delegate read arguments in favor of Woman's voting. She appeared before Judiciary Committees of the House.



A PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATION

By Richard Matthews Hallet

Illustrations by C. R. Chickering

LOUETTE CARTIER came into Tom Givens's office about two days after he had hung out his shingle as attorney-at-law at Haniford Lower Falls. He had known her some years before when they had both had rooms at Mrs. Armstead's boarding house; and now he saw that in spite of the hardships of an unlucky marriage, she was handsomer than ever. She wanted a divorce. She sat with her hat off in Givens's office chair, telling him in a low voice how Cartier had got drunk and abused her once too often; and the young lawyer sat wondering if he might not have saved her all the devilment by making love to her himself, there at Mrs. Armstead's.

Cartier hadn't been the man for her. He was a powerful man physically, and Givens had once seen him, in a wrestling match on a local stage, stand a professional wrestler on his head and all but crack his neck for him. A terrible moment. There was that big lump of a professional quivering and creaking, tortured, his ears getting red, the veins ready to burst in his throat; and there was Cartier arching over him, a beautiful and terrible figure of a man, working over his victim with a kind of deadly intentness, putting on the screws so quietly you might think he was just whispering into the fellow's ear. Again, one night, Tom had seen Cartier standing with Louette by the big elm on Bundy street, with that same grim intentness in his bearing. Not the man for her, he had thought; but then, neither was a law student with a long row to hoe the man for her. He had walked past quickly without speaking to them.

Louette hadn't married for two years after that; and while the match had hung fire, she had lived with old Lyn Cressey, keeping his house and taking care of his paralytic sister for him. She had now been married a little over a year, and everything that might have been predicted had actually come to pass.

Givens, listening to the facts, told Louette in his best professional manner—it was two days old—that he could arrange easily enough for a divorce at a private hearing. He was a confident, concentrated youth, a demon for work, and Louette was plainly impressed by the ease with which he promised to unsnarl the threads of her tangle.

"You just give your days and nights to it, don't you?" Louette marveled, at the conclusion of the interview.

"The law is a jealous mistress," he told her.

She answered him with a little mocking laugh, and the late afternoon sun, coming through a rather dirty window at his back, sparkled on her eyeballs and her white teeth.

"A jealous mistress . . . I should say she was," Louette said. "Won't even let you have a woman in to clean, by the look of things."

Within a day or two Lyn Cressey, the man Louette had worked for, was in court on a charge of burning Cartier's house and barn in the middle of the night. Arson; an ugly charge; and Tom went to the preliminary hearing to look on and get points.

Lyn was arraigned, and as soon as the facts began coming out, none of the lawyers present seemed inclined to mix into a losing case. Finally the Judge, old Hunt, motioned young Tom Givens up to the bench, and appointed him counsel for Cressey. This would be the boy's first jury case, and Hunt said, "This'll be something for you to bite your teeth on." Cressey himself had asked for the appointment.

Tom asked for a continuance; and then, after lunch, he

What happened when Love and the Law both demanded the loyalty of a young lawyer on his first case

bought tobacco and a clay pipe, and took them over with him to the jail. He shoved them through the bars to Lyn, and told him to light up and get his thoughts together. Givens was right out of law school, and had the law at his fingertips.

"Anything you say to me is privileged, you understand," he said to Lyn. "It's what we lawyers call a privileged communication, and I couldn't be called on to use it against you."

Lyn Cressey was a little old fellow with twinkly eyes, a heap of grey-yellow hair on top of his head, and a wooden leg, harnessed on just below the thigh. His own leg had been torn off by mill-machinery, and since then he had lived deviously as a trader and dickerer in antiques, eking this out lately with his political appointment as dog-catcher.

"They claim I had a grudge against Cartier for taking the girl away from me so soon after my sister died," he said, "but it ain't so. I couldn't stomach him, and I told her from the beginning to steer clear of him, but when I see how her mind was running on him, I shut my trap. I didn't try to stop the marriage, and I didn't bother 'em after they were married. I let 'em go their own gait."

He hadn't so much as seen the girl for weeks, he declared, until that fatal Sunday afternoon when he couldn't find the key to the vegetable cellar where he kept some special liquor. He went over to Cartier's then, he said, to see if Louette could enlighten him as to its whereabouts. To get there he had to go up Veranda avenue, across the wooden bridge that went past the two mill-ends, one on each bank of the river, and then down Bundy street, which was practically on the river all the way, until he came to Cartier's house.

This was exactly as far from the bridge on Jacques Cartier's side of the river as Lyn's house was on his. They were right across the water from each other at the lower falls; and when the dam was dry, as it sometimes was in winter, Lyn could have walked from his house to Cartier's in three or four minutes. But it was a two mile jog around by the bridge.

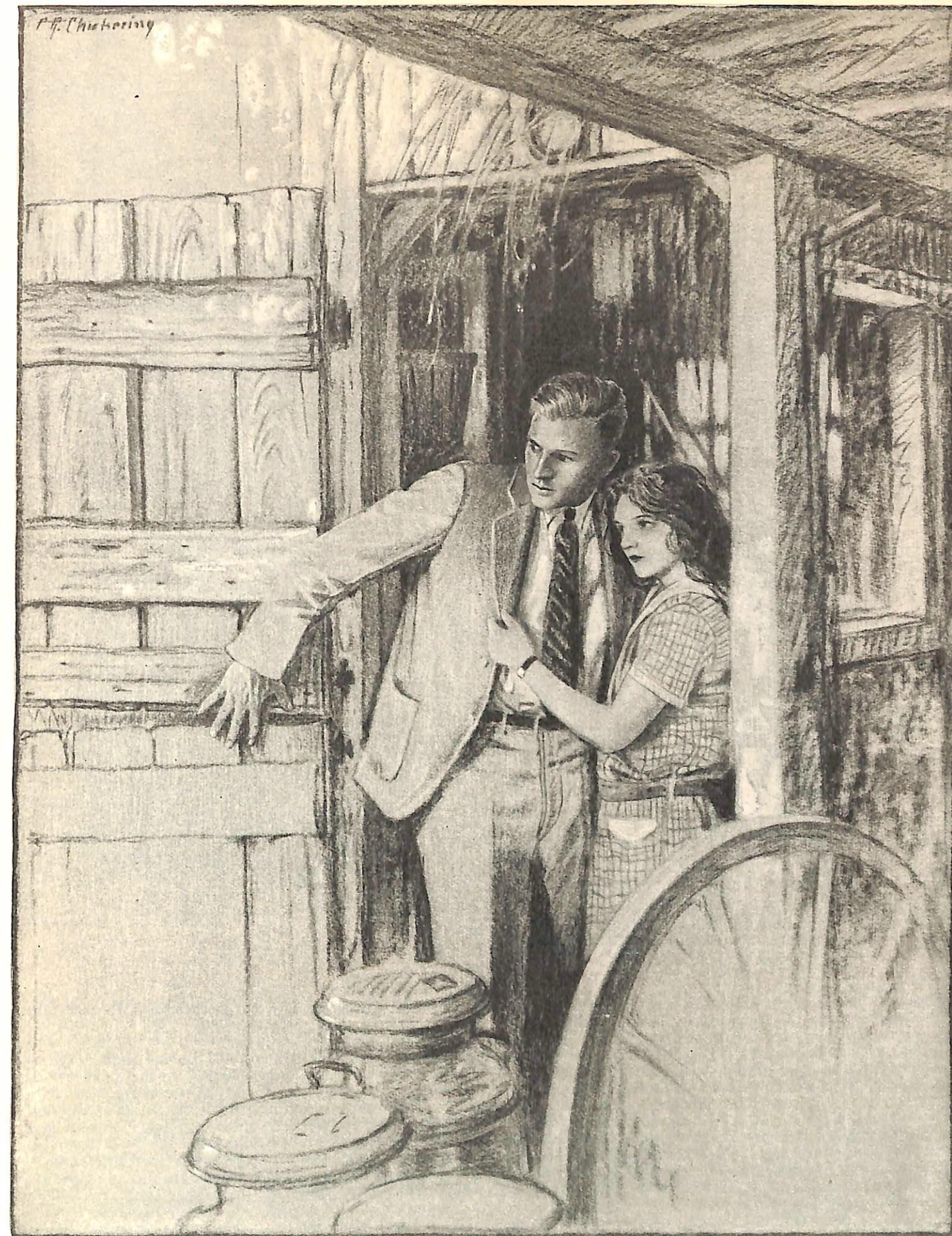
He had been drinking, he told Givens, this particular day, when he came up to the Cartier back door, and put his hand out to the knob of the screen door. As his luck would have it, the screening was rotten near the knob, and he put his fist right through it. Louette, inside, thought he was going to unhook the door from the inside and walk right in on her; but Lyn swore that he had merely tried for the doorknob and failed.

At all events, the whole thing was just misleading enough so that Louette let a scream out of her; and a man named Joe Edwards who was going by, stopped in the middle of the road.

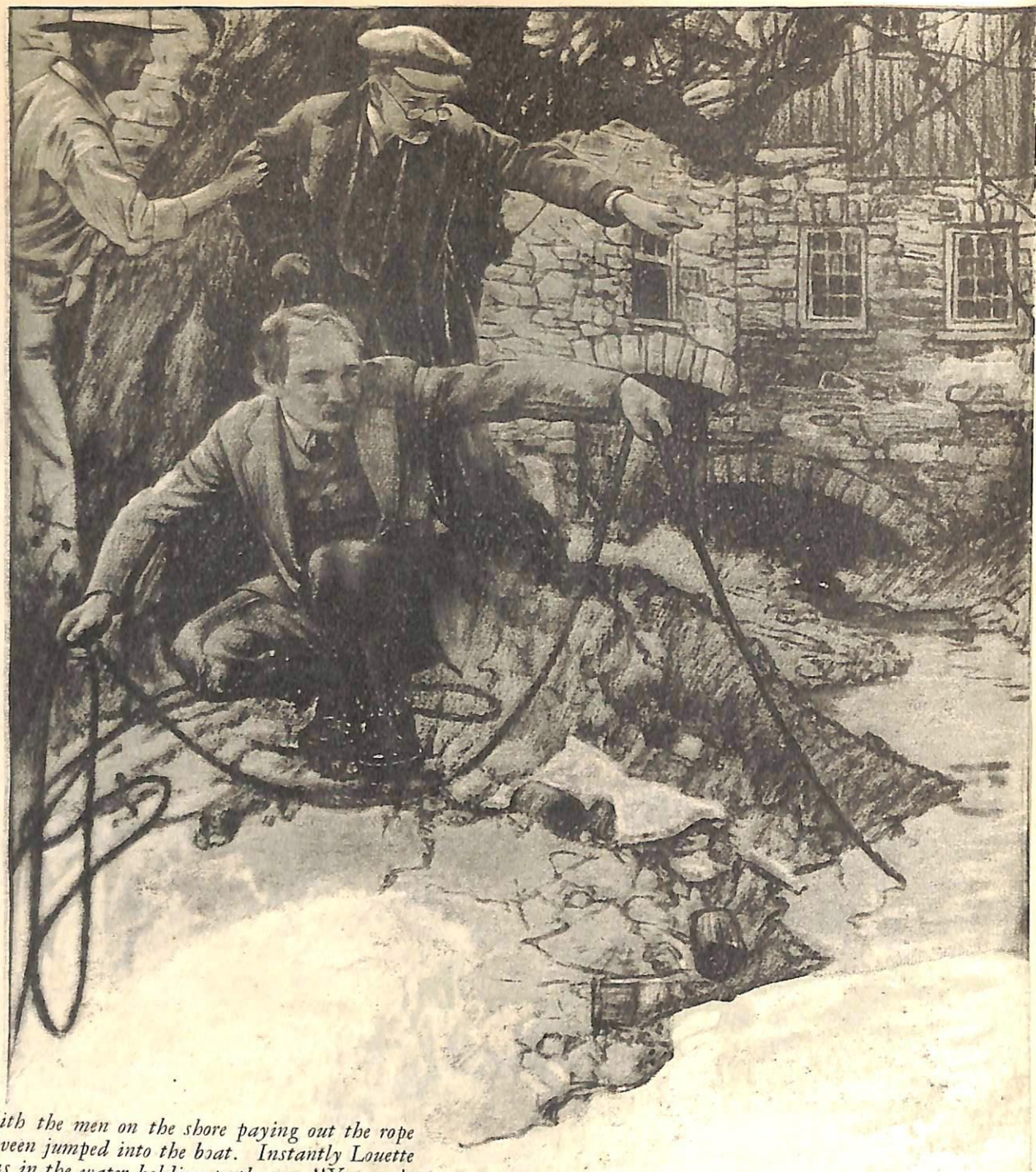
Louette said, "Don't you dare set foot inside that door, Lyn Cressey."

Lyn was tractable enough, according to his story. He said he stood there smiling and pivoting on his good leg; and he asked her where she had hung the key to the vegetable cellar. And she told him that it was hanging against the inner side of the little door under the sink.

He thanked her, and he ought to have gone then, he admitted to Givens; but, instead, he had lingered, and asked her how she liked living there. Louette said, "First rate" with her nose right up against the rusty screen to see to it that he didn't try to unhook the door again; and that touched Lyn a little, and he sang out, "Well, if you use Jacques the way you've used me, you won't be here long."



"The beam of light struck fierce sparkles from the depths of Louette's dark gypsy eyes. 'I guess you know,' she said to Tom, 'I wouldn't want anything better than just for you to use my dead body as a stepping stone to better things.'"



With the men on the shore paying out the rope Givens jumped into the boat. Instantly Louette was in the water holding to the oar. "You can't make it," she whispered, and Givens answered: "Don't you see? I've got to!"

The Fire Chief later got hold of Edwards, who was listening in the middle of the road, and it turned out that all Edwards had heard was the last half of the sentence.

So far, so good. Lyn went away, and then at ten o'clock that night the fire blazed up on the west side of Cartier's house. The Fire Chief was called out, but a rain squall got there ahead of him, and the fire was pretty well out by the time he got his apparatus on the premises. He found traces of kerosene sprinkled in back of the horses in the barn; and evidence that more of it had been thrown up against the wall of the house; and then, mousing around the premises, he found, half way down the ash-dump back of the barn, a kerosene can with a little kerosene still left in it.

Ed Hearne, the County Attorney, happened to be on the ground, and when he heard Joe Edwards' story of that little tilt between Lyn and Louette through the screen door, only that afternoon, he thought he could see the case shaping up against Lyn. He went across the river with four or five others, around midnight. On their way to Lyn's house, they routed out a grocer on Veranda avenue, Gilly Stone, and Stone said that Cressey had sure enough bought kerosene at his store earlier in the evening in a gallon tin kerosene can.

They went on and got Lyn out of bed; and when he came to the front door, the Fire Chief said, "Lyn, where's your kerosene can?"

Lyn didn't know what was up. He couldn't think why they had come asking him a question like that in the middle of the night, but he was still drunk, and it all seemed pretty well in keeping. He thought at first he had put the can under the sink; and he got down on his knees and looked, but it wasn't there. And then he remembered that he had left the kerosene can out in front of the house. It was a warm April, and he had a habit of sitting out there Sunday afternoons and evenings in a canvas chair, right on the edge of the sidewalk. The wall of the house itself came pretty well up to that line, and the ground was part sand and part gravel, without a spear of grass. It was raining a little when he got home with the kerosene, and he had set the can down in order to pick up the canvas chair and get it in out of the rain; and then, once inside, he had forgotten the can altogether.

If Lyn was telling the truth, then somebody else must have gone off with the can, since it certainly wasn't there when Hearne and the Fire Chief went looking for it. But there was proof enough that it had been there, just as Lyn had said, be-



cause the impression of it was still right there in the sand. Tom didn't actually ask the old dog-catcher if he was innocent, and Lyn didn't actually tell him that he was; except inferentially, by telling him to enter a plea of Not Guilty. Givens told him frankly that Hearne would be able to muster up some pretty damning facts against him.

Lyn said, "I never see the time he couldn't."

Givens pitched into his two cases with his usual zeal. There was never any doubt in his mind that he would be able to arrange Louette's divorce for her; but in a day or two he could sense that nearly everybody thought that Lyn was guilty. Still, Givens persuaded himself that he had a case, and he went about breathing confidence.

Then he met Ed Hearne, the County Attorney, on the street, and Ed's attitude rather got his back up. Ed was a sarcastic devil, and just the way he hopped his glasses off the bridge of that broken hawk nose of his had the effect of throwing older lawyers than Tom out of their stride.

"Tom," Ed said, "you developing any witnesses?"

"Maybe a few," Tom said.

"Between ourselves," Hearne said, "you know as well as I do, that things look bad for Lyn. There's a good chance that

a jury may convict him, and if he's convicted of arson of an occupied dwelling in the night, the sentence will have to be life imprisonment."

"What's your suggestion?" Givens said coolly.

"You go to your man and get him to plead guilty to attempted arson, and where no great damage was done, I'll get Hunt to give him a light sentence, maybe six months."

Givens felt the lack of his experience, he hung in the wind a second or so, but something in the way Hearne's lashes fluttered gave him the notion that a trap was being laid.

"Getting cold feet? We'll defend, thank you," he said.

"Suit yourself," said Hearne, and he hopped the glasses off his nose, and slid them into his breast pocket with a far-sighted look.

As a matter of fact, only that day, Givens had stumbled on a bit of evidence that might be tortured into something like an alibi for Lyn. He had laid his hands on two witnesses, Joe Clark and Roger Mayhew, who had been to a party on Veranda avenue on the night in question, and then, coming home a little before ten o'clock, had seen Lyn still out in front of his house sitting in that canvas chair and smoking. Clark and Mayhew were reputable men, and Givens meant to argue first that Lyn

couldn't have gone round by the bridge, and reached the Cartier house in time to have set the fire, assuming that he was sitting in front of his house at the time Clark and Mayhew said he was.

If, then, the opposition undertook to say that Lyn had gone across the dam top, Givene would say, first, that his client couldn't have done that, drunk, and with a crippled leg, even if the dam was dry; but he meant furthermore to show that water had been running over the dam that night.

The case was just about as unrelenting as the grey ware-house wall with the rusty iron stars scattered over it, that made up three quarters of the view from Givene's office window. It looked worse and worse for Lyn, Tom thought; and he was sitting there thinking that maybe he had better put Hearne's proposition up to his client after all, when Louette opened the door. She had a cloth-bound broom in her hands.

"The law can be as jealous as it pleases," she said, "I've got to get those cobwebs down out of the corners."

She made a sweep or two with the broom, but it was just a pretext, Tom knew well enough. She looked pale, he thought. Her eyes had an excited glitter half like tears.

"How's Lyn Cressey's case?" she said finally, stopping near his desk and leaning on the broom-handle.

"Shaping up," Tom said briskly.

"Does he contend that he is innocent?"

"Would I defend him, if he admitted his guilt?"

"Smarty . . . But everybody says he's guilty."

"Everybody won't be on the jury."

"Tom," Louette pressed him, "are you certain you can get him off clear?"

"Don't I usually do what I set out to do?" Tom countered.

"I wouldn't want anything to happen to him. He's had so much hardships, such trials; and he really is at heart a good old man, with all his faults."

There was certainly a tear in her eye; and Tom reached out and touched her arm gently. She let her wet lashes flutter and fall. Tom thought he would try the effect of woman's intuition on his problem; and, to divert her, he told her in a few words of Hearne's offer to get a sentence of attempted arson on a plea of guilty.

"Should I enter it, do you think?"

"Never in this world," Louette gasped. "Tom, you wouldn't seriously consider doing that?"

"Well, hardly," he agreed, sitting back.

She went away and left the broom standing against his desk; and Tom returned to his papers. That night he went across the river, with a notion in the back of his head that he would see Cartier personally and get from him a statement as to whether water had been flowing over the dam or not on the night in question. Cartier had charge of the power-station in the middle of the river, on a rock between the two upper falls; and might be expected to know if anyone did; though it wasn't likely that he would keep a record by dates.

IF HE had been candid with himself, Givene might have acknowledged that Cartier wasn't the only force that was drawing him across the river. Louette, pending the divorce proceedings, was living with her married sister, Mrs. Grant; and the Grant house was next to Cartier's, and about a hundred yards nearer the mill-bridge. Tom found himself trumping up some excuse to go in there and see the girl; he couldn't think what his motive might be, beyond recognizing that it wasn't professional; and in the end, wrestling with this impulse, he walked past the house, and then, for some reason, on past Cartier's house.

Going now a little at a loss, he veered toward the river, down a steep little path that brought him out on the bank near where an old red petered-out tug-boat had been shoved nose first in among the willows. From here, in the day-time, the back-walls of that string of cinder-colored tenements for mill hands was visible; but now it was black as a blind man's pocket all along here.

He could hear the roar of the falls; and very faintly, against the distant mill-bridge lights, he made out the sagging skeleton structure of the foot-bridge that went out from the bank on this side to the power-station rock. He made his way up over the rubbish heap where the kerosene can had been found; and soon enough found himself staring in through Cartier's kitchen window.

Cartier was sitting in his shirt-sleeves reading. Givene stared in at him, taking in the black fighter's head, the rumpled hair,

and those heavy shoulder-caps stretching the wool of his shirt tight. A bad man to antagonize certainly; but young Givene had no lack of confidence in himself. He was on the point of going in when he felt himself plucked at in the dark.

He turned, and saw Louette. He had never felt so much like a complete fool, somehow, in his life. He had a notion of tearing himself out of her hands, and bolting, but he didn't move an inch, at first. Then he let her edge him away in the direction of the barn. Cartier had backed his jigger in there, and the shafts were out with their ends in the ground. He stumbled over one of them with a sickening crash, and Louette with her arm linked in his, had to keep him from falling. She put a bunch of icy fingers across his mouth.

"Do you want to die before your time?" she whispered. "Look where you are going."

He scarcely could. He had her hair in his eyes, the whole fall of it, in fact. She had never cut it; and now it was down over her shoulders. She had just washed it; he learned later; and having partly dried it, had gone out to get another towel from the line when she saw Tom against the light from Cartier's window.

"What are you up to here?" she faltered.

He could think of no appropriate reply and made none. They stood facing each other, and Louette breathed faster and faster. Cartier's house fronted on a grade crossing, and when a train was coming, especially at night, it looked as if the locomotive was charging right down on the house, but the rails curved away at the last moment.

AND now there was the sound of a switch engine hissing and clanking along on the rails. Louette's face stood out against a background of whitewashed stall-boards; and that bright yellow beam from the head-end of the engine showed Givene the rounds of the girl's arms coming out of the sleeves of that black and white gingham dress of hers, and struck fierce sparkles from the depths of those dark gypsy eyes under the raven's wing brows.

Her hair was like a black waterfall, it was especially thick and springy after being washed, and there was a kind of drift of balsam out of it, a forest smell. It not only looked like a waterfall, it began to seem as if it might develop power like a waterfall; and either Tom shook, or the ground underfoot shook with the tramp of that old engine's flat wheel. A tuft of hay slipped down out of the hay-chamber, and fell on Louette's head; then it was dark again, and he had one arm across the small of her back, and with his free hand was stroking the hay out of her hair mutely. The engine was stamping away across the bridge, but the trembling kept right on, this time in Louette's body.

"Dear girl, what's frightened you?" he whispered.

"Can't you see? They've got the wrong man," Louette gasped. "I tried to tell you this morning, and I didn't have the courage. It wasn't Lyn that set the fire; it was Jacques himself."

Tom took her head in his two hands, hard. He was getting used to the dark, and he could see her eyes flaming and drilling right through him.

He said, "For God's sake, Louette, think what it is you're saying."

"As if I could think of anything else," she sobbed, and hid her face against him.

"You saw him . . . You?"

"Yes."

"But look here. That kerosene can. It's Lyn's, isn't it?"

"Jacques must have picked it up outside Lyn's house and come across the dam with it. The dam was dry that night, it so happens. And then I—he thought I was at my sister's, but in fact I had come home and was lying in bed—I heard him stumble against a water-spout and went to the window. I saw him fling the kerosene up against the house wall and strike a match to it; and then the flame was everywhere; and he—he happened to look up and caught me looking down. And then—he said he'd kill me if I told anybody, and he will, but I can't help it if he does. I can't hold in any longer."

"Who turned in the alarm?" Givene muttered, dazed.

"My sister. She saw the blaze and called up the Chief. I suppose if it hadn't been for my sister turning in the alarm, and then that nosy chief with all his questions, it might just have come to nothing. But Jacques [Continued on page 67]

A FRIGHTENED little lady inquired of John D. Coughlin twenty-five years ago how he would ever catch the criminal who, in order to pilfer her jewelry and silverware, had burrowed in her absence through the coal chute into her Greenwich Village mansion.

"Crooks, lady," was his listless reply, "are caught by information."

Little did he dream, as nonchalantly he shrugged his shoulders, that he had recited the text of his life—a theorem, if you will, to which he would cling with such tenacity that one day he would be chosen to direct the vast organization of which he was, at that time, the most insignificant member. Patrolman Coughlin, he was then, temporarily assigned to detective duty. Inspector Coughlin, he is now, director of the activities of twelve hundred men, detectives of the police of New York whom he has hand-picked for their posts from the rank and file of the police department.

Now information occupies him from early morning until long past sunset—information that falls, in the half light of waterfront cafés, from the profane lips of swaggering gunmen; information that is babbled crazily in foul-smelling dens, by drunk-frenzied killers; information that is wafted mysteriously out of the thick fog that blankets the underworld and is dropped miraculously on the doorsteps of the police.

Probably half of that information comes to him in the scarcely legible, rambling notes which flow anonymously with every mail into the gray stone building whose gilt dome is the only bit of color in the vicinity of Centre and Grand streets—police headquarters. The author may be some jealous peterman whose girl has been snatched from him while he toiled in the still hours of the night over some impregnable safe, some embittered stick-up who fancies himself cheated out of his share of the proceeds of some daring pay-roll robbery, some care-worn girl who has been abandoned to the life of the streets by some swaggering, bullying gangster. Of a thousand that reach his desk, perhaps less than a hundred give John Coughlin the information he seeks—information that will send detectives crashing into an East Side cellar, lair of those responsible for the latest safe burglary, or dispatch others to Chicago after the slayers of some bootlegger.

But because through the life time that he has climbed steadily upward in the ranks of his department, John Coughlin has accumulated—and catalogued in his file-like mind—a library of facts about crime and the criminal, he is today the most feared, if not the most successful man hunter in America, perhaps in the world.

Contributing to that success as much as any other single factor is one friendship. Not that of a politician but rather that of a man who, when John Coughlin met him many years ago while he was still a detective at the bottom of the scale, assigned to rid the racetracks in New York's environs of the



The ABC's of CROOK Catching As revealed in the Career of New York's Chief of Detectives

By A. Barr Gray

army of pickpockets and dishonest gamblers, operated the world's most elaborate private detective agency. He, too, was a man who was dealing in information—the kind which concerned penny-weighters, safe blowers, confidence men, highway robbers. And because this John Coughlin was a likeable Irishman with a knowledge that was even then worth something to a man whose life dealt with crime, there grew between the two a strong bond of friendship—so strong, in fact, that it has been handed down to another generation that has inherited the administration of the agency. So, when their Baltimore office was informed last spring that a consumptive stick-up who was wanted there for robbing a saloon keeper, was living on New York's upper West Side, Coughlin was notified. He sent his men to make inquiries.

With "Shuffles" Goldberg when they arrested him the police found two men whom they had recently had occasion to investigate. They, too, were seized. From the Baltimorean's vest pocket, when he was led before Coughlin, there dangled a watch fob.

"What's that you've got there?" Coughlin demanded.

"My watch," stammered the prisoner.

"Your watch, eh? Well, just let's have a look at it."

The gunman passed it over to Coughlin, who dangled it there for a moment in the afternoon sun as it streamed through the windows that flank his desk. Prying the back open, Coughlin swung quickly about to face the startled Mr. Goldberg.

"Your watch, eh?" he repeated, and his voice rising, shouted. "Well, what would you say if I told you that that watch was part of the \$75,000 loot from a Sixth avenue jewelry store? Swag, that's what it is! And swag from a damned bad stick-up!"

It's that uncanny memory for figures, the scratch numbers of stolen jewelry, the addresses of gangster's haunts, the license numbers of cars that have participated in bold robberies that makes him a terror to crooks.

When he came on that watch, Coughlin began to regard more seriously this Baltimore consumptive. Here was a man who was apparently implicated in crimes with which Coughlin was more concerned than had they been confined entirely to the limits of the city of Baltimore. He sent men back to his apartment to lie in wait for any of his friends who might call. Later that afternoon three men knocked at the door, were quickly seized and searched and then hustled to the inspector's office.

"Jake Kraemer!" Coughlin bellowed at once, as the trio were led before him. "As I live and die, the best safe man in the United States."

"My name is List," the prisoner hastened to correct him.

"List, eh? Well, Mr. List, if my memory doesn't fail me, you ripped safes around this town for a good many years under the name of Kraemer, and you're just after coming out of the can from a ten year stretch in [Continued on page 63]

Shoal Waters

By
Jane Levington
Comfort

Illustrations by
Everett Shinn



EVERETT SHINN
1917

IT WAS her hole, no question about it. She had discovered it herself and lain there every morning between ten and twelve for a week or more. There was no place quite like it in the dunes—protected on three sides from the wind and the sand banks radiated a grateful June warmth, despite the mid-winter mists that veiled the sun's direct rays. Yet here, for the third time, was that obstreperous young person in campus togs, stretched out as if he owned the world. She knew he must be obstreperous, because even lying still in the sand he had a restless, hectic look, as if ready at a moment's notice to spring into action; hatless, dark, impudent looking; an impression as of speed crystallized in his bold, bright eyes. Moreover, she believed he knew it was her hole, yet he came anyway.

Beth Aubrey had come to Santone in January when that little Pacific Coast amusement town was empty as the brain of an imbecile—which condition suited her perfectly. The plump, pink real-estate man who showed her around thought it odd and unhealthy that she should want a whole cottage to herself. "Why don't you get a room in some nice family?" he suggested with paternal solicitude. "Pretty quiet down here this time of year, you know—"

"Yes," said Beth, her eyes on the farthest dunes. "That's just why I came—"

He argued further, his small genial eye gradually hardening with suspicion as the girl remained obdurate. Finally Beth was shown a small house standing alone in a drift of white sand on Nautilus avenue, and here she chose to stay. An old boat went with the cottage, which seemed almost too much, particularly since there was a sheltered salt water bay to row about in. Also, north of the Pier with its deserted "fun palaces" and false fronts, there was the open beach where one might walk for miles along the hard wet sand at the tide's edge, encountering only an occasional clam-digger. On the Promenade a few stores and one hotel still functioned, but the rest would sleep until June.

The cottage was furnished after a fashion, but Beth had brought a trunkful of pillows and knick-knacks and yards of thin yellow stuff to make curtains, so that two full days were taken up in the preparation and arrangement of her house. The finished effect, however, materialized a ten-year-old dream and relieved Beth's subconscious of at least one pent-up desire. The third day she put on her bathing suit and went out.

That bathing suit proved a trifle breath-taking at first, though there was no one abroad to take note of her trim legs exposed for the first time to the light of day. Beth's was the sort of

slim shape one sees silhouetted on parchment lamp-shades—effective enough in actual outline, but rather lost in clothes. She had straight blonde hair, cut square across her forehead, and an unpainted face that had the look of having hung a trifle long on the vine. Yet if one had seen her face as she took her first big look at the rolling surf-lines north of the Pier and it came over her in a rush that she was actually free and alone—that one would have said to himself: "What a pretty girl!" And then if he had seen what followed—Beth Aubrey turning loose on the deserted shore—running, jumping up and down and finally sitting backwards into a comber, he would probably have added: "Why, the poor little kid!"

She bathed in the surf and paddled endlessly in the bay. Gradually the routine of "the Bank" died out of her brain. Beth forgot typewriters, savings accounts, voices, telephones. More than that, she forgot her two older sisters and aunt and the house she had lived in since birth. It pleased her, however, to retain memory of the day she had quit her job of five years standing and announced at the supper table that she was "going away for a while." Beth prided herself on the audacity that had taken, since it had been hardly less shocking to those who heard than as if she had said: "I'm about to commit suicide."

With the melting away of the last echo of the routine that had held her brain prisoner for so long, Beth found herself mentally footloose as well. For a time her thoughts wandered about like ghost-children, picking up little threads of memory and dropping them again for sheer want of interest: staid processes of growing up; a breath or two of romance in her teens; five years in the monotonous hum of commercial activity; the rest dreams. She had held to a definite standard of what love should be, but life hadn't brought it to her. The very quality of her dreams seemed to cut her off from the modern trend of things. The fact of her isolation in the midst of modern youth was a secret grief to Beth, yet the cumulative pain of it drove her farther out of the pale, until her one thought was to escape entirely. To go away alone—to the beach, perhaps—not in summer when everything was crowded and ex-



Beth was relaxing in spite of herself—some barrier-breaking charm about this young man—whatever else there might be. "Got going too fast a while back," he was saying. "Been here a week. Seems like three months. Call it luck—your being down here, too!"

pensive, but later when one might have the whole Pacific to oneself . . . a little cottage with yellow curtains, like she had always wanted and lots of pillows on the floor. . . . During her second week at Santone Beth discovered the hole. Her arms and legs had taken on a respectable coat of tan by this time and her blonde hair blew about a face that forgot itself for hours at a time in the wave-lapping silence of the bay—a face that improved with self-forgetfulness. And then that campus-sport-stranger had appeared, usurping her sun-spot as well as her thoughts, for there was about him an air of youth and glamor which served to convince Beth that she was missing a great deal in life. A reaction more or less subconscious, that, yet it roused her from the enchantment of her solitude, filled her with peculiar discontent. He made one think of yachts and golf clubs and tennis courts, of wide, shaded verandas and dance-music. Not that her dreams were made up of such things exactly, but so much within her had remained unexpressed through the years.

Even her cottage looked different to her after his first appearance—forn in its very attempt at cheer, and, queerly, she fell at once into consideration of the fact that innocence did not pass for a quality any more. Dumbness, it was called. The very high school children cast all semblance of it quickly aside. Of course one was brought up to think that these fast youngsters were riding for a fall . . . but wasn't it just possible that they had discovered something that their hypocritical elders might find well worth having? . . . In any case, Beth ruthlessly pursued, innocence at her age was carrying the matter too far, something to be ashamed of, in fact—a confession of cowardice. Innocence at twenty-five meant that certain matters formerly looked upon as virtues had become mere inhibitions. Incidentally it meant that one was lonely—yes, desperately lonely—whether one admitted it or not!

. . . And here he was again—grinning at her from her own hole as she came up. Beth turned away, as she had done twice before, but this morning he called after her:

"I say, there's room for two in here—don't you think?"

Beth did not. The idea of two in there shocked and appalled her, but, since her great psychological horror was to appear exactly what she was—an inexperienced, sensitive, shy young woman—she accepted his invitation and dropped down beside him in that hollow cup among the dunes.

"Nice little shelter," he added effortlessly. "Soft as summer when the wind's cut off."

"Yes, it is," Beth answered, her tone sick with strain. It wasn't her scanty bathing suit that was worrying her, nor fear of anything he might say to her, but, rather, of what she might fail to say in return.

"Regular hangout of yours, I take it. Sorry to have crowded you out lately—"

"Oh, that's all right—" same lame tone.

"Fact is, I hoped you'd pop in regardless of me," he said. "Santone's not exactly over-populated as I see it. Swim?"

"No," Beth answered regretfully. "But I've been in the surf several times—"

"Cold, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it's lively!"

He laughed at that, not a mirthful sound—something between a cackle and a shout. "Lucky something's lively around here!" His laugh trailed into a yawn—queer disarming intimacy about it. His face had an impudent, gamey look at first glance, but beneath that there was weariness and ennui, and deeper still, a nervous shattered look—a face with layers of expression that peeled off one by one. He seemed hardly to register her personally, merely using her as a focal point for his bored, drained stare—a point which Beth did not miss. She was relaxing in spite of herself—some barrier-breaking charm about him—something instantly to like, whatever else there might be.

"Dead hole, what?" he pronounced.

"I like it," said Beth. "I enjoy being alone."

"Alone? What's nice about that?"

"One doesn't want to be in crowds of people all the time."



"Were you in so bad you had to run away all by yourself—a girl like you?" he asked studying Beth's face.

"Oh, doesn't one? Change anyway," he laughed. "Stay alone long enough, maybe your top would stop spinning. I mean my top! Hasn't yet—that's the trouble. Hasn't even wobbled. May fly off entirely."

Beth's eyes showed mystification. "Got going too fast a while back," he explained lightly. "Doubt, though, if I could stay alone long enough to slow down. Burns me up—all this quiet stuff—nothing to do, nothing but milk to drink—" Passionate distaste in the tone. "Why do you drink milk—if you don't like it?" Beth inquired.

"Doctor's orders. Heals raw tissue."

"Oh, are you ill?" "I wouldn't call it that, but they've got me scared. Threatened to lock me up. Too much gin-gerale," he added ruefully. "Too many parties, too many girls, too little sleep! You know how it is."

"Oh," said Beth, trying not to look as completely unenlightened as she felt.

"Funny about that," he ran on in his hectic, disjointed way. "You throw yourself into it at first—throttle wide open, foot pressed down to the floor! Sky's the limit! It's a wow! Dark till dawn—dark till dawn—you know how it is! Then, all at once, it begins to slow down and you keep on going faster than ever. I mean, you come to the end of that stuff, but by

that time it's got you. It's empty—you know it's empty, but you go right on—"

Part of the time he had the look of a man struggling in the dark with an unknown antagonist—a bit frightened inside, though outwardly defiant, a smile hanging to his lips without touching his eyes. Beth had a distinct sense that he thought he was telling her all about it. The fact that she did not follow was quite another matter.

"... dance and drink ... drink and dance—life-just-one-long-week-end-party sort of thing. ... Old man keeps warning you to slow down, but that's of course. Slow down? It isn't like that!" He sighed and laughed. "But there is an end to it—emptiness! You begin to feel as if you'd gone too far ever again to tread the straight and narrow, yet the snap's gone out of the wide open. Pace-setting's a bore—"

There seemed an element of boasting under all he said—something glassy and glib and satisfied with itself, but there was also dilemma, a kind of boyish desperation at the heart. Above and beyond all else, to Beth, there was potent stimulus in his nearness—an undercurrent of excitement which surprised and intrigued her, though, had she been a sand-piper or a tangle of dried kelp, his gaze could scarcely have been more detached. Obvious that his draw to her had merely been the need for someone to talk to.

"What finally jerked me up was a jug of bad liquor," he



told her. It was stomach pump and hospital for me—quite a siege—and the old man took advantage of my weakened state. Made an issue of it, you understand—came across with the proposition of milk and quiet for a month—" He broke off and stared at her a moment—same blind gaze. "Been here a week," he gloomed on. "Seems like three months. Marooned, too—took my car away ... made me promise not to leave the grounds—" he laughed cheerlessly. "Keen prospect, too, must say! If I stick it out for a month—not seeing any of the gang—nothing stronger than milk to drink and plenty of it—then I get a place in the business and a chance to start over. If I don't—" he laughed again, more dolefully than ever, "then I get kicked out—for better, for worse! Old man definite as the devil—for once in his life—"

Silence for a long moment.

"A month isn't very long—" from Beth.

"All depends how you put in your time. By the way, what about you? What keeps you down here?"

The girl looked startled.

"I've been talking a lot," he added apologetically. "Your turn now."

Beth reddened, thinking how plain and anemic the tale of her life would sound after these proud revelations: Aunt Mabel, the girls, the bank, the old house among the sycamores where

she was born. She could fancy his eyes getting duller and duller as she talked, lip drooping with sheer scorn.

He was playing with the sand, letting it run through his fingers into little pyramids. "Aren't you going to tell me?" he asked.

She shook her head decisively.

"Why not?"

"It's too awful," Beth said with sudden recklessness.

He glanced up quizzically. "You don't look as if you'd ever done anything awful in your life!"

"You never can tell—" she breathed with a glibness quite unnatural.

He nodded moodily. "Fraid you're right. Guess we're all in the same boat ... Sometimes you wonder if there's any old world left—I mean purity, innocence and all that. Like the quest of the Holy Grail—if a man goes out after that sort of thing! ... So you're down here for your health, too?"

Beth let it go at that.

"Two failures meet!" he quoted, adding whimsically: "Shoal waters, eh? Back wash! ... That makes it nice! What's your name?"

"Beth Aubrey."

"Thanks. Mine's Gilland—Griff. Yes," he added with mock-dignity. "Gilland and Company, Rubber Goods Incorporated."

porated! I mean, Gilland and Son, Rubber Goods Incorporated! Do you care for that?"

"It sounds good," she laughed.

"Oh, does it! . . . Where you stopping?"

"Over in the dunes—on Nautilus."

"Got a number?"

"Twenty-six," she told him.

"Thanks. May drop up. I'm at the hotel, you know . . . Call it luck—your being down here, too . . ."

"See you some more!" he had called, as they parted, easy and intimate, as if they had met a hundred times before.

All day the wonder of it grew upon Beth—that Griff Gilland actually believed she was one of his own kind—fast and modern as any. It made her feel indescribably young and complete. She hoped nothing would ever be the same again—hoped, with a kind of grim and growing determination that she would not fall short of his picture of a modern girl. In fact, she could not bear the thought of falling short in any way. She liked him too well—the changing play of his face—the sense of an inarticulate boy in him all but submerged in sophistication, yet still alive and reaching out.

Certain remembered sentences made her sparkle with secret glee: "So you're down here for your health too? . . . Guess we're all in the same boat . . . Shoal waters—" The last phrase particularly stood out, as if it had something especially to do with her. She glanced with renewed affection at the yellow curtains and floor pillows. He would see them, she thought happily. He would come and sit in this very room!

Beth did not go to the hole the next morning. Instead she went shopping on the Promenade. Having decided overnight that it would not do to be found wanting in any particular, there was much to do and no time to lose. The hours of that day were very intense. She shortened certain dresses, cleaned house and artfully littered it with ash trays and magazines she had bought; she arranged the flowers in a bowl that matched her tea-set; she filled a floor basket with red apples and placed it in a corner; she stood before her mirror and applied tints and curled her yellow hair.

At last came the hardest job of all. Strange, Beth reflected, that people should choose to punish themselves this way. Her mouth felt as if she had been eating a bonfire and her head seemed crowding out all thought-processes, yet not to know how to smoke might show her up! At four, she made tea. Obvious by that time that he was not coming today.

The second day dragged unmercifully. She stayed away from the hole on the slim chance of hastening Griff Gilland's call, then the thought that he might not come at all became so painful that she thrust it deliberately from mind. He must come! Yet at four o'clock she gave him up and put on the kettle for another grim tea-party all by herself. Waiting for the water to boil, she went to the window and stood there, gazing wistfully out. Then a soft gasp escaped her and she stepped back, dropping the curtain in place. He was coming along the sand-blown walk—hatless, immaculate, staring up at numbers as he passed. Beth threw herself down on the

floor and in answer to his ring called in quavery, joyous tones:

"Come in!"

He laughed a greeting and closed the door after him. "No, don't get up!" he told her. "Missed you in the dunes for two days. Been holing up, haven't you?"

He sat down and gazed round the room. "Keen little dump. Don't tell me you've got it all to yourself?"

"Yes."

He studied her face. "Was it as bad as that?" he questioned.

"How do you mean?"

"Were you in so bad you had to run away all by yourself—a girl like you?"

Beth laughed—a gratified gurgle. Gilland's brow puckered quizzically. "Going to tell me all about it this afternoon?"

"No!" she said.

"Why not? I told you—"

"I wouldn't tell you for the world!" She laughed gaily and inquired if he would drink a cup of tea.

"Sure, six of 'em," he answered.

He followed her to the kitchenette and leaned against the cupboard, idly watching as she worked. His eyes were restless as ever, though slightly more attentive, and she had the sense that he was playing around with random ideas, experimenting with her.

"You did me good the other day," he remarked. "Been thinking about you ever since—"

"I've thought about you, too," she confessed.

"Funny—don't you think—two of a kind meeting up in a dead place like this? Must be Fate, wouldn't you say?"

"Must."

"Believe in Fate?"

"No," said she.

"You're good!" he laughed.

Drinking tea, he sat very close, lit a cigarette for her in a manner thrillingly intimate, and chatted. "By the way, the O. M. was down to see me yesterday," he remarked.

"Who?"

"The Old Man. Beamed all over the place—kept telling me how splendid I looked. As if I didn't know I never looked worse—nerves all shot, worn out and bored stiff. Anyway, he

saved me up . . . told me how I'd enjoy myself at the big desk in the filing department where he plans to break me in! Huh! Thought he was cheering me up! Sure funny—" he broke off with a vague laugh.

Beth did not like the sound of that, a warning gong for her in his tone. "But perhaps you will enjoy your work at the desk," she said, a puzzled look in her eyes.

"Not a chance. Hate the business. Always did."

"What would you rather do?" she asked queerly.

He laughed. "How do I know?"

Vague disapproval appeared in Beth's eyes. She was wondering why Griff Gilland had to hate his father's business and the chance offered him, just because he happened to be a rich man's son with everything made easy for him.

"Brought up on rubber—who wouldn't hate it?" he demanded.

"But you say you don't know of anything you'd rather do—"

[Continued on page 78]

The Shrine Theater Guide

Note: THE SHRINE MAGAZINE gives each month a list of plays and lighter pieces seen in the New York Theaters that have qualities in them worth noting. The plays may not have an existence long enough—such is the high competition in our theaters at the present time—for our readers to act on our suggestion. But we will, on inquiry, inform any of them contemplating a visit to New York, what the dramatic market is at the moment. And we will be glad to arrange for seats for any entertainment in the theater, provided our readers understand that we have to take our turn at the box-office, and have no inside ways of getting preferential seats.—THE EDITOR.

PLAYS

Escape. By John Galsworthy. Booth Theater. An escaping prisoner shows up many types of people, and finally gives himself up. A poignant and interesting series of scenes by the author of "Justice."

An Enemy of the People. By Henrik Ibsen. Hampden Theater. Walter Hampden brings out the comedy spirit in a social drama by a dramatist supposed to be grim. Superlatively acted by Hampden.

Porgy. By DuBose and Dorothy Heyward. Charleston negro life, with two excellent spiritual scenes. Moved from the Guild Theater to the Republic, to make way for G. B. Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma", in which a notable cast is interpreting a gay comedy of wit.

Midsummer Night's Dream. By Shakespeare. Max Reinhardt, the German director, brings his much discussed production to the big Century Theater, with Rosamond Pinchot, of "Miracle" fame, in the cast. The best of his German company comes with him.

Coquette. By George Abbott and Ann Preston Bridgers. Maxine Elliott Theater. An engaging Southern character study, with melodrama and right sentiment and poignant humor. Introducing successfully for the second time as a "star" Helen Hayes.

The 19th Hole. By Frank Craven. George M. Cohan Theater. Craven, in the cast, aims to amuse the golfer, and he does it.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. By Bayard Veiller. National Theater. Renews one's interest in murder trials. Ann Harding in the cast.

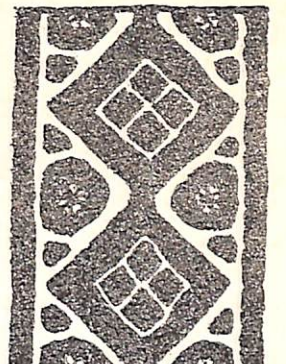
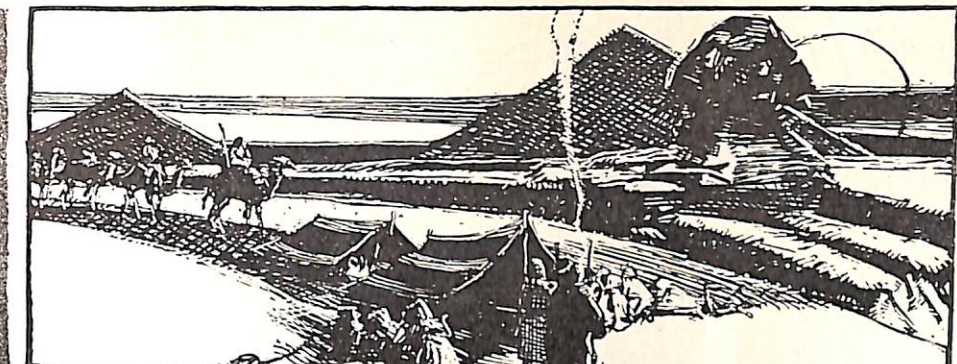
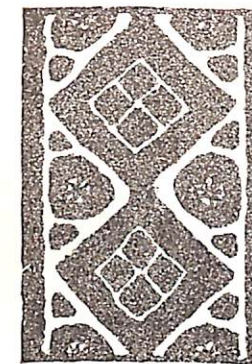
THE MUSICAL SHOWS

The Mikado. By Gilbert and Sullivan. Excellently well done by Winthrop Ames' Opera Company, that does also "Iolanthe" and plans more of Gilbert and Sullivan at the Royale Theater. Worth seeing.

A Connecticut Yankee. By Fields, Rogers and Hart. Mark Twain put into a musical score at the Vanderbilt Theater.

My Maryland. Book and Lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly. Jolson's Theater. The advertisement fails to credit Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Frietchie" as the basis for this Civil War melodious encounter.

Ziegfeld Follies. New Amsterdam Theater. Eddie Cantor, Irving Berlin music, a bevy of pretty girls—what more is necessary to create a National Institution!



EDITORIALS

A SUCCESSFUL POTENTATE MUST CAREFULLY BUDGET HIS YEAR'S WORK IN BOTH TIME AND MONEY

SMALL blame to the wife who over-spends her husband's income in dress or household bills if she does not know her husband's income and has no regular allowance. Small blame for an entertainment committee in a Shrine Temple if it does not have a definite knowledge of how much it is to spend at each Ceremonial.

The absence of a system of budgeting expenditures always brings disaster, as the optimistic estimates of enthusiastic committees always fall below the cold hard facts when bills are to be paid.

A Potentate who finishes his term with honor to himself and as much money in the bank as he began with, must budget his year's work before he starts; not only his expenditure of money but his expenditure of time.

A satisfactory plan is to gather his Divan around him at the beginning of the year, consult with them as to how many Ceremonials he will have and when, how many picnics, ladies' nights, visitations, trips to Imperial Council or what have you! Having outlined his program and budgeted his time, with the help of his finance committee he can budget his expenditures and properly provide funds for the proposed functions. With a liberal allowance for unexpected emergencies this is the only safe plan on which a Temple can work.

Hit-or-miss, rule-of-thumb, whenever-the-spirit-moves—such ways of handling Shrine affairs are the cause of poor financial reports at the end of the year, and the cause of necessary curtailment of entertainment which the Nobles have a right to expect. Random arrangements may win out but systematic budgeting of time and money is certain to do so.

To be a member of a Shrine Temple is one thing, to be a real Shriner is quite different.

NOBLE, DO YOU "RIDE THE SAW" IN YOUR TEMPLE OR ARE YOU BUSY PULLING IT?



A YOUNG college man took his vacation working in the Maine woods. He was put at one end of a cross-cut saw cutting trees into saw log lengths. After two hours he was hardly able to go on. His back was well-nigh broken and his spirit completely so. At the other end of the saw was a brawny woodsman. At the end of three hours he paused for a moment to say "Young feller, I don't mind your ridin' on that end of the saw, but for the love of Mike stop letting your feet drag on the ground."

In every organization a certain number of men ride on the saw, allowing the other members to do all the work. Some men are born to lead and others to follow. Neither the Shrine nor any other organization resents Nobles who ride the saw.

But we do resent the fellow who lets his feet drag. Generally he is the Noble who says there is a "gang" running his Temple and on general principles he opposes everything the "gang" proposes. If he would join the "gang" he would find its members to be the people who are doing all the work in the organization. If he were of them he would be too busy pulling his end of the saw to do any feet dragging.

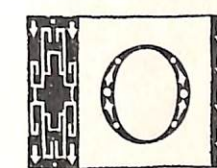
The Noble who says that his Temple is not accomplishing anything and is just run for the benefit of the few, is letting his feet drag.

That Noble who insists on talking while the floor is occupied by a guest is letting his feet drag.

That Noble who offers advice to the floor team during the Second Section is letting his feet drag.

There is no use to multiply the number of different kinds of dragging feet. Every Temple has a few. It is possible that some of them do not know they are members of this unlucky crew.

THE SHRINE BUTTON IS A SIGN THAT A MAN IS WORTH WHILE—WORTH DOING THINGS FOR!



OUT in the Bad Lands with the El Zagal bunch, he forgot his glasses. He went to a Fargo optometrist to buy a pair but the man of specs belonged to El Zagal and insisted on loaning him a pair till he caught up with his own.

Driving through a Wisconsin town en route to Chicago he was lost. He asked a traffic cop how to get on the road to Chicago. The cop drove thirty-five miles an hour stopping traffic from both sides of the street till he was safe on his way. "How's that for service?" asked the cop, "I belong to Tripoli."

He was in the smoking compartment of a train out of New York, feeling nervously in every pocket. "What's the matter, Noble?" asked a quiet man in the corner.

"Left home without a dollar or a railroad ticket. Changed my pants and forgot to shift the contents of my pockets!"

"Will twenty-five see you through? I can spare that much. I belong to LuLu. Here is my card, send me a check when you get home."

Just the experiences of three out of four Shriners who sat at lunch together. Don't ask how often things like this are done for Shriners. It is not a question of getting a favor from a Noble. That's the wrong slant! How often have we, each of us, neglected opportunities to do something for a Shriner? How many chances have we each of us missed to be of service to a brother Noble?

As a place to receive benefits, the Shrine is not worth considering. The Shrine button as an opportunity for service to deserving people . . . as a sign that a man is worth while . . . worth doing things for . . . is a wonderful thought. The thinking Noble does not consider the Shrine an institution out of which he may get something, but one into which he can put something, some of the joy of living, some of the happiness with which he is blessed. As such, it is an institution beyond compare!

With the Imperial Potentate

COMPLETING three tours since early in July, during which he visited Temples from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to New Mexico and other Southern points, the Imperial Potentate is now ready for the cruise of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE to the West Indies on the White Star liner Meganitic, sailing from New York on the 17th of this month.

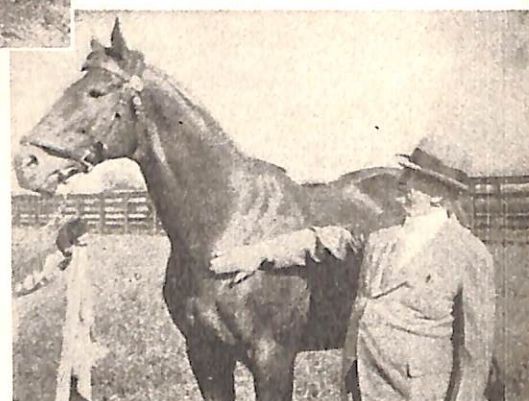
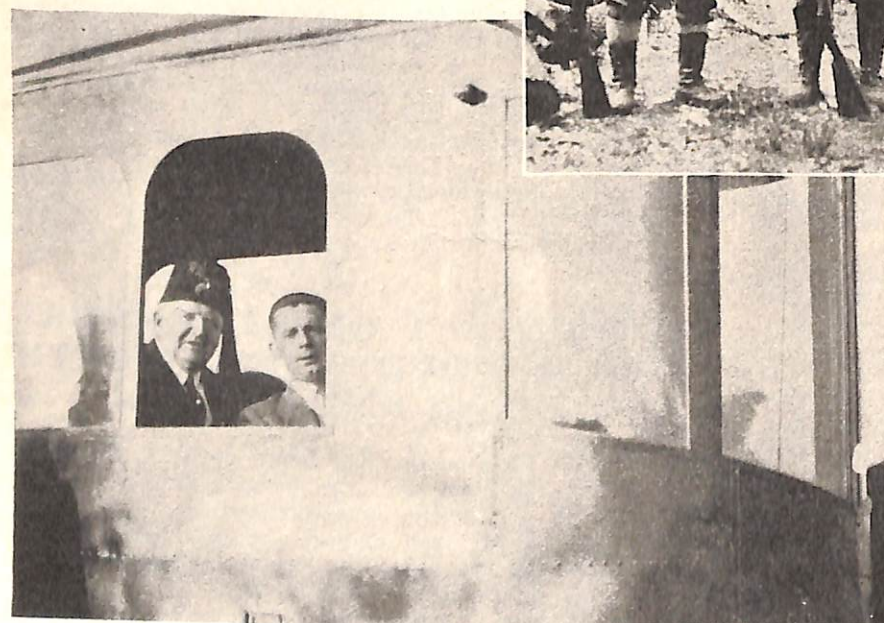
For six months the Imperial Potentate traveled almost continuously, carrying to nearly eighty Temples the Shrine message of good fellowship and telling the Faithful of the great work of mercy being done for the crippled children of the poor. He gave first-hand information, for in his tours he visited many of the Shrine Hospitals and saw what was being accomplished in this the greatest charitable undertaking ever



one of the features of the reception, were Noble William J. Murray, Past Potentate, and Noble Clyde I. Webster, Past Potentate and Representative, both of Moslem Temple, Detroit, who escorted the Imperial Potentate to their Oasis.

At Detroit the Imperial Caravan was met by a delegation of Shriners headed by Potentate William Curtiss. After luncheon Noble Dunbar was taken for an automobile ride about the city which was followed by a notable game of golf in which the distinguished visitor proved that he could wield a golf club almost as well as he could manipulate a cornet. The banquet at night was an elaborate affair with the entire Divan and a dozen Past Potentates and other of-

(Left) The Imperial Potentate and Potentate Talbott, El Riad, Sioux Falls, after a two days' hunting trip.



(During his visit to Oleika Temple, Lexington, Ky., Noble Dunbar got acquainted with the famous racer, Man-o'-War.

carried on by any one organization of men.

Every oasis visited by the Imperial Potentate became the center of a gathering of the Faithful from many miles around. Everywhere he was greeted with enthusiasm, and everywhere he left behind him glad memories of his visitation.

The first tour started on July 8th; the second on September 17th, and the third on November 5th. Accounts of the tours have appeared in THE SHRINE MAGAZINE up to and including the notable reception by the Nobles of Al Koran Temple, at Cleveland. From that Oasis the Imperial Potentate went to Toledo, Ohio, where a large delegation of Nobles of Zenobia Temple welcomed him. After a reception and luncheon he played golf, and in the evening a dinner was given in his honor at the Toledo Club. A social session followed.

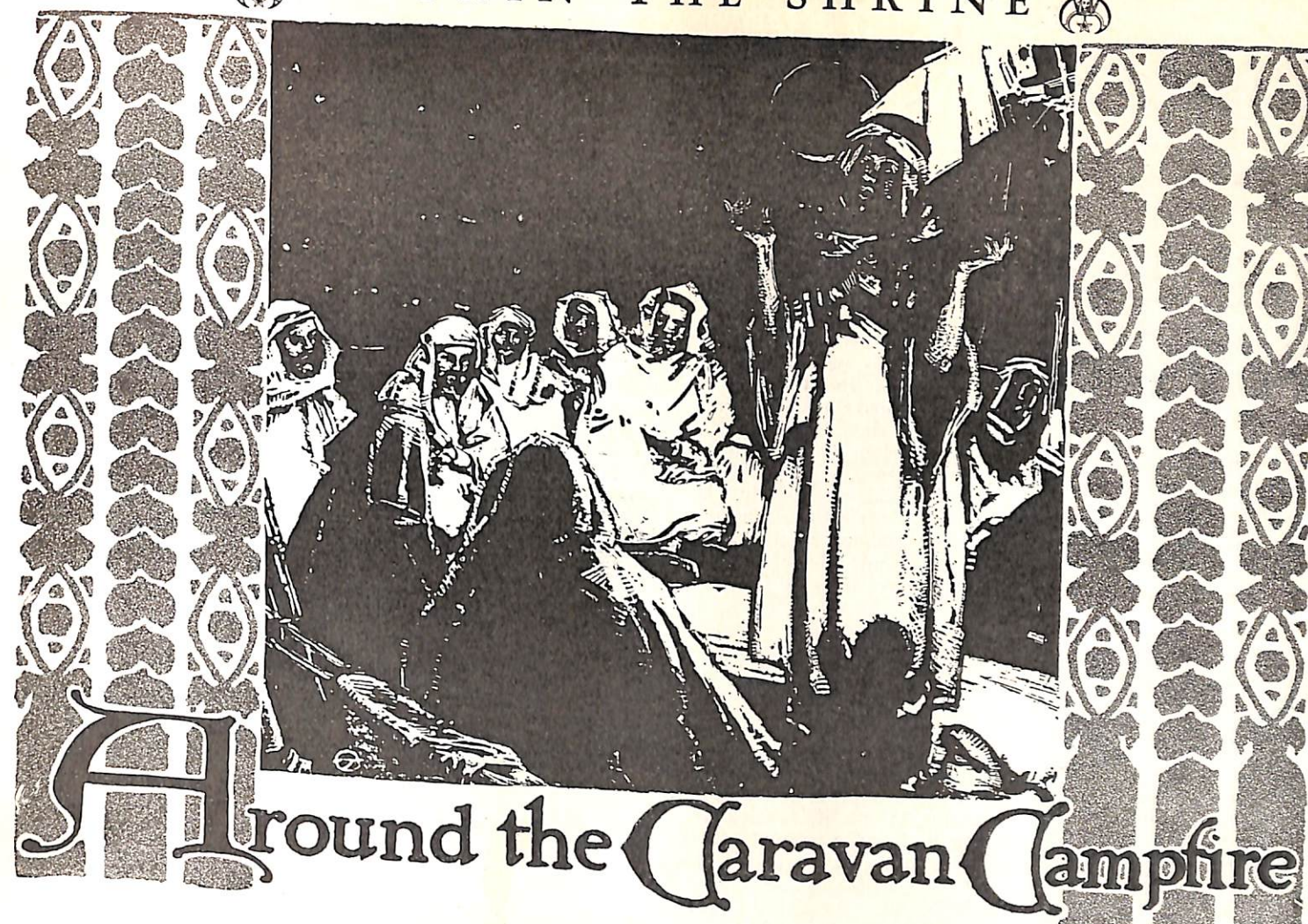
While this was going on, Nobles in Michigan were gathering at two Oases to welcome the distinguished visitor. At Grand Rapids there was a great outpouring of the Faithful. The Imperial Potentate was escorted by the Band and Patrol of Saladin Temple to the Mosque, where he was introduced by Lou B. Winsor, Past Imperial Potentate, as his twenty-seventh successor to the highest office in the Shrine. During the ceremonies Noble Dunbar was presented with a large mahogany tilt-top desk by Potentate Ellis W. Ranney in behalf of the Nobles of the Temple. The Chanters, directed by Noble David Mattern, and the orchestra, led by Noble Frank Jacobs, furnished the musical program. Among the guests at the dinner, which was

(At Akron, Tadmor Temple arranged a flight in a dirigible for the Imperial Potentate.

officials present. During the day the Imperial Potentate spoke at a joint meeting of the Caravan and Boulevard Shrine Clubs.

Again, at Erie, Pa., the Imperial Potentate was the center of an enthusiastic demonstration, and the Nobles of Zem Zem Temple, led by Potentate Walter L. Blossom, carried out a program that kept their visitor busy the entire day. There was a parade in the afternoon, followed by a Ceremonial Session, and in the evening Noble Dunbar was the honored guest at a dinner. Later, at the ball, the Imperial Potentate, with his daughter, Miss Margaret Dunbar, and Potentate and Mrs. Blossom, led the grand march. During his stay in that Oasis the Imperial Potentate went to the Temple's hospital for crippled children where he visited with the little wards and inspected the institution.

The Imperial Caravan next journeyed to Buffalo, N. Y., where Shriners of Ismailia Temple and many from other Oases greeted the Imperial Potentate. Following a reception at the Hotel Statler the Temple's Band, led by Noble John W. Bolton, played, while 300 Nobles formed in lines in the foyer and salaamed as Noble Dunbar and his party, accompanied by Potentate George H. Chase with his Divan and Past Potentates of the Temple, passed into the ballroom where an elaborate luncheon was served. When the guests were seated the Patrol, in command of Captain H. I. Sackett, sang a song called "Dunny," which was composed [Continued on page 59]



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

A WOMAN came into my office who looked as if her husband had paid for "Perpetual Care" for her, as they do for a lot in the cemetery. She was bejeweled like a bootlegger's bride and had corns on her elbows from resting them on the bridge table. She wanted me to contribute to a "drive" to build a school in a foreign land. I'm for education even if I haven't any except that acquired by exposure to educated people, but there are so many uneducated people here at home that educating the heathen puts lumps in my mashed potatoes. That sort of stuff always finds me "in conference." I bowed and lied her out.

An old Justice of the Peace said he did not like to hear both sides of a case because it always confused him in rendering his verdict. Thinking of this lady's efforts I was reminded of our work for crippled children; there is another side of the case of which I want to remind you.

Members of the Shrine justly brag of what we have done for crippled children. We have changed them by thousands from creeping, crippled little kiddies of sorrow, to upstanding boys and girls of mirth and joy. We have changed their entire future from that of objects of charity and possible criminals to self-supporting, self-respecting members of society. Fine and dandy! We have a right to brag!

But turn the picture over and brush the dust off of the side next the wall. What have the crippled children done for the Shrine? Oh boy! What haven't they done?

Power is not created in a power house. It is released there! The ether or whatever it is which carries the voices and the music over the radio is not created in a broadcasting station. It has existed ever since Adam and Eve lost their garden-joy job. It is simply released at the station.

The power in the coal burned at the power house is released in burning; the invisible waves which waft prize fights and

coloratura sopranos into our sitting room are released by the broadcasting station; the joy of living and the greater joy of giving which always exist in the minds and hearts of every Noble is released by the crippled children's hospital idea.

Until the advent of the crippled children objective the Shrine was like Moses wandering with the Children of Israel forty years in the wilderness. When this thought was developed the Shrine arrived at the Promised Land in forty minutes.

The way this work enabled the Shrine to find itself is something to write poetry about! The Noble who originally thought it up was a great guy. For what we did for the crippled children is not a circumstance to what the crippled children do for us!

Like all Gaul of early Latin days, time is said to be divided into three parts; past, present and future. In reality there is no such time as the present. Even as I tap the word present out on my typewriter, one syllable of it is in the past while the other is in the future. In search of happiness we cannot look to the present, but must turn to the past or the future.

The past is but a group of memories; the future but a bundle of hopes. We can search for happiness in the future by remembering what brought us happiness in the past, as naturally as a milk wagon follows a horse!

Now throw the old bean into reverse. What you remember with greatest joy and which brings the biggest thrill are not the time you got square with some guy who had "done you dirt," not the time you made a big profit on a deal; not the time you licked some other fellow in an election. It was when you did something for someone you loved. The new house for the wife; telling the boy you could spend the money so he could go to college; giving your daughter the new car or helping some friend get something he wanted.

If this is true—and it is accurate as a pair of gold scales—then we must look for future happiness in doing something for other people. That's what the [Continued on page 57]

WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE E. A. STEININGER
Moolah Temple
St. Louis, Mo.

Noble E. A. Steininger, Past Potentate of Moolah Temple, St. Louis, reached the summit of earthly bliss on that October day in 1926 when Grover Cleveland Alexander pitched the Cardinals to their world's championship in the Yankee Stadium.

He had had his part in bringing St. Louis its first pennant. Elected a director of the Cardinals in 1910 he devoted three years, from

1911 to 1914, as president of the club. He still believes that only the fact that the team was involved in a railway wreck kept the pennant away during his presidency.

Moolah's fine mosque was built by Steininger, literally. He is president of the E. A. Steininger Construction Company, which has a number of fine Masonic buildings to its credit, including the Tuscan Temple, the Masonic Home, and the St. Louis Unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.



NOBLE F. R. NEWMAN
Zuhrah Temple
Minneapolis, Minn.

Noble F. R. Newman, of Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis, began his Masonic career in Detroit—he is still a member of Palestine Lodge. In those days he was beginning his business career with the Wabash railway, later transferring to the Michigan Central. He is now vice-president in charge of traffic of the Soo system, and lives in Minneapolis.

In Minneapolis he rose to the 32nd degree, Scottish Rite, and so became qualified for Zuhrah.



REV. S. PARKES CADMAN
Kismet Temple
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, a Noble of Kismet Temple, Brooklyn, was born in England, but, when he came to America in 1895 to become pastor of the Metropolitan Temple, decided to be naturalized as soon as possible. He has, since 1901, been pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, and has served as chaplain of Brooklyn's famous regiment—the Twenty-third.

Well known before radio was a commonplace, the spread of receiving sets has made Dr. Cadman perhaps the best known minister in America, if not in the world.



NOBLE A. T. RODRIGUEZ
Al Bahr
San Diego, Calif.

Noble Rodriguez, general of brigade of the army of the Mexican Republic, military commander of the Department of Lower California, and civil governor of the Northern District, is a Noble of the Mystic Shrine. By special consent of Anezeh, Mexico City, he trod the hot sands in Al Bahr, San Diego.

General Rodriguez was initiated in the Scottish Rite of Mexico in Regeneracion Lodge No. 103 in 1922 and received the 32° in Consistory No. 1 of the Federal District.



NOBLE J. T. ROBINSON
Al Amin Temple
Little Rock, Ark.

Noble Joseph Taylor Robinson, of Al Amin Temple, Little Rock, Arkansas, is one of the most favorite of favorite sons of sovereign states. Arkansas delights to honor him, and with good reason, for he has never yet failed to fulfill any trust reposed in him.

He was in Congress for ten years, resigning to be inaugurated Governor of Arkansas on January 15, 1913. Then, thirteen days

later, the legislature elected him United States Senator, and he resigned as Governor on March 10, when he took his seat in the Senate for the first time. He was reelected by popular vote in 1918 and 1925, and has become one of the most prominent of Democratic senators during his incumbency.



NOBLE DAN MOODY
Ben Hur Temple
Austin, Tex.

Few young men in politics have gained a better start toward becoming national figures than Governor Dan Moody, of Texas—a Noble of Ben Hur Temple, Austin, and one of Ben Hur's Representatives in the Imperial Council.

As attorney general Governor Moody led the fight against Jim Ferguson, and it was he who finally put the quietus on the amazing political career of the famous "Ma" Ferguson, who, when her husband was impeached and removed as Governor, fought for and won his place.

Down in Texas the bitterness of the Moody-Ferguson fight is dying out, thanks to the young governor's capable and fair administration. He is an ardent Shriner, and when, lately, he went to San Antonio to open an automobile show, he went from the train to the Scottish Rite Temple, where Potentate Callahan of Alzarar received him, and whence he was escorted to the show by the Alzarar Band, Patrol and Drum Corps in a picturesque parade.

WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE F. R. ZIMMERMAN
Tripoli Temple
Milwaukee, Wis.

Noble Fred R. Zimmerman, of Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee, was born in Milwaukee because some obstreperous Germans of his name were dissatisfied, in 1848, and took part in a revolution that changed history but didn't quite succeed. A good many good Americans came over as a result of that revolution. And now this descendant of those old rebels is Governor of a great state, for Wisconsin chose Fred Zimmerman as its chief executive at the last election.

Noble Zimmerman used to be active in promoting industrial peace between employers and employed. His last post of that nature he held in 1922, giving it up when he was elected Secretary of State of Wisconsin, an office to which he was reelected in 1924, when he received more votes—500,771, to be exact—than any candidate for office had ever had in the state.



NOBLE J. D. McLACHLAN
Almas Temple
Washington, D. C.

When a British Major General is generally called Jimmie it means a lot. As a general thing British officers of that rank are "pretty stiff birds", but General James Douglas McLachlan, a Noble of Almas Temple, Washington, is an exception to all rules.

As Colonel McLachlan, of the Cameron Highlanders, the General was the British Military Attaché in Washington from 1910 to 1912, and the first time he had occasion to call at the White House, in full uniform, the Negro at the door, at his first sight of him, cried out: "Ma Gawd!" "I assure you I am not!" said the colonel.

Colonel McLachlan led the Camerons to Mons in the first terrible fighting of 1914, and carried them back through the great retreat. That was the Scottish regiment that the Germans called the Ladies from Hell. Colonel McLachlan was wounded twice, became a general, and, in addition to the 1914 star, won three British decorations and two war medals. Later this government conferred its Distinguished Service Medal upon him and the French gave him the Legion of Honor. He came back to Washington in 1917 as chef de mission, and stayed two years. He is now here as military attaché again.

General McLachlan is a distinguished Mason, an honorary Past Senior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, and has been a Grand Officer in the Grand Lodges of both Scotland and England.



NOBLE G. S. MEREDITH
Aahmes Temple
Oakland, Cal.

One of the most active members of Aahmes Temple, Oakland, California, is Past Potentate George S. Meredith, who, although a busy man, always takes a leading part in all the undertakings of that Mosque. When he is not otherwise engaged, he likes to go fishing or climb mountains, and being a banker, he usually finds time to indulge in these pastimes. He is the author of several more or less exciting fish stories, but his observations on mountain climbing are said by his friends to be far more interesting and instructive.

Noble Meredith has long represented his Temple in the Imperial Council, and he was honored by being made a Permanent Representative.



NOBLE HERVEY LINDLEY
Nile Temple
Seattle, Wash.

Noble Hervey Lindley, though now a member of Nile Temple, Seattle, is a Past Potentate of Al Malaikah, Los Angeles. He used to live in Iowa, got tired of working, and went to Los Angeles to live at ease, like so many Iowans. But, after a while, he found that retirement didn't suit him, and went into the logging business. And, just for diversion, he organized a holding company, secured subscriptions, and built the first Los Angeles Masonic Temple—recently sold at a neat profit of \$175,000.

He retired again lately, and there is a good deal of nervousness in and about Seattle as a result. He has a house in Seattle, and a farm in the country, and he still keeps a few logging camps going. His spare time he devotes to the Columbia Basin irrigation project—a scheme for the reclamation of nearly 2,000,000 acres of arid lands—none of which he owns. He says that if Congress will take up the project 25,500 farm houses will be opened up, \$600,000,000 will be added to the national wealth and a market will be created for \$300,000,000 worth of manufactured goods yearly. It seems fair enough.



NOBLE C. A. THOMPSON
Al Koran Temple
Cleveland, Ohio

Noble Carmi A. Thompson, of Al Koran, Cleveland, has been prominently in the news lately, because of his exhaustive report on conditions in the Philippines, following a study made as the personal representative of President Coolidge.

Colonel Thompson first became nationally prominent when he was appointed secretary to President Taft, who later successively made him Assistant Secretary of the Interior and Treasurer of the United States. He was very close to President Harding, and has retained the confidence of President Coolidge.



What the HOSPITALS Are Doing



On the grounds of the Shriners Shreveport Hospital. One of the pleasant ways the little patients are winning their way to health and strength.

FAITH, hope and love are daily companions of the little wards in the Shriners Hospitals, helping to brighten their road to recovery from corrected afflictions. There is happiness, too, for them—lots of it. But nothing that ever happened could compare in their young minds with the abounding joy that came to them on Christmas Day when they saw the huge Christmas trees, brilliantly illuminated and heavily burdened with gifts, beckoning to them to celebrate the glad season which means so much to children, young and old, the world over.

In all the fifteen Hospital Units elaborate preparations had been made for the celebration. The decorations brought glad cries from the little patients when they awoke, earlier than usual that morning, and there was wonderment and some awe when they gazed upon the big Christmas trees, each one a riot of color from its myriad of tiny lamps and the sparkles from the great loops of tinsel. The brightly colored wrappings of packages, to be distributed later, added the finishing touch to a picture undreamed of by most if not all the children.

Playtime began early. There were so many new toys to be examined, so many questions to be asked and so many confidences to be exchanged. The patients who were able to get around without assistance did not forget their little companions confined to their cots. Many generous actions on the part of the more fortunate children were witnessed. The family spirit which is such a marked characteristic of these hospitals, never was so much in evidence. Children treasure their toys, especially the new ones. In these hospital wards, however, the toys seemed to be common property. Perhaps it was because there were so many. Whatever the reason, there is not the least doubt about the fact that the children, in or out of their beds, forgot

their afflictions that day in the joy of celebrating Christmas.

All day long Shriners and members of their families and friends visited the hospitals to deliver in person cheering messages and to distribute gifts. There were musical programs and other forms of entertainment. All the Hospital Units kept open house, and the attendants, nurses, surgeons and office staffs, watchful as ever, helped to spread the glad spirit of Christmas among the little patients.

* * *

The little wards in the new hospital at Greenville, S. C., witnessed a performance arranged especially for them recently, which brought shrieks of laughter and cries of amazement, and left behind it memories of feats which some of the children hope to do when their kind nurses and doctors allow them to go home. Acrobats, clowns and other entertainers from the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus responded gladly to the call for volunteers from their director, Noble Fred Bradna, who is a member of Tigris Temple, Syracuse, N. Y. Just before the arrival of the circus folk, Mrs. W. W. Burgiss, wife of the man whose generosity made possible the establishment

HOW THE WORK IS PROGRESSING

The following table is made up of the combined figures of all the fifteen Hospital Units at the end of October, and shows the extent of the work accomplished during that month:

Number of new patients admitted.	213
Number of patients discharged—cured or benefited.....	202
Number of beds occupied by patients	747
Number on waiting lists.....	1,913

of that hospital, distributed balloons to the children. Peanuts, popcorn and candy were brought from the circus, so all the trimmings that go with a show under the white tops were there in abundance for the children. The performance was arranged by Noble J. Ed. Hart, a member of Hejaz Temple, whose request was readily complied with by Noble Bradna.

* * *

In the Chicago Hospital is a little girl whose father died in the World War and whose mother did not long survive him. She was cared for by the American Legion at Palatka, Fla., her home, but the child needed hospital care and the best obtainable. Finally permission was obtained to enter the child in the Chicago Shrine Hospital, but when the "Forty and Eight," the Legion's honor society, offered to pay for the care of the little patient, the Board of Governors declined to accept any money. The case was brought to the attention of the American Legion at its convention in Paris, and as a result the honor society appropriated \$1,000 as a gift to the Chicago Hospital. The presentation was made by Pelham St. George Bissell of New York, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the "Forty and Eight."

* * *

The work of repairing the damage at the St. Louis Hospital which was caused by the recent tornado, has been completed. The cost was about \$52,000, which was more than covered by insurance. An addition is planned to house the hospital attendants and physicians, and in this building will be a classroom for the patients. Noble Henry F. Niedringhaus, Chairman of the Board of Governors of that hospital, said that it was planned to build a two-story structure of the same type of Moorish architecture adapted to the [Continued on page 73]

ACTIVITIES of the Temples, Units and Clubs

In this department will be found News of Temples and all subsidiary bodies

Editor's Note: To find the news of your Temple look for the name of your Temple in black type. Under that name you will find the news of your Temple and all of its units. This arrangement is made with the hope that it will be easier for the reader to find what he seeks.

ACCA, RICHMOND, VA.

THERE have been several notable Shrine pilgrimages, among them those of Nile Temple, Seattle, Wash., to the Philippine Islands and to Alaska; Islam Temple, San Francisco, to Honolulu, and Osman Temple, St. Paul, to Panama, where, several years ago, it held a Ceremonial Session in the Canal just before the locks were opened. And now Acca Temple, Richmond, Va., has made more interesting Shrine history by making a pilgrimage to Alexandria, Va., and holding a Ceremonial Session in the incompleted George Washington Masonic National Memorial.

More than 1,000 Nobles, led by Imperial Recorder James H. Price, Potentate of the Temple, his Divan, Chanters, Patrol and Band, journeyed to Alexandria, where they were joined by large delegations from other Temples. It had been planned to hold a parade, but owing to the inclement weather all outdoor exercises were canceled. Concerts by the Band and the Chanters, however, were given in the George Mason Hotel, and a banquet was held in Armory Hall before the Ceremonial. Residents of Alexandria declared it was the first time in many years that it was found necessary to abandon a parade there on account of rain.

Elaborate preparations had been made for the Session in the Temple and everything was carried out as planned. Scenes of Oriental splendor greeted the Faithful, and in a cavern nearby, were thirty-four trembling pilgrims who had been found wandering in the desert in search of a haven of refuge. Hot sands appeared as if by magic on historic Shooters Hill, and the pilgrims were brought out to complete their journey. To them belongs the distinction of being the first Shriners initiated in the \$4,000,000 Temple being erected as "a suitable memorial temple to George Washington, the Mason; one which shall express in durability and beauty the esteem of the Freemasons of the United States for him in whose memory it shall stand throughout the coming years."

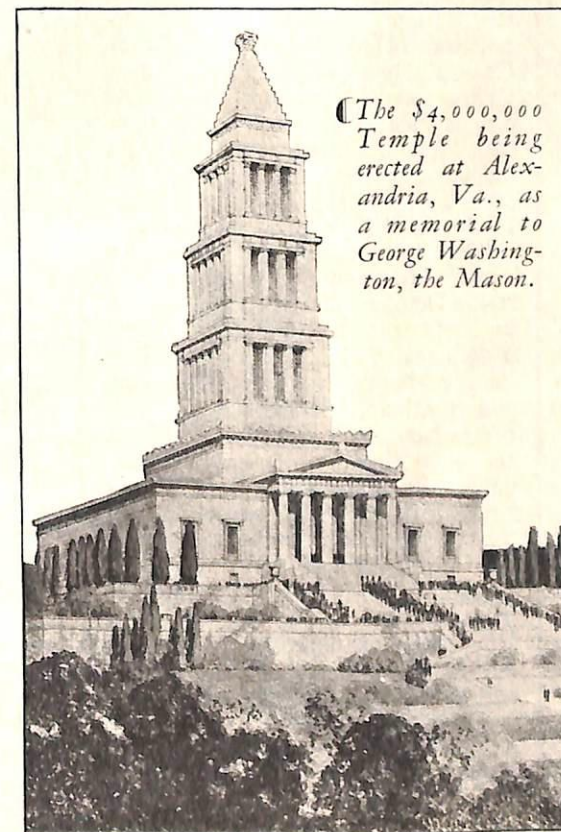
The Temple, which must be completed by 1931, to be ready for the two-hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth in 1932, is being erected in an environment eloquent with memories of Washington. The city of Alexandria that he loved and served; Arlington Ridge; the spot where he recruited his first military unit; old Christ Church where he worshiped; his home at Mount Vernon, and all the other associations

of his energetic manhood, are near the temple which will be the home of the lodge over which he presided as Worshipful Master while he was President of the United States.

The George Washington Masonic National Memorial Association, which is erecting the temple, has a perpetual charter granted by Virginia. The forty-eight Grand Lodges of Masons with the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, constitute the active members of the association, representing a membership of more than 3,200,000. The plan for revenue is \$1 from every Mason in the United States. Many of the States have paid more than their quota, and the fund has been greatly increased through the purchase by Lodges, Chapters, Commanderies, Consistories, etc., of life memberships and from contributions from Grand Lodges and The Shrine.

The temple will have an over-all depth, east and west, of 240 feet, a width of 168 feet and a height of 333 feet. The entrance will be through a portico of eight Doric columns, the whole a unit of pure Greek architecture. The portico will lead into the great atrium, comprising the main central room of the structure and forming the Memorial Hall, in which will be set a statue of Washington of heroic size. Construction is progressing according to plans. The association will let no contract and incur no liability until the money is first in the hands of the treasurer to meet it. There already has been expended about \$2,500,000 in land, landscaping and for work on the temple.

In this unfinished temple Acca held its most notable Ceremonial Session. On the



The \$4,000,000 Temple being erected at Alexandria, Va., as a memorial to George Washington, the Mason.

CAAD, DULUTH, MINN.

Potentate J. R. Stack, with the members of his Divan, made the pilgrimage to Minneapolis for the big Ceremonial held there to welcome the Imperial Potentate. The Temple's Booster Luncheon Club has arranged an interesting program for the Winter.

CAAHMES, OAKLAND, CAL.

Besides holding a reception for the Imperial Potentate, followed by a ball, an account of which will be found in the story of the Imperial Potentate's tour, and holding a big Ceremonial to convert a large class of novices, Nobles of this Oasis have been busy attending a series of entertainments. Lieutenant G. O. Noville, who made a flight to the North Pole and another across the Atlantic, related his experiences at a recent meeting. Other gatherings included a card party given by the Band, a concert by the Band, and a costume ball. The Uniformed Bodies participated with those of Islam Temple, San Francisco, in escorting the Imperial Potentate to the Shriners Hospital, and gave an entertainment for the little patients. The Band paid its annual visit to the United States Veterans' Hospital at Livermore and gave a concert which was greatly appreciated.

ABDALLAH, LEAVENWORTH, KANS.

Nobles of this Temple own and operate their own recreation park of eighty-seven acres. An old race track that was on the land has been turned into a nine-hole golf course. In addition to a bathhouse costing \$30,000, several cottages, a dance pavilion and a clubhouse have been built. Any Noble may build his own cottage there. The property, which is known as Abdallah Shrine Park, is expected to develop into a summer colony. Potentate Arthur H. Strickland and members of his Divan, were guests of Shriners at Topeka, recently, at a masquerade dance. The Chanters from Ararat Temple, Kansas City, gave a program. (See photographs, page 54.)

ABU BEKR, SIOUX CITY, IA.

Nobles are still talking about the work of the "wrecking crew," which, led by Noble J. W. Gray, Director, provided so many thrills during the recent Ceremonial Session when the Imperial Potentate was the guest of honor. Potentate Howard H. Kellogg gave a free hand to the "crew" in the matter of [Continued on page 44]

ACTIVITIES of the Temples, Units and Clubs

[Continued from page 43]

protecting the pilgrims while crossing the sands. The musical fantasy, "Pandora in Lilac Time", was presented four nights under auspices of the Temple, with marked success. Features of the performances were numbers by the Chanters and the Band, and exhibition drills by the Patrol.

ABBA, MOBILE, ALA.

Plans have been made to organize a new Patrol and a Drum Corps to escort the Nobles to the meeting of the Imperial Council, at Miami, Fla., next May.

AFIFI, TACOMA, WASH.

The Ceremonial last month drew a large attendance, and as there was a goodly number of candidates, the Faithful were well pleased, especially with the thrills that marked the trail across the desert. The session was held in the new Masonic Temple, where a few days before, the Nobles gave a reception and an elaborate entertainment for the Imperial Potentate. The Afifi Shrine Club gave a dancing party recently, the first of several planned for the Winter.

AKDAR, TULSA, OKLA.

The work of the Shrine Hospitals was featured at the recent Ceremonial Session by devoting part of the program to the showing of the moving picture "An Equal Chance." The session was called Akdar's Crippled Children Ceremonial. There was a parade, Band concert, vaudeville and a dance. The Temple will hold a Ceremonial Session at Ponca City, January 20th. The new club rooms have been completed and are proving quite an attraction to the Nobles.

AL AMIN, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Potentate Howard A. Tune is well pleased with his entertainment committee which started the Winter with a dance, and followed this with a dinner and Band concert at the Shrine Country Club. The Ceremonial November 25th drew almost a record attendance, many visiting Nobles being present. Other activities of the Temple included a masked ball and a Christmas dinner-dance at the Club.

AL BAHR, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

The recent reception given for the Imperial Potentate was a red letter day in this Oasis, and the entertainment provided for the distinguished visitor brought praise to the committees from Potentate Lane D. Webber. The annual meeting and election will be held January 13th.

AL BEDOO, BILLINGS, MONT.

The Gridiron dinner, arranged by Past Potentate Leon Shaw and his entertainment committee, made such a hit with the Nobles that other events of the kind have been demanded. During the dinner there was a raid and some alleged contraband seized. A Shrine trial followed and the court swallowed the evidence. The defendant was found guilty and fined. A collection was taken up to pay the fine, which the defendant's lawyers promptly confiscated on the theory that they would get it anyway. A "crystal gazing" seance was a feature of the event. The replies to more than one hundred questions gave the medium an

opportunity to make some startling disclosures. The orchestra provided a good program, but the scrap iron quartet was hooted off the stage. Several visiting Nobles who were guests at the dinner learned more about their own affairs than they knew themselves. All in all, the affair was a big success.

CALEE, SAVANNAH, GA.

Many Nobles of this Oasis joined with the American Legion in celebrating Armistice Day, which was featured by a parade, outdoor exercises, a dinner and a dance.

CALEPPO, BOSTON

During the recent Ceremonial Session which was honored by the presence of the Imperial Potentate, an account of which will be found elsewhere in this number, touching tribute was paid to the memory of Imperial Recorder Benjamin W. Rowell and of Noble James S. Blake, High Priest and Prophet, by the Temple's Band, when it played a funeral march. One feature of the Ceremonial was the drill by the Patrol with special lighting effects.

CALGERIA, HELENA, MONT.

A large group of pilgrims crossed the hot sands at the recent Ceremonial which

brought out a large attendance. A vaudeville performance followed the session. About 500 Nobles were served at the banquet. The Patrol was host at a dance given to raise money for paving the walk leading to the main entrance of the Temple.

CAL KADER, PORTLAND, ORE.

Shriners from all parts of the State joined the Nobles of this Oasis in making the last Ceremonial Session of the year a great success. It was the first session in the new Mosque, and a large class of novices furnished thrills in abundance. Nine days before the Ceremonial, the Temple held a big reception for the Imperial Potentate, which brought the Faithful to this Oasis from all the surrounding country. The Band and Chanters opened a series of Winter concerts on November 20th, with a program at the Municipal Auditorium, and gave an entertainment and dance at the Mosque on December 2nd.

CAL KALY, PUEBLO, COLO.

The Shrine Revue, for the benefit of the Temple's fund to aid crippled children, was a great success in every way and gave a big start to the campaign to raise \$100,000 to carry on the charity work. The Temple cares for crippled children in two hospitals, besides sending cases to the Shrine Hospitals at St. Louis or Minneapolis. This work is undertaken to relieve the waiting lists at those hospitals as much as possible. Local cases are sent to a hospital at Pueblo, or to one at Colorado Springs, where the surgeons and physicians help the cause by doing their work without any charge whatever, thus all the money expended goes for the general care of the little patients. The Nobles in this Oasis are giving strong support to this hospital work and the Temple is accomplishing great good among the poor.

CAL KORAN, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Seven parties have been provided by Noble C. Sam Dreyer and his entertainment committee since the visit of the Imperial Potentate. There were two dances, a dinner party, two club nights, a theater party on election night, and a Christmas party. Many events have been planned for the Winter and the Nobles are assured of an active season.

CAL MALAIKAH, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

More than 10,000 persons attended the Temple's annual Charity Ball, from which was realized a large amount for the Christmas relief fund. The Christmas Tree party, the twenty-first held by the Temple, also was a great success. The workers during Christmas found the number of deserving poor had greatly increased over a year ago, owing to the rapid growth in population. More than 2,000 families were cared for, and baskets of food and clothing were distributed to every deserving case. The vast auditorium of the Temple was crowded for the Christmas Tree party. Special scenery was used and the lighting effects made an impressive picture. Santa Claus appeared at the proper moment to supervise the distribution of the great piles of presents. Toys were given to the children, with bags of candy, nuts and fruit, and clothing was given to older persons. The relief accomplished by the Shriners of this Oasis sent cheer into more [Continued on page 46]

JANUARY, 1928

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Office heat . . . chilly street . . . sore throat!

From over-heated offices into chilly streets . . . out in the cold waiting for transportation . . . into germ laden cars crowded with coughers . . . is it any wonder thousands are laid up with colds or sore throats—or worse?

Don't be one of them. After exposure of this kind, gargle with Listerine when you get home.

Better yet, use it systematically night and morning during nasty weather. It may be the means of sparing you a long, painful and costly siege of illness. Many a cold weather complaint has been checked by Listerine before it had a chance to become serious.

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease-producing germs that

lodge in mouth, nose and throat.

Again, we counsel you for your own protection to use this safe antiseptic twice a day, at least, during inclement weather. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle when you get home



**In the THROAT
and nose more
than
50 diseases**

have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

Watch your throat!

ITS NAME ALONE.
The name Listerine
Tooth Paste is a guarantee that it is the best
paste that scientific
knowledge could achieve.
Large tube—25c

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic



WITHIN THE SHRINE



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 44]

homes than at any time in the many years this work has been going on.

The Imperial Potentate arrived in Los Angeles while the relief workers were preparing for their visits to the poor, and he praised the efforts being made to aid the distressed and the manner in which the task was organized. Royal honors were paid to Noble Dunbar and he was the center of several notable gatherings arranged for his entertainment.

The Hollywood Shrine Club opened the Winter season with an entertainment of musical numbers and vaudeville acts, arranged by Noble Harry D. Howell, president of the club. The Pasadena Shrine Club, now in its twentieth year, has planned an active program for the Winter.

Other recent activities include the appearance of the Chanters at the Temple's "Fun" party, a carnival given by the Shrine Stage Club, and a surprise serenade at the home of Potentate Sim W. Crabill by the Band.

ALMAS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Another celebrity was added to the membership roll of this Temple at the recent Ceremonial Session, when Major General M. W. Ireland, Surgeon General of the United States Army and ranking head of the Medical Board, crossed the hot desert sands. Major General Amos A. Fries, Potentate, welcomed him and a large class of novices. One of the features of the session was the enthusiasm shown in the work of the Shrine Hospitals, as demonstrated in the moving picture "An Equal Chance" and explained by Noble Reynold E. Blight of Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles.

AL SIHAH, MACON, GA.

Shriners of this Oasis held two Ceremonial Sessions in a month. The first was at Columbia, Ga., and a large number of the Faithful made the pilgrimage there, led by Potentate J. Lane Mullally. Past Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland of Alcazar Temple, Montgomery, Ala., was the guest of honor, and he received an enthusiastic welcome. The other Ceremonial was held at Macon. The sessions were the means of bringing many pilgrims to the light. There was a large attendance at the Hallowe'en dance, which was in charge of a committee headed by Noble R. P. Orme.

ALZAFAR,

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

After laying the cornerstone of the clubhouse at Camp Alzar, and enjoying a performance at which the Band and Patrol scored a hit, the Shriners of this Oasis settled down to participate in a program made up of a Ceremonial Session and five dances—all in two months. The ceremonies at the camp were conducted by Potentate S. X. Callahan, father of the camp, and the cornerstone was laid by Noble W. S. Fly, Past Grand Master of Masons in Texas, who acted for the present Grand Master, Judge M. A. Childers.

ANAH, BANGOR, MAINE

Shriners here are considering a building proposal which will give them a new and more commodious home. The matter is in charge of a committee. The moving picture showing the work going on at the Shrine Hospitals was shown to a large gathering. Here, as elsewhere, it aroused much enthusiasm. The Temple made a pilgrimage to Calais where a successful Ceremonial Session was held.

COMING EVENTS

- Jan. 2nd—Jaffa, Altoona, Pa., cabaret party
- Jan. 4th—Syria, Pittsburgh, annual meeting
- Jan. 5th—Sudan, New Bern, N. C., ceremonial
- Jan. 5th—El Zagal, Fargo, N. D., annual meeting
- Jan. 6th—Moslah, Ft. Worth, Tex., Potentate's dance
- Jan. 6th—Aladdin, Columbus, ball
- Jan. 7th—Ismailia, Buffalo, N. Y., annual meeting
- Jan. 9th—Acca, Richmond, Va., Ceremonial and dedication of Temple by Imperial Potentate
- Jan. 9th—El Jebel, Denver, dinner, annual meeting
- Jan. 9th—Kismet, Brooklyn, N. Y., annual meeting
- Jan. 11th—Morocco, Jacksonville, Fla., annual meeting
- Jan. 12th—Wa-Wa, Regina, Ceremonial
- Jan. 13th—Wa-Wa, Regina, annual ball
- Jan. 13th—Al Bahr, San Diego, Cal., annual meeting
- Jan. 13th—Akdar, Tulsa, Okla., annual meeting
- Jan. 17th—Aleppo, Boston, Mediterranean cruise
- Jan. 17th—Shriners' Cruise to West Indies, auspices The Shrine Magazine
- Jan. 20th—Akdar, Tulsa, Okla., Ceremonial
- Jan. 24th—Isis, Salina, Kans., annual meeting
- Jan. 27th—Aladdin, Columbus, dinner
- Feb. 3rd—Aladdin, Columbus, Potentate's ball
- Feb. 8th—Ismailia, Buffalo, N. Y., ball
- Feb. 14th—Damascus, Rochester, ball
- Feb. 16-18th—Shrine Directors' Assn. meeting, Peoria, Ill.
- March 2nd—Aladdin, Columbus, ball
- March 2nd—Saladin, Grand Rapids, Mich., Ceremonial and ball
- March 19th—Tadmor, Akron, O., circus
- March 30th—Bedouin, Muskogee, Okla., ball
- May 6th—Sesostri, Lincoln, Neb., Ceremonial
- May 24th—Sudan, Ceremonial at Raleigh, N. C.

* * *

ANEZEH, MEXICO CITY

Potentate Howard E. Hickman led a pilgrimage to Tampico for a Ceremonial Session which was declared the most successful ever held in Mexico by those who were there. The caravan was met at San Louis Potosi by local Shriners with a Band, and an hour's visit was made. Ninety-six novices crossed the sands at Tampico, and during the next two days the visiting Shriners and their wives were kept busy keeping up with the entertainment program. This included a banquet, ball, excursion on the Tamesi river to the Qakui Club, golf, fishing parties and general sightseeing. Potentate Hickman, his Divan, Patrol and the Nobles who made the pilgrimage, were away from Mexico City a week. Among those who were in the caravan was General C. H. M. Y. Agramonte, Past Potentate, who is now in his 97th year. The Temple closed the year with a Ceremonial in the City of Mexico on December 17th.

ANSAR, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Three hundred Shriners of this Temple went to Joliet recently to pay a call on Potentate Fred W. Pearson. They received a great welcome. During the afternoon the



Christopher N. Blackwell, only surviving charter member of Ballut Abyad Temple, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

visitors were taken for automobile rides about the city and surrounding country. After a banquet the Shriners paraded to a theater where the Temple's Band gave a concert in the foyer. Returning to the Mosque they attended an entertainment and card party.

ARABIA, HOUSTON, TEXAS

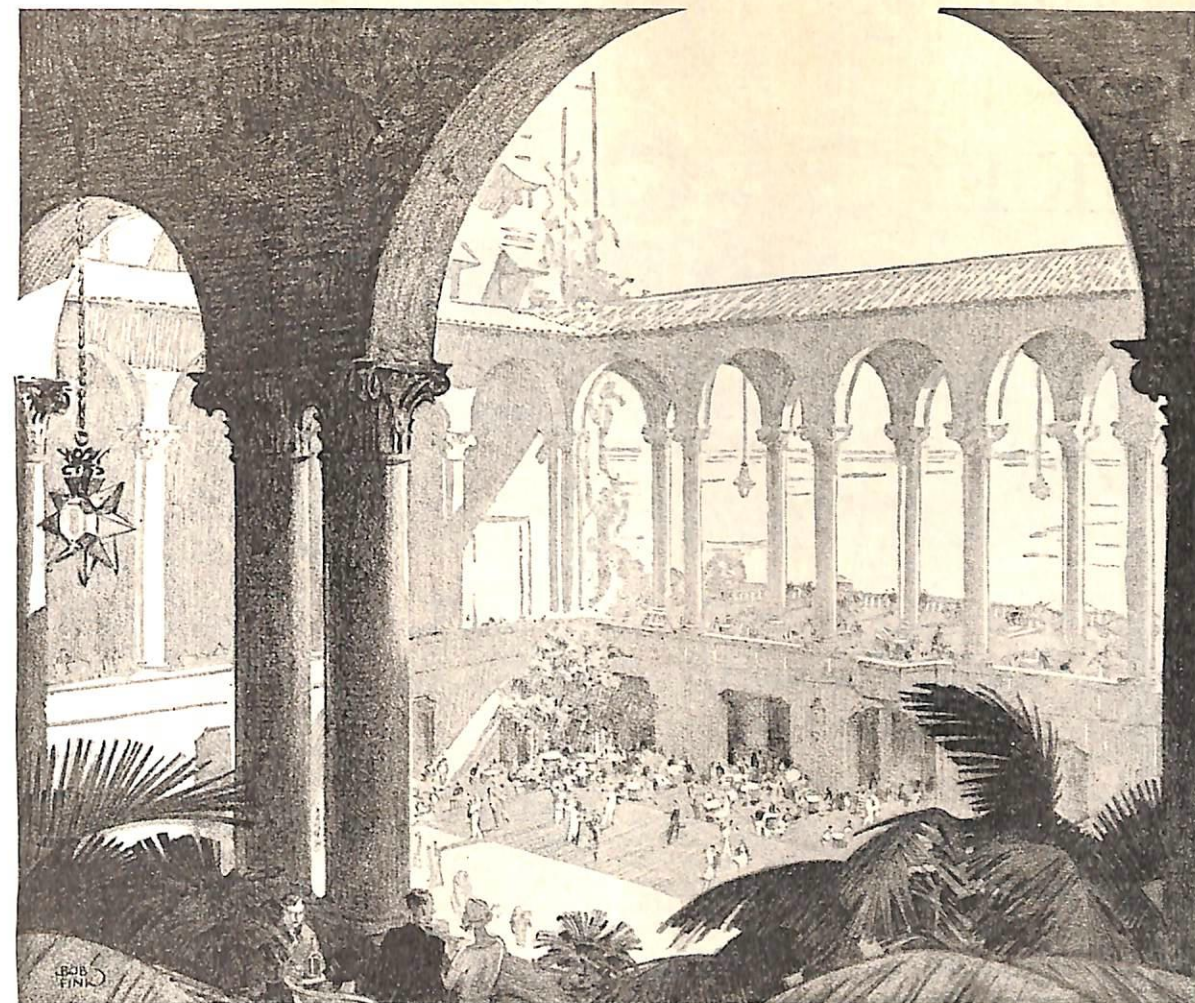
After it was all over, the Faithful declared it was the best and most successful session ever held. This referred to the big Ceremonial which took two days to complete. One feature of the gathering was an address by Imperial Deputy Potentate Frank C. Jones. Another was—but here's the story: Four thousand Shriners gathered for the event, and among the visitors were many Nobles who were there to attend the American Bankers' Association convention. They arrived early so that they could participate in the Ceremonial. The first day was taken up with receptions. In the evening there was a concert by the Band, an exhibition drill by the Patrol and Drum and Bugle Corps, and a dance. The following day the heathen were rounded up. There was a crowd of them. When they were put under guard, there was a parade, the equal of which never had been seen in Houston. There were camels, elephants, too; the Dempsum-Tun-um fighters, on a float, also were there, as well as the "Spirit of Arabia" airplane and several other attractions. Following the harassed novices were Potentate Harry C. Webb, and members of his Divan, in automobiles, and hundreds of Shriners in perfect marching order.

The Ceremonial was marked by the enthusiasm of the Faithful who demonstrated their appreciation in the most approved manner during the pilgrimage of the novices across the hot sands. The Uniformed Units did valiant duty and added greatly to the success of the event. While all this was going on, the wives of the visiting Shriners were entertained at a luncheon, theater party, and automobile drives about the city. It was a big Ceremonial, put on in a big way and enjoyed in the most thorough manner by all who participated in it—even the novices, after it was over.

BAGDAD, BUTTE, MONT.

Many of the Nobles made up a caravan and journeyed to Pocatello, recently, to take part in a Ceremonial Session held there by El Korah Temple of Boise, Idaho. One of the recent events at Bagdad was the Potentate's Ball, the leading social event of the season for the Nobility. Potentate and Mrs. Sam T. Blair led the grand march. Many out-of-town Shriners were present, coming from Anaconda, Deer Lodge, Dillon and many other points in the State of Montana.

[Shrine News, Continued on page 50]



PATIO MIAMI-BILTMORE, CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA

Coral Gables Hotel Rates Are Low

Your Winter Vacation! The whole gamut of outdoor sport and recreation, and all of the wealth of the beauty and sunshine of the Tropics while ice, snow and cold hold sway in the Northland. Ocean and pool bathing. Yachting—Fishing—Golf—Tennis—Hunting—Motoring. Dancing every evening under swaying palms. A winter vacation at Coral Gables

means all of these things, with the added assurance of good health and longer life. More will come than ever before. Railroad facilities are better. Steamship lines are better. Motor roads are better. And there are better hotels and better rates which give overwhelming proof of the sincerity of Coral Gables' welcome to every winter visitor.

San Sebastian Hotel:

Single rooms	\$1.50, \$2.50 day
Double rooms, with bath	\$4.00 day
Apartments, 2 to 4 rooms	\$55 to \$125 month

Cla-Reina Hotel:

Single rooms	\$2.00, \$3.00 day
Double rooms	\$3.00, \$4.00 day

Coral Gables Inn:

Single rooms	\$2.00, \$3.00 day
Double rooms	\$5.00, \$6.00 day

Antilla Hotel:

Single rooms	\$2.50 to \$4.00 day
Double rooms	\$4.00 to \$6.00 day

Casa Loma Hotel: (American plan)

One in room	\$8 to \$10 day
Two in room	\$12 to \$18 day

Miami-Biltmore Hotel:

Single rooms	\$6, \$8, \$10 day
Double rooms (2 persons)	\$12, \$14 day up
Suites	\$25, \$35 up

Apartment Houses: (furnished) 2 rooms and bath, \$40 month up; 3 rooms and bath, \$60 month up; 4 rooms and bath, \$100 month up

Coral Gables  Miami, Fla.

Conducted by
Mrs. Christine Frederick

MAKE 1928 A SAVING YEAR!

NOW is the time to turn over a new financial leaf! With holidays and their additional expenses past (and all their bills arriving like snowflakes in every mail) it is the psychological moment to ask "where does the money go?" What should be spent for food, for clothes? What should be saved for the proverbial rainy day? Is there some general plan of spending which will make for efficiency and thrift? Yes, the use of a carefully thought out budget will do much toward making 1928 a saving year.

What is a budget? A budget is a plan of spending money, in advance of actual disbursement. It divides or apportions the income according to six general divisions: Shelter, Food, Clothing, Operating, Savings and Advancement. The budget depends on the amount of income and on the prices of products. But it is also determined to a large extent by the following factors: (1) the aim and standards; (2) the occupation; (3) the number of persons in the family and their ages; (4) the location, whether city, country or section.

Each individual, each family, must work out its own budget to suit and fit its particular conditions. In a family a budget is successful only where the husband and wife plan and spend jointly. A budget is to the individual what a chart is to the mariner—it pilots the way through the troublesome waters of economic disturbance, indicating on the one hand the dangerous rocks of extravagance, and on the other, possible foundering in the shallows of debt. Its port should be the City of Savings set on the Harbor of Family Welfare.

HOW MUCH FOR SHELTER

In few cases should more than 25% of an income be expended for Shelter and if possible the percentage should be kept to 20% or lower. Rents in large cities will run from 2-10% higher than in smaller towns or rural districts. "Shelter" includes travel expenses to work or to school; repairs, upkeep, and insurance on the owned home; house or apartment rent, or just room rent for those living away from home. Nothing brings so little return as overlarge outlays on Shelter, and it is far wiser to invest in owned property. Distance and convenience from schools and place of business, space, air, attractive surroundings, are important factors in deciding what shall be spent on this item.

FOOD ALLOWANCE IS INCREASING YEARLY

Each year Americans spend more on what they eat. We sit down to the most gener-



Each housewife must work out her own budget to fit her particular conditions. The chart at left is an invaluable aid.

ously supplied table in the world. Where the income is low, or where there are several growing children, as much as 40-50% of the total income may have to be expended on food. With larger salaries, the food allowance should range between 30-35%, although careful marketing and economical home management will keep this item down to 25% and still provide excellently. Too often high food bills are caused by fancy

Let SHRINE SERVICE Help You

—In Your Household Problems—In Your Travels—In Your Investments—In Your Shopping

Mrs. Christine Frederick, domestic science expert, has placed her famous Experiment Station at the disposal of Shrine readers for testing household devices and food products. She has monthly articles of Special Cookery Technique, Recipe Contests, etc., and can aid you in your household problems. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Anne C. Granbeck, who conducts our Travel Bureau, invites you to write her for any information you may wish about Travel. She will do your Travel shopping (as well as select appropriate gifts for your friends who will travel), make reservations for rail and steamship tickets, hotel rooms, theater or lecture seats. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.

Hundreds have received aid from our Service Departments. We want to help you, too.



food frills and are not based on quality and nourishment. A knowledge of food values, of the use and wise selection and preparation of the cheaper cuts of meat, skill in utilizing left-overs—all these will bring better meals for less money. "Food" includes all raw and market food products (meats, dairy, vegetables and fruit) and all meals carried or eaten away from home.

WHAT PRICE ATTRACTIVE DRESS?

Clothing should not exceed 20% of the income and should be kept under this figure if possible. Too often an excess is spent for Clothing at the expense of Food, Medical care or education. Much can be done to keep down the Clothing item. Women who dress conservatively, who make some of their own or children's clothing from durable materials, who have trained themselves to be skilled shoppers, will naturally make this item reasonable. On the other hand, appearance has much to do with poise and self-confidence, and enough should be spent so that the individual is conscious of his or her rightness and good taste in dress. Careful attention to style, cut, line, with emphasis on few garments of perfect fit and suitability to the wearer and to the occasion is safer than following fashions' too fluctuating whims. "Clothing" includes what is paid for all bought clothing and garments, the materials and cost of those made at home, expenses for tailor, cleansing and repair.

What is "Operating" is a question which frequently is asked by readers. Business men are familiar with the meaning under the term overhead; and as one homemaker explained it "Operating is the cost of making other things go." We estimate under Operating the cost of fuel to heat our house or prepare our food, light bills, telephone calls, ice, laundry and all service, whether of maid, laundress, grass-cutting or the ashman. It also includes what is expended for labor-saving or other home machinery and equipment, replacement of linens and other furnishings. It is perhaps the one budget division capable of being done economically or most extravagantly. Lights left on, wasteful stoking of the heating plant, careless use of personal and home linen—these will make the "Operating" expense climb like the mercury on an August day. Large expenses, such as quantity purchase of coal, etc., must be divided over the whole year, so that each month will get its share.

Every budget, no matter how small, must provide for Savings. At least 10% of the income, whether personal or family, must be saved along some line. This Savings may take the form of investment in house or property, savings account, bonds, insurance, particularly of the endowment variety. The larger the income, the greater the amount which may be spent on savings. Sometimes savings extend over into the next and last division of the budget—that of Advancement. What does this include? It has many demands, among them being whatever is spent for education, music and amusement; books, periodicals; medical care and hygiene, such as doctor, dentist and all toilet and sanitary supplies; luxuries like hairdresser, barber, confectionery, flowers and organization dues, charity and gifts. Again, the larger the income, the more may be spent on Advancement or on those items which improve and better the standard of living. Planned spending will allow the family to live well within its income. Save more than the ideal budget requires. Avoid the mistakes of last year.

[Shrine Service Continued on page 66]

JANUARY, 1928

HAMLET AND THE BIG FELLER [Continued from page 13]

something had gone wrong with the pretty program he and Carrick had agreed on.

The Big Feller launched his assault like a thunderbolt. Head down and with both fists working with deadly force and precision he was at his opponent.

With no let-up, Spike continued the irresistible fusillade for face and for body. Under it, Dan's best defense crumpled. The Big Feller was landing at will; a grin of genuine amusement on his face as he out-pointed and hammered and smashed his luckless adversary.

There was no time for coherent thought; there was no chance to dissipate the blank wonder which settled on Carrick. Never in all their bouts had Spike treated him like this.

To the audience, a trained and invincible athlete was beating mercilessly a gawky amateur; and was making a ridiculous exhibition of him.

For two-and-a-half minutes the murderous attack continued. As a final right-hander to the heart sent Dan banging against the ropes, the Big Feller sang out, loudly:

"Ladies and gents, want to see a clean knockout? Watch me! And watch this poor boob!"

He slugged for the face with his left. Dan blocked the blow; lowering his cover-up guard just in time to take, on the point of the jaw, a right half-hook.

Dan Carrick woke up in the box stall where, a few minutes earlier, he had garbed himself so happily for the fray.

Thither a handler had dragged him by one leg, from the ring; to the tumultuous laughter of half the onlookers.

That evening, Dan performed the most heroic action of his career. Making his banged face as little repulsive as hot water and witch hazel could render it, he put on his best clothes and limped groggily through the dusky streets to call on Nellie Simmons. In his ears sang the memory of the training quarters' laughter as, at supper, the Big Feller had told of his request and of his desire to appear well in the eyes of a Blumenhurst girl. The tale had furnished mirth for the entire meal; while Dan had sat mute and miserable under the multiple guying of Smeed and the rest.

But all that had been as nothing to what he was nerving himself to face. He could not explain, even to himself, why he was going to call on Nellie Simmons, after what had happened.

Yet, much as he hated to go to her, a stronger impulse—an impulse he could not define—was drawing him irresistibly to her, in his hour of stark degradation.

She was alone on the veranda of her father's bungalow as he limped up the walk. Before he could reach the steps she had run down to meet him.

Then—neither he nor she could decide later how it happened—her dear arms were around his aching head and he was clutching at her skirt as might a scared child.

"Oh, you poor, poor boy!" she found herself murmuring—though it was not at all what she had planned to say—"You poor big baby! I wish I could kill him for hurting you so! The brute! Promise me you'll never, NEVER go back to him! Promise me you'll stay at home and behave yourself after this! Promise me!"

Gone forever was the icy disapproval wherewith she had girt herself so carefully of late in her talks with him. He was a beaten and misused child who had fled to her for comfort. Incidentally, he was the man she had not been able to stop caring for.

Yet, three hours later, when Dan took his divinely happy [Continued on page 51]

More Than Eleven Miles of MOHAWK

NO small degree of the atmosphere of quiet luxury which surrounds the new Leverich Towers Hotel on Brooklyn Heights is due to its miles of Mohawk carpetings.

Not only are hotels and other institutions turning Mohawk-wise. Women in their homes are choosing Mohawk increasingly—for its beauty, for its long wear and for its possession of that subtle something called charm.



MOHAWK RUGS and CARPETS

MOHAWK CARPET MILLS, Amsterdam, N.Y.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 46])

(BALLUT ABYAD, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.)

Shriners of this Oasis made a pilgrimage to Silver City, where they held their Southwestern New Mexico Ceremonial Session. Potentate Richard H. Hanna and the Divan led the invasion with the Band and the "wrecking crew." Many heathens were converted, and the Nobles, many of whom journeyed there from far distant points, were royally entertained. A feature of the pilgrimage was the visit of the Temple's Band to Fort Bayard Hospital where it gave a concert for the disabled veterans.

(BEDOUIN, MUSKOGEE, OKLA.)

More than 1,000 Shriners participated in the recent Ceremonial at which thirty-seven novices were led across the desert. Nobles and their wives were there from all parts of Eastern Oklahoma, and the women visitors were entertained at a style show and taken for automobile rides. Features of the event were a parade by the Uniformed Bodies, a football game, and a dance after the Ceremonial. The Temple opened its Winter activities with a masked ball at which prizes were awarded for the most unique costumes.

(BEKTASH, CONCORD, N. H.)

The parade, which was one of the features of the Ceremonial Session honored by the presence of the Imperial Potentate, was declared to be the best ever held by the Shriners in this Oasis. It was headed by the Drum Corps, Noble C. Lee Wood of Manchester, Drum Major, and Noble Ira L. Evans, Leader, followed by the Arab Patrol, commanded by Noble F. L. Bulfinch of Manchester, with platoons under the command of Noble Leigh S. Hall and Noble Don W. Blair. The Manchester Chanters, led by Noble Rhys H. Llewellyn, were next, and behind these were Potentate J. Howard Gile and members of his Divan, followed by the Band. Shriners brought up the rear with a group of novices under close guard. The Ceremonial Session, an account of which will be found in the story of the Imperial Potentate's tour, was a great success.

(BEN ALI, SACRAMENTO, CAL.)

Director Edward P. Dell provided several new thrills at the recent Ceremonial, which was attended by the Imperial Potentate, one of which was a desert sandstorm scene. The Temple plans to increase its initiation fee from \$100 to \$150. Social activities for the Winter opened with a travelogue-movie by Lowell Thomas, who described his travels in Arabia. A concert was given by the Band directed by Noble Robert N. Fenton, and the Chanters. The next event was a dance at the Temple. Many other entertainments have been planned.

(BENI-KEDEM, CHARLESTON, W. VA.)

A concert by the Band, an exhibition drill by the Patrol, an entertainment in the afternoon, and a banquet and dance at night, were features of the Ceremonial Session, the last of the old year. During the session, Potentate Pat M. Wilson thanked the Mount Hope Club for its loyal assistance to the Temple, and especially for its hospitality on the occasion of the Ceremonial at which the Imperial Potentate was the honored guest. More than 1,500 Nobles of this and other Temples were entertained and a class of 157 initiated.

Nobles of the Temple regret the resignation of Noble Curtis, the veteran leader of Beni-Kedem's Gold Band, and resolutions expressing deep appreciation for his labors were adopted. Potentate Wilson appointed Noble George H. Crumb to fill the vacancy.

(BOUMI, BALTIMORE)

The Uniformed Bodies gave a theater party recently at which Mayor and Mrs. William F. Broening were guests of honor. The members of the Band, Chanters, Patrol and Drum and Fife Corps were out in force. More than 500 Nobles attended the card party given by the Temple. The proceeds were used to defray the expenses of a Christmas entertainment which the Temple gave for the crippled children and orphans in Baltimore.

(CRESCENT, TRENTON, N. J.)

Oriental mysteries were taught to a group of pilgrims after their conversion at the last Ceremonial Session of the year. The Faithful gathered early and stayed late, and they enjoyed every minute of the big event. After the session, United States Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona addressed the Nobles on the subject, "Civilization's Triumphant Advance." A vaudeville performance followed. The Temple has passed the 7,500 mark, nearly 800 new members having been received last year. Potentate Earl E. Jeffries, and Past Potentate Harry Evans, chairman of the building committee, have been working hard to complete the plans for the Mosque. Construction is expected to begin soon.

There is Still Time to Join The Shrine Magazine Cruise

(There is still time for last minute reservations for the Shrine Magazine West Indian Cruise which sails from New York on Jan. 17th for a 22 day holiday.)

(No passports, visas, sailing permits or documents of any kind are needed. It is simply a matter of getting accommodations and then being one of those enjoying a Cruise replete with color and variety.)

(For information and reservations communicate at once with Shrine Travel Bureau, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.)

(CYPRUS, ALBANY, N. Y.)

Fourteen Temples were represented at the recent Ceremonial Session, which was attended by more than 1,000 Nobles. The heathen that had been gathered together were in a receptive mood and they learned a lot. Potentate Frederick A. Nicholson and his Divan extended a warm welcome to the visiting Shriners in which the local members joined heartily. The annual meeting will be held on January 9th. The Patrol held a Dinner Dance which was greatly enjoyed by the guests. The Patrol now meets the second and fourth Monday of each month.

(Judge Louie W. Strum, who succeeds to the office of Potentate, Morocco Temple, through the death of Potentate Paul R. Davis who died October 28th.)



(DAMASCUS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.)

Outstanding features of the Ceremonial Session which was honored by the presence of the Imperial Potentate, were furnished by the Band, under the leadership of Noble William C. Ludwig; the Chanters, directed by Noble W. Stanley Hawkins, and the Patrol, in command of Past Potentate Charles S. Owen. Noble Otis A. Barber, Director, and his assistants worked wonders with the novices. The indoor circus, planned by Noble Earl J. Neville and a committee, which lasted a week, was a great success. The Lunch Club recently introduced an innovation by dedicating its meeting on a certain day to Shriners who live in Irondequoit and calling it Irondequoit Day.

(ELF KHURAFEH, SAGINAW, MICH.)

Shriners and their wives were entertained at a dance by the Caravan Club in its new home. It was the first party given by the Club since it opened its handsome quarters. The guests inspected the building, and thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment.

(EL JEBEL, DENVER)

Shriners of this Oasis celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the Temple on December 2, and the occasion was made more notable by the presence of Imperial Potentate Dunbar. The Ceremonial Session, which was held in the theater part of the Municipal Auditorium, was one of the biggest in the history of the Temple, a large class of novices having been rounded up for the event. The Charity Ball brought in quite a large sum which was devoted to charitable institutions and to distributing toys in the children's hospitals and orphanages. In making this Christmas distribution each year two caravans are formed with about 100 or more automobiles in each one. The Band leads one caravan, and the Drum and Bugle Corps the other. The toys are distributed by Shriners and their wives. Many gifts also are taken to the inmates of the Old Ladies' Home and other institutions.

The Temple has everything ready to start work on its new Mosque and Clubhouse at its country home in the northwest part of the city where it owns 192 acres with a golf course. The Mosque will cost about \$300,000 and, as the funds are available, no assessment will be necessary. The Temple will hold its annual meeting on January 9th.

(EL KALAH, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH)

Imperial Potentate Dunbar participated in the dedication of the new Temple in this Oasis, and the event was celebrated with a Ceremonial Session which drew a large gathering of the Faithful to pay honor to the distinguished visitor. Nobles from all

[Shrine News, Continued on page 52]

SHAMLET AND THE BIG FELLER [Continued from page 49]

leave of her, he turned back to the training quarters and not to his father's house. This with his sweetheart's full approval and even at her insistence.

The Wessen-Raegan fight was of more than casual import. By reason of its contestants' records, the winner would be qualified to challenge the world's heavyweight champion; and would have almost the entire sporting press behind him in the demand. The heavyweight champion had reached the inevitable stage where the weight of honors, coupled with the weight of years and dissipation, had rendered him fair game for the first redoubtable contender who might dispute his crown.

Thus, the forthcoming battle between the Big Feller and Raegan promised more in its results than the mere purse involved. Thus, too, the interest aroused in it was more than normal. This in addition to the prospect of beholding a fighter who read Hamlet in off-moments.

Spike Wessen was becoming fond and fonder of Hamlet, as a topic of conversation. True, he had never yet brought himself to read it. But constantly he found himself, through no conscious volition of his own, listening to Dan Carrick's exposition of interesting points in the play.

And ever the talk would veer around to the duel with the poisoned sword. That was a theme the Big Feller found horribly fascinating to himself. Dan managed somehow to keep it always before his mental vision. So, amusedly, did such reporters as he chanced to discuss it with. Indeed, as the news of his obsession went around, more and more reporters joked him about the crass unsportsmanliness of Laertes in introducing a poisoned sword into what Hamlet supposed to be a friendly exhibition bout.

Even apart from Dan's uncanny knowledge of Hamlet, the Big Feller was warming more and more toward his sparring partner. The poor boob had taken Spike's practical joke in regard to the knock-out in a way to rouse Wessen's mild admiration.

On the night of the bout, the Cestus Athletic Club was jammed to the doors. The preliminaries dragged out their tepid course. The crowd sat back in esthetic expectation of the evening's main bout. Con Raegan with his retinue approached the ring. They were greeted eagerly.

Then came a veritable thunder of applause. Down the aisle from the dressing-room marched Spike Wessen, with Smeed and Carrick and the rest of his entourage. Here was the highbrow fighter who preferred to read Shakespeare, to going out with the boys.

The referee called the two men to the middle of the ring for instructions. Then they were back in their corners, waiting the sound of the gong. And in that stark instant, Dan Carrick said loudly and inquisitively, to no one in particular:

"What's that thing on Raegan's glove-thumb?"

Instinctively, the Big Feller glanced across the ring; although the gloves had been duly inspected. He could see nothing. The thumb is the least exposed part of any boxing glove, just before or during action.

The bell rang. For the next three minutes, Spike had no time nor scope for thinking of anything but his opponent.

The bout was a hummer, from the start. The men were evenly matched. They were rugged, quick, aggressive. Each knew well what was at stake. They met, in mid-ring, with a clash. The first round was one of mutual attack. It ended with perhaps a shade of advantage for Wessen.

Back to his cor- [Continued on page 53]

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WITHIN THE SHRINE



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50]

over Utah and surrounding States attended the ceremonies.

EL KARUBAH, SHREVEPORT, LA.

Many new features were introduced at the Ceremonial Session held at the State Fair Grounds, all of which aroused the enthusiasm of the Faithful and the woe of the heathen. The Jubilee Singers, who made such a hit at the last meeting of the Shrine Directors' Association, gave a program. A ball followed. Before the Ceremonial a Band concert and reception was held at the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children.



Noble Frank D. King, Recorder, Kerak Temple, Reno, Nevada, since 1905, and Present Grand Secretary of Grand Lodge F. & A. M. Nevada.

EL KATIF, SPOKANE, WASH.

Four hundred Shriners enjoyed a dance and entertainment program at the Masonic Temple. Short talks were made by Dr. Mitchell Langworthy, Chief Surgeon of the Shriners Hospital unit, and Noble Henry A. Pierce, Chairman of the Board of Governors. A musical program was presented by the student nurses. The Band has been giving concerts at the Hutton Home and Custodial School which are greatly appreciated.

EL KORAH, BOISE, IDAHO

Shriners from all over southeastern Idaho gathered at Pocatello for a Ceremonial Session held by the Nobles of this Temple and arranged by the Pocatello Shrine Club, of which Noble Ray S. Hunter is President. Forty-six novices were made glad after much travail. Wives of the visiting Nobles were guests at a dinner, and after the Ceremonial, participated in a dance. The pilgrimage was a big success.

EL MAIDA, EL PASO, TEXAS

There was a great gathering of Nobles for the Fall Ceremonial Session, an annual event in which El Maida Temple joins with Hella of Dallas, Texas; Khiva of Amarillo, Texas; Ballut Abyad of Albuquerque, N. M., and El Zaribah of Phoenix, Ariz. Imperial Deputy Potentate Frank C. Jones, who is El Maida's first honorary member, was the guest of honor. Delegations from all Texas Temples, including the Uniformed Bodies, were there. El Maida's Band, Drum Corps and Patrol appeared in new uniforms for the occasion. Eighty-nine novices crossed the sands, fifty-four of them becoming members of El Maida; thirty-four of Khiva, and one of Akdar. During the session the wives of the visiting Shriners were entertained by Mrs. James A. Borders, wife of the Potentate, at a bridge dinner.

EL MINA, GALVESTON, TEXAS

Details of the Silver Jubilee Ceremonial show that it was the greatest event ever held by the Temple. Owing to the untiring efforts of Noble William H. Calvert, who was in general charge, forty-four of seventy-one charter members were present and participated in the ceremonies, making the pilgrimage from all parts of the country. Noble E. V. Haines made the trip with his wife and daughter from Worcester, Mass.; Noble Hyman Harrison journeyed from Los Angeles, and many others made long trips. Besides those named, the charter members who were at the Ceremonial were Nobles L. E. Alexander, A. E. Andrews, Charles C. Barrell, Joseph H. Benson, Aaron Blum, Fred W. Chase, Peter Chalmers, E. O. Cone, James M. Corbett, Thomas G. Croft, William J. Donaldson, Andrew Dow, Homes

EL ZARIBAH, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

The Band and Patrol and a large delegation of Nobles went to Florence recently, where the Band gave a concert at the High School. Later, escorted by the Patrol, it gave a concert at the State Penitentiary. Shriners from all parts of the Salt River Valley attended the gathering.

HADI, EVANSVILLE, IND.

The Fall Ceremonial Session drew Shriners from many parts of the State to join with the local Nobles in converting a large group of heathen. The Drum Corps, Patrol, Band and about 100 Nobles, their wives and friends, formed a motorcade to Tell City recently, where they were well entertained. The Halloween party given by the Uniformed Bodies was greatly enjoyed by the guests. Prizes were awarded for the most attractive costumes.

HELLA, DALLAS, TEXAS

A big Barbecue at the Fair Park featured the final Ceremonial Session last year, and Shriners were there from all the surrounding country. Potentate John L. DeGrazia took an active part in preparing for the event, ably assisted by Noble W. R. Ellis, chairman of the entertainment committee, and the heads of other committees. As a result, the Session was declared one of the best held in many years. Features were airplane stunts, a concert by the De Molay Band, the work of the Drum and Bugle Corps, and the drills by the Patrol. A crowd of pilgrims crossed the desert and found admittance to the Temple after Noble Russell Koch, Director, and his assistants had finished with them. The first formal dance of the season given by the Shriners was a great success. A program of Winter entertainments has been prepared.

EL RIAD, SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

It was a regular "hands across the border" affair when Potentate George W. Talbott, and Potentate Volney B. Trimble of Tehama Temple, Hastings, Neb., met at the center of the Yankton bridge which divides the two States, as part of the program of El Riad's recent big Ceremonial Session at Yankton, S. D. Escorts from both Temples were there, and the Hastings Nobles were escorted into Yankton. Forty-one novices were initiated at the Session which was marked with many interesting features. At the entertainment which followed, El Riad's Band played, and musical numbers were given by El Riad's Sunshine Club and the "Boys of '76 Quartet." The Shrine Clubs of the Temple made a good showing. The Springfield Club won the silver loving cup for having the most members present. Other Temples represented at the gathering were Abu Bekr, Sioux City, Ia.; Tangier, Omaha; El Kahir, Cedar Rapids, Ia., and Naja, Deadwood, South Dakota.

EL ZAGAL, FARGO, N. D.

Eleven hundred Shriners attended the Fall Ceremonial Session at which a goodly array of novices provided plenty of excitement. A feature of the gathering was the visitation to the sick. After a banquet, Band concert and a short performance, the Faithful flocked to the Temple for the Ceremonial. The program closed with an entertainment. The recent dance at the Mosque ushered in a season of social activity which will continue until Spring. The Shrine Boosters Luncheons are held every Friday. The annual meeting of the Temple will be held on January 5th.

[Shrine News, Continued on page 54]

HAMLET AND THE BIG FELLER [Continued from page 51]

ner at the first round's finish strode the Big Feller, not ill-pleased with his initial showing. Over him wrought Smeed and Carrick. "Notice that shiny thing on his thumb?" muttered Dan, as he sponged his principal's head. "I wonder what it's for?"

The clang of the gong prevented Spike from replying. But as he advanced toward Raegan, he let his eye shift for a moment from one to another of his foe's doubled-under thumbs. This bit of carelessness enabled Raegan to slip over a staggering right to the neck and a left to the wind. Whereat, Spike settled down to fight. Again, he had a shade the better of the round; despite the two blows his heedlessness had incurred.

"What was it you was saying about his thumb?" he asked Carrick, as the latter worked over him.

"Oh, nothing!" disclaimed Dan, hastily. "Maybe I'm wrong. But it looked like it, the one glimpse I got, before he shut his hands. I thought I saw his manager do it, just before the gong sounded. I—I read of a case like that, out West."

"Case like what?" demanded Spike. "Shut up and save your breath!" ordered Smeed, becoming aware of the byplay.

The introducing of an extraneous thought into a fighter's mind, during a bout, is almost as fatal as to introduce a pint of raw whisky into his stomach. Spike Wessen advanced to the third round with a perplexity in his alleged mind. He paid for it by being badly outpointed until a few heavy smashes induced him to concentrate on the work in hand. The round was fast and furious. The house bellowed furiously.

But, as the Big Feller squatted in his corner and as his handlers began to work over him, he turned to Carrick with the angered question:

"What were you gassing about his thumbs for? What's the matter with them?"

"Shut up!" commanded Smeed, stopping his mouth with a swig of mineral water; while Dan rubbed valorously at his legs. But as Smeed hopped down from the ring, at the signal for the fourth round, Dan followed more slowly, mumbling imploringly as he went:

"Don't let him touch his thumb to you, Spike!"

"Which thumb?" yelled Wessen, his query going unheard in the clangor of the gong.

Yet, in that fourth round, the Big Feller did so badly as to evoke boos and groans from the audience. His thoughts were trying to piece together Carrick's recent warning with what the boob had said about something shiny on the thumb. Which thumb? The mental question entailed several heavy smashes through Wessen's guard; and a sharp slackening of his earlier form. He was nervous, for the first time in any battle. He wished above all things that he could have two minutes of time wherein to ask that fool Carrick what he was blithering about.

Roused by the guying of the crowd, he took the aggressive; seeking to slug his opponent in so spectacular a way as to win back his audience's favor, before the luckless round should end.

He drove his swift left to the face, in a straight lead, and followed it by a head-hook with the right. Raegan blocked the first blow; and ducked the second; counter-ing for the jaw as they ran into a clinch.

Raegan's jaw blow went high; missing its vital target; but smiting grazingly the oncoming Wessen's upper face. Such a blow does no real damage unless it chances to close an eye or break a nose. Raegan's grazing punch did neither. But it scored a streak along Spike's cheekbone, just below the right eye; split- [Continued on page 55]

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WITHIN THE SHRINE



[SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 52)]

INDIA,

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Shriners from every section of the State who attended the recent Ceremonial Session, got a thrill in the "storm scene", which was imported especially for the occasion. The entertainment program was unusually good, closing with a theater party and dance. The Sunday concerts being given by the Temple's Band are drawing large audiences to the Mosque. Social activities for the Winter began with a bridge party and was followed by a masked ball. Many events have been planned for the next few months.

IREM, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

The pilgrimage to Williamsport, where a Ceremonial Session was held to convert a subdued group of heathens, was one of the outstanding features of the Temple's activities of the year. Potentate Henry W. Merritt, members of his Divan, the Band, under the leadership of Noble John MacLuskie; the Patrol, in command of Noble John M. Jones; the Chanters, directed by Noble Howard J. Fear, and the Drum Patrol, led by Noble C. Edward Tite left the Mosque early in the morning and made stops at Lewisburg and Jersey Shore. At Williamsport there was a big parade, and at the Ceremonial 106 pilgrims crossed the sands. The concert by the Band and Chanters was a feature of the gathering. The pilgrimage to Honesdale was made by about 200 Nobles. There the Wayne Shrine

Club entertained them lavishly. The entire town turned out to see the parade.

ISIS, SALINA, KANS.

All Kansas and neighboring States were represented at the big Ceremonial Session, the first to be held in the new Temple. It was estimated that fully 6,000 Shriners were there. Among the large delegations was that of Midian Temple, Wichita, Kans., which was led by Potentate Julius E. Luling, and escorted by the Band, Drum Corps and Patrol. All the visiting Shriners received a warm welcome, expressed in an address by Potentate Ralph A. Hiller. One of the largest classes of candidates was received at the Session. The annual meeting will be held January 24th.

ISLAM, SAN FRANCISCO

The thirty-five story Temple planned by Nobles of this Oasis will top by five stories the highest building which now dominates the San Francisco skyline. While the plans have not yet been completed it is understood that the first floor will be devoted to stores, the entrances to the office part of the building, the Temple and the garage. The rear of the next five floors will be used for the garage with a capacity of 500 cars. Several floors, the exact number not yet having been determined, will be used for the Temple headquarters in which will be a large auditorium, library, general offices, lounge room, restaurant, grill and quarters for all the subsidiary bodies of the Temple. The rest of the building will be fitted for offices. The Nobles are enthusiastic over

the project. Recent events include a pilgrimage to Fresno, where a Ceremonial Session was held; Thanksgiving Dinner, dance, Christmas party and a football game for the benefit of the Shriners Hospital here.

ISMAILIA, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Shriners of this Oasis will not soon forget the recent visit of the Imperial Potentate and the enthusiastic reception given to him. The event has been entered on the records as one of the best in the history of the Temple. The pilgrimage to Jamestown was another red letter day. Ismailia's caravan was met by Noble Ransom J. Barrows, President of the Jamestown Shrine Club and his committee. In the parade, which was one of the features of the gathering, the Uniformed Bodies, consisting of the Chanters, Band, Drum Corps, Patrol and Legion of Honor, made a fine appearance. After a banquet and concert by the Band and Chanters, the Ceremonial was held. Fifty-three pilgrims journeyed across the desert, providing thrills which were thoroughly appreciated by the Faithful. The Masque and Fancy Dress Ball given by the Patrol was a great success. Prizes were awarded for the most elaborate, unique and grotesque costumes. The Shrine Luncheon Club is establishing a great reputation as a host. At a recent gathering Dr. Charles Flint, 33°, Chancellor of Syracuse University, and a Noble of Tigris Temple, Syracuse, N. Y., was the speaker. Programs of exceptional interest are given at these Friday meetings.

JAFFA, ALTOONA, PA.

Reports of the Ceremonial Session held at Johnstown, Pa., show that the pilgrimage was a great success, and that the local Shriners provided plenty of entertainment, especially in the way of furnishing a large number of novices for the journey across the hot sands. It was the first Ceremonial held there since 1921. The Christmas party for the children of the poor, an annual event with this Temple, cheered many little hearts.

JERUSALEM, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The work of the Shrine Hospitals was told by Noble Reynold E. Blight of Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles, at a showing of the moving picture "An Equal Chance", at the Mosque. There was a large attendance of Shriners and their families. The Temple's Band, under the direction of Noble McAfee, opened the entertainment with a concert.

KAABA, DAVENPORT, IA.

The Temple made a pilgrimage to Keokuk recently for a Ceremonial Session which was well attended. Thirty-five Nobles from the Hannibal Shrine Club made the trip in a special car. Several days later, the Club was host at a banquet.

KALIF, SHERIDAN, WYO.

Twelve Past Potentates were presented with jeweled fezzes at a recent party of Shriners and their wives. The presentations were made by Noble C. J. Oviatt. Those honored were Nobles Peter Kool, John J. Adams, Jacob F. Hoop, George L. Smith, C. W. Sheldon, J. I. Kirby, F. H. Frazier, J. F. Kirkpatrick, William V. Dolezal, J. W. Wherry, L. C. Booth and W. S. Johnson.

[Shrine News Continued on page 56]



(Above) The beautiful pavilion at Abdallah Shrine Park, Leavenworth, Kansas.

(Charles K. Haw, Abdallah's Recorder. A. H. Strickland, Abdallah's Potentate.

(Below) The lake at Abdallah Shrine Park, showing the island at right.



HAMLET AND THE BIG FELLER [Continued from page 53]

ting the skin. At the thud and at the few drops of blood and the angry spread of crimson bruise, the house went wild. Nine out of ten of the spectators missed wholly the sight of the short-arm jab which Spike sent to the other's heart as they clinched; a blow that weakened and sickened its recipient. But they gave noisy applause to this harmless if spectacular swat that cut Wessen's cheek-bone.

Back to their corners went the men. With bottle and cloth, Dan Carrick fell to work on his principal's bleeding face.

"Nothing serious," he soothed the Big Feller, as he toiled over him. "Just a little hole in the skin at the end of a kind of long scratch. It—Say!"

He broke off in his words of comfort, and pulled stingingly at something, in the apex of the cut. Then, before the blank gaze of the Big Feller he held up a shiny thumb tack; its short point smeared with blood and gummed with sticky little blobs of some yellowish substance.

The Big Feller stared stupidly. Smeed, busy with the restoratives, did not notice.

"It's like that case out West!" whispered Dan in wide-eyed panic. "See the stuff on that tack? So that's what I saw glued to his thumb! His manager stuck it there! It came off, right in the wound."

Obedient to the timekeeper's signal, Carrick scrambled out of the ring, the unwitting Smeed with him. The Big Feller stared after them, agast. One hand was at his scratched face. He began to shake.

Dan had fumbled the tack, as he left the ring; dropping it somewhere in the ruck of box seats. But it had served its turn. So had his weeks of Hamlet conversation. So had the reporters' geying tales of the poisoned needle.

For an instant, as the gong sounded, the Big Feller made as though he would climb through the ropes at the heels of his retinue. He was dizzy. He could feel the flesh of his face swelling and discoloring. There was an alternating heat and chill coursing through him. Yes, that must be the poison.

In their Hamlet talks, Carrick had told him again and again of reading, in doctors' books, how the blood circulation took up the poison and sent it all over the body. When it should reach heart or brain, the victim must die at once. That was how Hamlet and the king and that Laertes feller had died—quicker'n a poisoned pup. And now, the same stunt had been pulled by Con Raegan.

The Big Feller swerved, by instinct, to meet Raegan who was darting tigerlike across the ring to assail his unaccountably hesitant adversary. Instinctively, Spike put up his guard, as the other flew at him.

But his brain was awl and he was sick with terror. He was swaying. His eyes were glassy. His blood seemed on fire. In panic terror he opened his mouth to shriek forth the hideous truth—to accuse his murderer—to call for every doctor in the audience.

As the first hoarse syllable burst croakingly from him the Big Feller felt the universe fall atop of him. Down through immeasurable black depths he sank. Through the darkness and the silence sounded a far-distant roar; punctuated by slow-counted numerals which had no meaning for the stricken man.

It had been child's play for Con Raegan to beat down the palsied guard; then, setting himself, to whip across a right hook to the sagging jaw. The fight was over.

Spike Wessen reclined in a Turkish bath steam room; the time-honored resort of a badly-hammered fighter. Over him, sullen and vindictively unsympathetic, stood Smeed. The manager was [Continued on page 57]



HAL SKELLY, leading actor of "Burlesque", the new Broadway success



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WITHIN THE SHRINE



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 54]

KALURAH, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

This Temple has 7 clubs and a Golf Club. Potentate C. D. Mastin, the Divan and the Uniformed Bodies recently made a pilgrimage to Oneonta to attend a dinner marking the opening of the Susquehanna Valley Shrine Club.

KAZIM, ROANOKE, VA.

The Armistice Day Ceremonial Session brought out a large gathering of Shriners. Several new features were introduced which added more thrills to the pilgrimage of the novices. The concerts by the Band and the Chanters were features of the gathering. The program closed with a dance.

KEM, GRAND FORKS, N. D.

A large class of novices journeyed across the desert sands at the Ceremonial Session on Armistice Day. The work was conferred by Past Potentates for the first time. Among the visiting Shriners were many from Osman Temple of St. Paul, Zuhrah of Minneapolis, and Khartum of Winnipeg.

KERAK, RENO, NEV.

There was a great outpouring of the Faithful to welcome the Imperial Potentate who paid an official visit to this Oasis on his way to the Coast. A Ceremonial Session was held at which Noble Dunbar addressed the gathering, telling among other things, what the Shrine Hospitals were doing. The Uniformed Bodies participated in the homecoming celebration of the University of Nevada.

KHEDIVE, NORFOLK, VA.

The recent Ceremonial Session was marked by the large attendance of Nobles, many coming from other Oases for the event. A large class of novices was initiated. The Club at Newport News entertained Potentate J. Binford Sadler, members of the Divan, the Band, Patrol and Drum Corps at a social gathering and banquet.

KHIVA, AMARILLO, TEXAS

After participating in the joint Ceremonial Session held by El Maida Temple, at El Paso, Khiwa held one of its own and converted a group of heathen found wandering too far away from the El Paso Oasis to do them any good.



(This photograph of Captain J. H. Abbot and his six sons (all members of Beni-Kedem Temple, Charleston, W. Va.) was taken before the father's death which occurred a short time ago.

LULU, PHILADELPHIA

The recent Ceremonial Session was one of the best held in a long time, according to the enthusiastic reports from Shriners who attended it. There was a long line of pilgrims straggling across the desert seeking but failing to find detours from danger zones. The big Band and the other Uniformed Bodies helped to make the session a great success. The annual Shrine Circus during the week of November 21 was "bigger and better" than ever. Nine performances were given with great success. The annual smoker of the Automobile Club was made notable by the unusually large number of guests and a remarkably good program. Mayor Robert G. Pierpont of Wildwood, President of the Shrine Club there, wants all visiting Shriners to make themselves known and accept the hospitality of the Club.

MAHI, MIAMI, FLA.

The Temple held a Ceremonial Session at Hollywood, Fla., to relieve the anxieties of two score heathen who desired to learn the right road to travel. As a part of the entertainment, Mahi's Band gave a concert, aided by the Chanters. An elaborate reception marked the dedication of the new Coral Gables Shrine clubhouse. The Band, Saxophone Syncopators and the Chanters recently gave an entertainment at the County Farm at Kendall. Many committees are at work preparing for the Imperial Council meeting next May.

MASKAT, WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

Shriners of this Oasis, accompanied by the Band and Patrol, are making pilgrimages to various towns in the jurisdiction of the Temple. Three have been made and another is being arranged. At each town the Band gives a concert, and the Patrol an exhibition drill. The Circus held for three days recently, was reported a great success.

MEDINAH, CHICAGO

Less than a month after the big Ceremonial Session in honor of the visit of the Imperial Potentate, the Temple held another, to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the completion of the Mosque, when 111 novices made the pilgrimage across the hot sands. During the session, the moving picture "An Equal Chance" was shown. The work of the Shrine Hospitals, so well demonstrated, aroused great enthusiasm. The Temple again had the pleasure of entertain-

ing the Imperial Potentate on his way to California, and he was the guest of honor at a concert which featured Toti Dal Monte, soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. The concert was repeated the following week for the benefit of the Shriners who were unable to attend the first one. The Temple's Band of 125 pieces and the Oriental Band and Chanters are kept busy responding to calls for their services.

MELHA, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Noble George M. Hendee, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the local Shrine Hospital Unit, described the work being accomplished to a large gathering of Shriners and their families and friends, after the moving picture "An Equal Chance" had been shown. A week later, the Nobles held their belated picnic, postponed from August on account of rain. The affair was held in the Temple.

MIZPAH, FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Temple was filled with Nobles for the last Ceremonial Session in 1927, and a large class of candidates was on hand for the proceedings. Shriners from all parts of Northern Indiana, Ohio and Michigan were there. Recent activities in this Oasis include a harvest dance, athletic night, surprise party by the Uniformed Bodies, and the annual Christmas children's party.

MOHAMMED, PEORIA, ILL.

Four tableaux featured the big Ceremonial Session on November 11, George Washington at Valley Forge, Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, Theodore Roosevelt at San Juan Hill and Woodrow Wilson, with heroes of the World War. Shriners in this Oasis are making elaborate preparations for the entertainment of the Shrine Directors' Association next month.

MOILA, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

The fortieth anniversary of the Temple was celebrated with a big Ceremonial Session which drew a record gathering of the Faithful, many coming from far distant points to participate in the festivities. The sands of the desert were kept at just the right temperature for the pilgrimage of the novices. New features in this section of the work gave great delight to the Nobles. Several good fellowship caravans have been sent out to the neighboring towns and this work is continuing with the active assistance of the Uniformed Bodies.

MOOLAH, ST. LOUIS

A vaudeville entertainment was enjoyed by the Nobles after a meeting of the Temple. The event had been announced well in advance and a large attendance resulted. The ball on November 22nd opened the Winter social activities.

MOSLAH, FORT WORTH, TEXAS

One of the most spectacular Ceremonial Sessions held in this Oasis was that of November 18th. Shriners were out in force and many visiting Nobles enjoyed the hospitality of the Temple. There was a record class of novices which helped to make the pilgrimage across the desert intensely interesting. An entertainment followed, a feature of which was the "Desert Follies." The stag party and dance given by the Temple were well attended. They were the first of several events planned for the Winter.

[Shrine News Continued on page 58]

HAMLET AND THE BIG FELLER [Continued from page 55]

explaining, for the tenth time, that the Big Feller would be denounced by every paper as a yellow quitter; that he would never again be able to draw a child's-size gate.

For the hundredth time the manager was ridiculing, vitriolically, the tale of the poisoned tack; and was demanding to know what had become of Dan Carrick who had vanished immediately after the knockout.

To the haranguing Smeed and the confusedly listening Big Feller, entered a bath attendant. He handed Wessen a letter which a man at the outer portals had paid him a dollar to deliver. Spike looked at the oblong of paper uninterestedly.

"Here," said Smeed, snatching it from him and tearing it open, "I'll read it for you. Likely it's some fan swearing at you because you made him lose a week's pay. It's—No, it isn't, either. It's from Dan."

He read aloud the sheet of sprawling chirography; the Big Feller listening, with mouth agape and eyes bulging:

"Dear Spike: There wasn't any tack on Raegan's thumb. But there was one in my shirt pocket; with mucilage on its point. The mucilage was the poison drops you saw. It wasn't sticking into your face. I just held it in my fingers to show to you."

"You got a lot of fun in knocking me out, when my girl was looking on. Well, you knocked me plumb into an engagement to her; and back into dad's feed store. I'm starting for home, first train in the morning."

"There's no law against telling a fool he's been stabbed by a tack with mucilage on it; specially when he hasn't. Even if there was, you'd never have the nerve to tell such a crazy yarn in court."

"Hamlet is a grand book. It's sure done a heap for me, this past month. Here's a line out of it that Nellie sprung on me, when I asked her if maybe it would be rotten for me to play this joke on you, for the one you played on me. The line says: 'There's nothing either right or wrong, but thinking makes it so.'"

"She thinks it was all right for me to do it. And I'm mighty willing to let her do my thinking for me, just as long as I keep on living. So far as I and you are concerned, 'The Rest Is Silence.' Hamlet says that, when the poisoned sword gets him."

"Dan! J. Carrick."
"Hay & Feed!"

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE [Continued from page 39]

crippled children's hospitals are teaching every laughing Shiner with a fez tassel tickling his nose. What fun it all is!

It's two dollars a year, one dollar every six months, fifty cents every three months, a quarter every six weeks, a nickel every—but I guess we better not brag about it on financial grounds! Let's put it on a higher plane and say that all together it amounts to six hundred thousand self-sacrificing Nobles who contribute twelve hundred thousand dollars a year. Let's keep it under our fezzes, and a secret, that it costs us less than a nickel every eight days.

Every thinking woman knows that she can hold a man easier by devoting her time to a five inch shelf of cosmetics than to a five foot shelf of books. Every thinking man knows he can get more pleasure out of five cents spent on some other person than out of five dollars spent on himself. Yes, we have gained plethoric dividends from our crippled children work because in teaching us this lesson they have done far more for the Shrine than the Shrine has done for them.



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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WITHIN THE SHRINE



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 56]

MOSLEM, DETROIT, MICH.

Nearly 4,000 Shriners attended the Ceremonial Session, November 4th, at which ninety-seven heathen were converted. A large sum was collected in response to an appeal for a Christmas fund in behalf of crippled children and orphans. An outstanding feature was the appearance of the Drum and Bugle Corps of Zenobia Temple, Toledo, Ohio, which received a hearty greeting. Before the Ceremonial there was a banquet, a movie show and a concert by the Temple's Band. The Caravan Club gave a bridge party and musical program recently which was greatly enjoyed by its guests.

MURAT, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Plans are being made to send a large delegation to the Imperial Council Session next May under escort of all the Uniformed Bodies. A special fund is being raised for that purpose. The Band and other Units paid their annual visit to the Masonic Home at Franklin, where they gave an entertainment. A ball and two entertainments for the families of the Nobles are among the recent social activities. The new Caravan Club has elected Noble Frank D. Stainaker President.

NEMESIS, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

The Clarksburg Shrine Club gave a dinner for Potentate Robert S. Lemon and members of the Divan, at which a report on the work of the Shrine Hospitals was read. Nobles of this Temple now have five little wards in the Philadelphia Hospital Unit. An entertainment provided by Noble A. B. Watts, President, and a committee of the club, followed the dinner.

NILE, SEATTLE, WASH.

With Shriners here from all parts of the Northwest, a rousing welcome was given to the Imperial Potentate on his visit, November 10th. At the Ceremonial Session, Noble Dunbar made a stirring address, in which he referred to the work of the Shriners Hospitals and the great good they were doing in rehabilitating little crippled children of the poor. New features were introduced in the desert scene, and the large class of novices did all that was expected of them to the great delight of the Faithful. The Session was one of the best ever held in this Oasis. The recent party at the new Country Clubhouse made a great hit with the Shriners and their families. The attendance was greater than at the dedication of the building a month before.

OLEIKA, LEXINGTON, KY.

Past Potentates of the Temple conferred the work at the last Ceremonial Session which drew a large attendance. Reference during the Session to the great work of the local Shrine Hospital Unit aroused much enthusiasm. Many Shriners visited the institution during the day. A dance followed the Ceremonial. The Temple decided to send its Band to the Imperial Council Session, and it is being recruited to its full strength.

OSIRIS, WHEELING, W. VA.

Three Ceremonial Sessions in two weeks kept the Nobles of this Oasis busy. The first was held at Wheeling, the second at Martinsburg, and the third at Fairmont.

Potentate George L. Vieweg welcomed many visiting Shriners attending the Session in the Mosque. Fifty converts crossed the hot sands. A banquet and entertainment closed the program. A few days later, Potentate Vieweg led a pilgrimage to Martinsburg, where thirty more candidates were received at an enthusiastic Ceremonial, and the following day the caravan journeyed to Fairmont, where a score of the heathen were brought to light. The Band, Patrol and Chanters did good work at all three sessions.

COSMAN, ST. PAUL

There was a large gathering of the Faithful in this Oasis to attend the Ceremonial Session in November. They came from all over Minnesota and neighboring States to help the local Shriners make the event one of the most notable in the history of the Temple. Potentate Arthur Ovrom expressed his pleasure at seeing so many visiting Nobles present. Director Clarence V. McGeary and a score of assistants led a large class of novices across the desert where they found what they came to seek after making several blind detours. An entertainment, Band concert, and "R. R. R.", meaning Rishworth's Renowned Repast, closed the Session.

that extended from August to November. During that period the Patrol gave a masked ball; the Bedouin Patrol gave a smoker at New London, and the Band gave a concert and dance at the Mosque, and another preceding the ball given by the Temple.

RAJAH, READING, PA.

Four thousand Nobles attended the Fall Ceremonial and witnessed a thrilling pilgrimage across the desert by forty novices. During the Session, Noble Eugene Z. Weidner, Bandmaster, in behalf of the Band and Drum and Bugle Corps, presented a concrete garden chair to Potentate George F. Eisenbrown. A few minutes later members of the Lancaster County Shrine Club led a young black bull upon the stage. It was docile and took the place in the Ceremonial of the customary camel. The animal was presented to the Potentate at a recent meeting of the club at Lampeter. Gifts being in order, Noble G. A. Schlechter, who celebrated his 78th birthday that day, was called to the stage and presented with a large basket of fruit. Noble Schlechter is one of the charter members of the Temple. At the banquet a surprise was sprung by serving homemade Lancaster County sausages as one of the courses. The innovation made a decided hit.

SALAAM, NEWARK, N. J.

The Hudson County Shrine Club held a get-together meeting in Jersey City to bring about the better acquaintance among Nobles of Salaam living in Jersey City. Potentate Harry R. Browne, and United States Senator Edward I. Edwards, who is a member of Salaam, were the guests of honor. Among the 300 present was Nobles Charles Richardson, the oldest living Potentate of Salaam and its first Potentate. The recent masked dance for the benefit of the charity fund was a great success.

SALADIN, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

The call for an Armistice Day Ceremonial Session brought a large gathering of the Faithful to the Mosque. A long file of candidates was led forth and started on the trail across the hot sands. In some manner the sign posts in the desert got mixed up and some of the pilgrims went astray. All were finally rounded up and accounted for, however. The Session was attended by many Nobles from other Oases.

SESOSTRIS, LINCOLN, NEB.

The Shrine Club is planning to build a new clubhouse at its large camp. One of the plans most favored provides for a structure in the shape of a crescent. The picnic grounds have been finished and playground equipment installed for the children. Work on the golf course is about completed. One of the attractions will be a large artificial lake.

SUDAN, NEW BERN, N. C.

The Roanoke Chowan Shrine Club gave a reception for Noble and Mrs. Samuel J. Cooper of Jackson on the occasion of their golden wedding anniversary. Gifts from the members included a diamond brooch for Mrs. Cooper, a set of glassware, and a gold watch for Noble Cooper. The Club will build a permanent home at Ahoskie. Its membership is drawn from the three counties that form the peninsula, and it is named for the two rivers there. It maintains a fund to provide scholarships for young [Shrine News, Continued on page 60]

WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE [Continued from page 38]

especially for Imperial Potentate Dunbar.

Here as in other Temples the Imperial Potentate gave a heart-to-heart talk on the work of the Shrine with especial reference to the Shrine Hospitals. He told of his visits to several of the Units and said they were the outstanding features of his tour. After his address Noble Dunbar responded to an insistent demand for a cornet solo. Just before the program closed a scarf pin of platinum set with a diamond was presented to the Imperial Potentate by Judge George L. Hager in behalf of the Temple. Many Nobles accompanied the Imperial party to its caravan to see it safely on its way to Binghamton.

The Oasis which recently entertained the New York State Shrine Council gave a warm welcome to the Imperial Potentate, who was accompanied by Imperial Recorder James H. Price, Imperial Captain of the Guard Leonard P. Steuart, and Past Potentate Walter S. Suggden of Osiris Temple, Wheeling, W. Va. The party was escorted to the Arlington Hotel, where Potentate Cecil D. Mastin of Kalurah Temple, members of his Divan, and Past Potentates gave a luncheon for the visitors. Here as in other Oases the Imperial Potentate, in his address, told of the beneficent work of the Shrine Hospitals. During the reception, Miss Dunbar was the guest of Mrs. Mastin and the wives of Past Potentates at luncheon and bridge, at the Kalurah Country Club.

The arrival of the Imperial Potentate at Providence, R. I., his home, was made the occasion of a big celebration by the Nobles of Palestine Temple. In the Imperial party besides those mentioned, were Past Imperial Potentate Conrad V. Dykeman of Kismet Temple, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dr. Adam P. Leighton and Nobles Walker Ordway and Perley E. Dresser of Kora, Lewiston, Maine; Potentate Frank H. Appleton of Aleppo, Boston, with Past Potentate Walter W. Morrison, S. C. L. Haskell, Rob Fay, Frank North, Major Frederick E. Bolton and Walter Knight, also of Aleppo, and Past Potentate Clifford H. Bradt of Kismet.

More than 3,000 Shriners welcomed the Imperial Potentate. In the afternoon there was a parade led by Potentate G. Kenneth Earl, the Divan and Past Potentates Frederick J. Dana, Manton N. Coombs, Norris G. Abbott, Henry F. Baldwin, Arthur S. Vaughn, Wm. L. Sharpe, Henry C. Dexter, Edwin O. Chase and Clarence E. Howe. All the Uniformed Units were out in force. After the parade a harvest supper was served, and the Band, directed by Noble Andrew L. Intlehouse, gave a concert. The Ceremonial Session was one of the most successful in the history of the Temple.

The Imperial Caravan next journeyed to Concord, N. H. The visitation had been heralded by the Shriners of Bektash Temple as the first official reception for an Imperial Potentate since 1911, when Noble J. Frank Treat of El Zagal Temple, Fargo, N. D., then Imperial Potentate, attended a Ceremonial Session there. In 1917, Noble Elias J. Jacoby of Murat Temple, Indianapolis, was entertained there informally at a dinner when he was Imperial Potentate. The Faithful gathered in that Oasis from many miles around to pay honor to Imperial Potentate Dunbar, and all took part in the parade which was declared the best ever held in that Oasis. Visiting Potentates and members of their Divans were guests at a banquet in honor of the Imperial Potentate, the hosts on this occasion being the Past Potentates of the Temple. A successful Ceremonial Session was followed by a theater party. At the Mosque, a silver service was presented to the Imperial Potentate by Potentate J. Howard Gile in behalf of the Temple. [Continued on page 62]



ASPIRIN

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

[SHRINE NEWS *(Continued from page 58)*

women. The Temple will hold its next Ceremonial January 5th. A pilgrimage to Raleigh is planned for the Spring.

[SYRIA, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Owing to the large attendance at the Halowe'en Ball, the city authorities permitted the closing of the Street on the East side of the Mosque for an entire block. Strings of colored lights were hung, and the Band played on a stand near the entrance. Hundreds of couples enjoyed the novelty of dancing in the street. Those inside the Temple danced in the banquet hall. Vaudeville was given in the Auditorium. Syria's Automobile Club gave a party and dance at Uniontown recently which was attended by more than 1,000 persons.

[TADMOR, AKRON, OHIO

The Tadmor Chanters made their first appearance at the recent annual ball and scored a decided hit. The Nobles gave a hearty welcome to this addition to the Uniformed Bodies of the Temple. An indoor circus has been planned for the week beginning March 19th. An account of the big Ceremonial and reception to the Imperial Potentate will be found in the report of Noble Dunbar's tour.

[TANGIER, OMAHA, NEB.

The minstrel show given for the benefit of the Temple's charity fund, with the help of the Band, Orchestra, Chanters and Patrol, was both an artistic and financial success. Two performances were given. At the second the Temple had as guests members of the Omaha Society of the Blind.

[TIGRIS, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Additional reports of the Fall Ceremonial show that it was one of the best since the Temple was founded nearly seven years ago. A large class of novices was greeted in true Oriental style, with various trimmings, and the Faithful enjoyed every minute of the pilgrimage across the hot sands. The session was held at the State Armory following a banquet. The indoor circus, an annual event, drew large crowds.

[TRIPOLI, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Great enthusiasm was displayed over the report on the progress of the new Mosque, which was read at the Fall Ceremonial Session. The huge structure is practically completed and the work of landscaping the spacious grounds is going on rapidly. Contributions to the Mosque fund have been so numerous and so generous that it is believed possible soon to dedicate the building free of debt. Another large class of novices was received at the Ceremonial, a feature of which was the work of the Uniformed Units. The Tripoli Lunch Club has booked many attractions for its meetings. The new Milwaukee Orchestra gave a program at a recent gathering of the Club. The Kenosha Shrine Club entertained at an old-fashioned chicken dinner and announced a series of entertainments for the Winter. The recent dinner dance given by the Oriental Band, and the concert on the following day, were greatly enjoyed by the guests.

[WAHABI, JACKSON, MISS.

Concerts by the Band, and exhibition drills by the Patrol in different parts of the city, a minstrel show and a dance, were some of the features of the Ceremonial Session on November 17th. Other features included an

entertainment provided by the large class of novices. Every bit of the program brought joy to the hearts of the Faithful who declared the Session one of the best in recent years.

[YAARAB, ATLANTA, GA.

Potentate Thomas C. Law called out the Faithful and with his Divan and all the Uniformed Bodies, made a pilgrimage to Lafayette to convert forty-six heathen, mostly from northwest Georgia. Shriners from several other towns joined the caravan, which thrilled the populace when it invaded Lafayette.

[ZAMORA, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

The Ceremonial Session on November 21 will be long remembered by the Shriners of this Oasis as one of the best in the way of thrills held in a long time. It also marked the thirty-seventh anniversary of the Temple, and a large class of novices was rounded up to help the celebration. Potentate James B. Patterson planned for an Old-Time Ceremonial. It was just that, with a few of the latest desert thrills added to emphasize the contrast.

[ZEMBO, HARRISBURG, PA.

The building committee in charge of the project to build a new Temple, of which Noble M. Harvey Taylor is Chairman, has chosen an expert advisor, and has prepared plans for a contest among architects for the best designs. The Temple has a large surplus fund and indications point to an early start on the construction work. Shriners of Dauphin County have organized a club. Potentate Ray S. Shoemaker appointed Noble Benjamin Wolf, President, and Noble Leland E. Rounsley, Secretary, pending an election to be held at a meeting this month.

[ZEM ZEM, ERIE, PA.

Shriners in this Oasis have concluded a campaign to raise \$300,000 for the Temple's Hospital for Crippled Children, a charitable undertaking apart from the fifteen hospital units that form the great chain conducted for the Shrine by a Board of Trustees. Noble William E. Hirt of Erie was in general charge of the metropolitan district; Noble Fred A. Service had charge of the Shenango Valley district, and Noble Lloyd F. Weaver of Clarion was chairman of the committee at work in that section.

[ZORAH, TERRE HAUTE, IND.

The Shrine Luncheon Club was host to 150 Shriners and their wives at a banquet recently which was followed by a musical program, in which the club's Syncopators scored a hit. Later the Nobles attended a business meeting, leaving their wives to enjoy a bridge party. There was a short entertainment after their reunion.

DIRECTORS TO MEET

Representatives from all member Temples will attend the three-day meeting of the Shrine Directors' Association, to be held in Peoria, Ill., February 16th, 17th, 18th, where matters concerning one of the most important parts of Ceremonial Sessions will be discussed with the view of introducing new features. Mohammed Temple will be host to the Directors during the meeting and an elaborate program of entertainment has been planned.

RECORDERS HOLD CONFERENCE

The special committee of Recorders appointed by the Imperial Potentate to confer

with Imperial Recorder James H. Price, met in Washington, November 18th, to discuss certain duties of Recorders covering reports to the Imperial Council. The decisions made were referred to the Imperial Potentate for action, after which they will be sent to all Temples.

ON TO MIAMI IN MAY

Mahi Temple has a score of committees busily at work arranging the details for the next Imperial Council meeting, to be held at Miami, Fla., next May. Already special railroad rates have been obtained, notice of which is being sent to all Temples. Reports received by the general committee indicate that there will be a record attendance. Some Temples have chartered steamships for the trip. The entertainment committee has promised to provide events "never before equaled." Several new Shrine Clubs have been organized, and Mahi Temple will form three more Patrols at once, to act as escorts during the Session.

ENTERED THE UNSEEN TEMPLE

Dr. Paul R. Davis, Potentate of Morocco Temple, Jacksonville, Fla., died suddenly from a heart attack, on October 28, at his home. News of his death was a shock to the Nobles of Morocco, and his passing is mourned by Shriners generally. The funeral services were held in the Temple and were most impressive. All members of the Divan, hundreds of Nobles, representatives from Masonic bodies and other organizations, and other mourners, were present to join in paying tribute to the dead. The Temple's Chanters sang before and after the prayer and brief address by the minister, and the Band played beautiful hymns to mark the solemnity of the occasion. The Patrol acted as escort to the cemetery. Noble Davis was an enthusiastic worker in Masonic affairs and especially in the activities of the Shrine.

Noble William S. Ware, Treasurer of Morocco Temple, Jacksonville, Fla., died on October 23. He was an honorary 33° Mason and had been active in the affairs of the Temple for several years.

Noble James Clair Matthews of Medinah Temple, Chicago, died at his home on October 16th. He had long been in charge of the entertainments presented by that Temple. His passing was a severe shock to his friends as his illness was not considered serious. He was at his office the day before he died.

Dr. Curtis W. M. Merrill of Elizabeth, N. J., Past Potentate of Salaam Temple, Newark, N. J., died at Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York, after an operation. His passing is mourned by a large circle of friends.

Noble Scott Shoemaker of Egypt Temple, Tampa, Fla., Drum Major of the Temple's Band, class director, and chairman of the entertainment and membership committees, has passed on, and his death is widely mourned. He was a faithful worker for the Temple and his death is a sad and heavy loss.

Noble Herbert W. Greenland, Past Potentate of Ziyara Temple, Utica, N. Y., died October 27th, at his home in Syracuse. He was an honorary 33° Mason, and as historian of various bodies, had written several books on the history of Lodges in Central New York.

[Shrine News, Continued on page 61]



WITHIN THE SHRINE

With a
PERSONAL
TINGE[SHRINE NEWS *(Continued from page 60)*

Captain A. M. Shuey of Zuhrah Temple, "Daddy" of Shrine Patrols, was honored at a dinner recently by Nobles of the Temple. Noble Shuey was Captain of Zuhrah's Patrol since its organization. He resigned recently and the dinner was given in appreciation of his services. He is a life member of the Temple. The Imperial Council elected him a life member in recognition of the importance of his work.

Noble Frank B. Lazier, Recorder of Nile Temple, Seattle, Wash., received a letter recently from Noble Gerrit Snider of Nile, who has a fur farm at Wasilla, Alaska, telling of his experiences. Part of the letter reads: "I believe we are going to have an early Winter. Let her come. The wife and children are all healthy, the pantry is full of grub, and fifteen cords of wood ready for the fire. Besides all that, the Nobles I meet on the trains are all smiling and THE SHRINE MAGAZINE comes every month. That is, indeed, the best magazine out. After a hard day's work, to lie in bed, gas lamp burning, wife and children sleeping, reading our Magazine, is the greatest joy of my life."

Noble John M. Holmes, Chief Rabban of Hejaz Temple, Greenville, S. C., received a gift of a handsome Shrine pin recently from "Three Musketeers." He is trying to learn the identity of the trio.

Past Potentate Norman A. Boyd, many times a Representative from Kalurah Temple, Binghamton, N. Y., of which city he formerly was Police Commissioner, won a hard contest for Mayor of that city, at the recent election, his plurality being only 166. He is the first mayor to be elected under a new four-year term law.

Past Potentate Walter Reed of El Zagal Temple, Fargo, N. D., was elected to active membership in the Supreme Council, Southern Jurisdiction, at a recent meeting held in Washington, D. C. He is now Inspector General for North Dakota, succeeding the late Horatio C. Plumley.

Noble J. C. Laubenheimer of Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee, Wis., was elected President of the Wisconsin Association of Police Chiefs. The police band, led by Noble Fred W. Brunkhorst, serenaded him at his home in Racine. The members of the association were entertained by Noble Wm. J. Horlick, Drum Major of Tripoli's Band, at his home.

Noble Philip B. Lang has resigned as Secretary of Moslem Temple's Caravan Club, and Noble George D. Nutting has been named as his successor by the Board of Governors.

Noble Robert Hasty of Marietta, Ga., a member of Yaarab Temple, Atlanta, and a pitcher for the Oakland, Cal. baseball team, was presented with a gold wrist watch by the Temple. The presentation was made by the Oakland Temple during exercises conducted on the field by Nobles in appreciation of the work of the five Shriners on the team.

A national campaign by the Presbyterian churches of the United States to raise \$1,000,000 with which to double the bed capacity and endowment of the Albuquerque, N. M., Tuberculosis Sanatorium, has been started under direction of Noble C. M. Barber, Past Potentate of Moslem Temple, Detroit, Mich.

Noble Fred Mock, Past Grand Master of Masons of Idaho, presented to El Korah a scimitar, two and one-half feet long, made of bone. Noble Mock has just returned from a trip around the world and brought the scimitar from Egypt.

Potentate G. M. Armor, and Nobles Clyde M. Friz and Robert A. Sindall and Thomas L. McCarriar of Boumi Temple, Baltimore, were admitted to membership in the Black-foot Tribe of Indians. Representatives of the tribe participated in the Fair of the "Iron Horse" at Halethorpe.

Noble John Durkin, custodian of El Zagal Park, at Fargo, N. D., recently was elected a Knight Commander of the Court of Honor, by the Supreme Council, Southern Jurisdiction.

Noble Francis E. Dewey of Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee, Wis., recently was honored by receiving the 33° at the annual meeting of the Supreme Council, Northern Jurisdiction, at Boston. Noble Dewey has been active in Masonic work in Wisconsin for many years. He was one of the earliest members of Tripoli Patrol and is now a member of the Veteran Patrol.

Noble Earl F. Heater, of Rajah Temple, Reading, Pa., and a member of the Band, served in the American armies overseas as a musician. When the war was over, he returned and organized the Albertus Band of which he is director. He is cornet soloist in Rajah's Band.

Past Potentate Hugh Sterling of Pyramid Temple, Bridgeport, Conn., is the oldest living member of that Temple. He celebrated his fiftieth wedding anniversary the same year as Pyramid celebrated its fiftieth year, and was presented with a purse of gold by the Nobles in honor of the event.

Dr. Hosea E. Reid, Past Potentate of Kerak Temple, Reno, Nev., was elected to receive the 33° at the recent meeting of the Supreme Council, Southern Jurisdiction.

Potentate Sam H. Baker of Hillah Temple, Ashland, Ore., has been made an honorary member of Nile Temple, Seattle, and of Ben Ali, Sacramento.

Past Potentate Eugene Osgood of Saladin, Grand Rapids, Mich., is the architect for the \$2,000,000 Temple about to be erected at Providence, R. I. He also is the architect in charge of the George Washington Memorial.

Noble James R. Brown of Rajah Temple, Reading, Pa., is a man of many accomplishments. He is an ordained clergyman; he won the election for Burgess of St. Lawrence; he holds the office of Chief Rabban of Rajah, and is the head of a textile company, and president of a bank.

Imperial Assistant Rabban Esten A. Fletcher, of Damascus Temple, Rochester, N. Y., is a member of the City Planning Commission of that city.

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WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE

[Continued from page 59]

A delegation of Nobles of Mount Sinai Temple escorted the Imperial party from Concord to Montpelier, Vt., the trip being made by automobile. The distinguished visitor was welcomed to that Oasis by another enthusiastic gathering of Shriners, led by Potentate Otto V. Greene. Many of the Faithful from other Oases participated in the reception.

Again at Rutland, Vt., Imperial honors were paid to the distinguished visitor and his party. This was the forty-ninth Oasis visited by the Imperial Potentate and he made that fact known to the Nobles of Cairo Temple who, led by Potentate John E. Traill, made Noble Dunbar the center of a demonstration that showed the high esteem in which he was held.

Awaiting the Imperial Caravan at Rochester, N. Y., were more than 2,000 Shriners of Damascus and other Temples. Among the first to greet the Imperial Potentate was Imperial Assistant Rabban Esten A. Fletcher, and Potentate William C. Kohlmetz of Damascus. After a dinner during which the Temple's Chanters gave a program, the Band, with Drum Major William C. Ludwig in the lead, and the Patrol in command of Past Potentate Charles S. Owen, marched around Convention Hall which was packed with Shriners, and escorted the Imperial Potentate to the place of honor. Later, in his address, Noble Dunbar gave to the great gathering facts and figures showing the work being accomplished in the Shrine Hospitals. "The Shrine was started for friendship and good fellowship," he said. "It has broadened its work, and tonight, seven hundred little children lie in their snow-white beds in Shrine Hospitals on the road to recovery from the crippled condition in which they entered those institutions. It is a wonderful work and we may well feel proud of our part in it." The Imperial Potentate urged Shriners to visit the hospitals and see for themselves what was being done.

Responding to Noble Dunbar, Noble Fletcher said that Damascus Temple had not yet given up hope of having a Shrine Hospital in Rochester. "We are able to take care of one adequately, and hope before long we will have one," he said.

In behalf of the Temple, Noble Fletcher presented a diamond and pearl scarf pin to the Imperial Potentate. The Ceremonial Session was a great success.

The Imperial Potentate went right up in the air soon after he arrived at Akron, Ohio, the next Oasis on his tour. It was a literal and pleasurable flight, however. Accompanied by Potentate George W. Sieber of Tadmor Temple, he soared over the city in a dirigible, and during the flight he piloted the craft himself part of the way. When the Imperial party arrived at Akron it was met by Potentate Sieber, members of his Divan, Noble E. W. Chamberlin, chairman of the reception committee, and the Temple's Uniformed Bodies, under the direction of Noble F. O. Bower, and escorted to the Portage Hotel. The Imperial Potentate rode in the parade to the Armory where he reviewed it. The first and third sections of the Ceremonial Session were held in the afternoon and were followed by a banquet and reception to the Imperial Potentate. Features of the entertainment program were the singing by the Chanters of Zem Zem and Tadmor Temples, and the concert by the Band, which followed the second section of the Ceremonial. The distinguished visitor spent a busy day in that Oasis and declared that he had thoroughly enjoyed his flight in the dirigible, which was made possible through the

courtesy of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company.

Fully 7,500 Shriners gathered in Boston to welcome the Imperial Potentate and the reception was made notable by the participation of many Nobles from other Temples who joined with Aleppo in paying royal honors to the visitor. The Patrol and Band escorted the Imperial party to the Copley-Plaza, where Potentate Francis H. Appleton was host at a dinner. Later the Imperial Potentate was taken to Mechanics Building which was packed with Shriners eager to greet him. Escorted by Past Potentate Walter W. Morrison, the Imperial Potentate passed to the seat of honor through an avenue of flags to the applause of the multitude. Imperial Marshal Dana S. Williams, and Past Potentate James R. Watt of Cyprus Temple, Albany, N. Y., Secretary of the Hospital Board of Trustees, who had joined the Imperial party, were introduced after Noble Dunbar had addressed the Nobles in response to the warm greeting by Potentate Appleton. Noble Williams referred to the death of Imperial Recorder Benjamin W. Rowell, and of Representative James S. Blake, and spoke of the loss the order had sustained in their passing.

At this point there was a happy diversion when Nobles from all over the hall called upon Noble Dunbar to play a cornet solo. He responded, accompanied by the Band. While he was thus engaged, a table on which was a set of silver, was pushed to the front. The set was presented to the Imperial Potentate by Potentate Appleton with the best love and wishes of Aleppo Temple while the Shriners stood and cheered approval. The Patrol and Flag drill was one of the features of a successful Ceremonial Session. This was followed by a reception at the hotel which closed an eventful day.

STARTING on his third tour, which took him to the Pacific Coast, the Imperial Potentate left Providence for Chicago where he remained only a few hours, long enough, however, to be present at the Sunday afternoon concert given by Medinah Temple. Four thousand Nobles with their families were there. The Imperial Potentate gave a short address in which he expressed his deep appreciation of the many courtesies extended him by the Temple, officers and members.

At Minneapolis there was a great gathering of Shriners who had arrived from all parts of the Northwest to greet the Chief. The night before, 195 Nobles of El Zagal Temple came from Fargo, N. D., with their Uniformed Bodies. These and the Units from Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis, led by Potentate H. P. Wood, met the Imperial Potentate and escorted him to the Minneapolis Athletic Club. From there nearly 5,000 Shriners marched in a parade to the new Auditorium, where lunch was served. The Ceremonial Session, which was one of the biggest ever held by the Temple, began in the afternoon. After a dinner, the combined bands gave a concert, and the hospital picture "An Equal Chance" was shown. The Grand Entree took place at 8 P. M., with the Uniformed Bodies of Zuhrah, El Zagal, Tripoli of Milwaukee, Osman of St. Paul and Khartum of Winnipeg, participating. One hundred novices crossed the sands which had been prepared especially for the occasion with new heating devices, thus making the pilgrimage one of keen enjoyment to the Faithful. Potentates and Past Potentates from the Temples named, and a large delegation from El Kahir Temple, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, were among the visitors. In the Imperial party were Miss Dunbar and

Noble Walter S. Sugden, Representative of Osiris Temple, Wheeling, W. Va.

At Seattle, Wash., the next stop, 2,500 Nobles welcomed the Imperial Potentate, who was escorted to the Temple by the Uniformed Bodies where a reception was held and the distinguished guest welcomed by Potentate William A. Eastman of Nile Temple and members of his Divan. In his address at the Ceremonial Session, the attendance at which broke all records, Noble Dunbar again took occasion to refer to the work of the Shrine Hospitals, urging all Nobles to visit the institutions and see for themselves the wonderful mission they are performing. There was a demand here as elsewhere for a cornet solo, and the Imperial Potentate complied. His charming personality and democratic manner endeared him at once to the Nobles who clamored to speak with him after the Session was over. The Imperial party, which was joined in Minneapolis by Imperial Chief Rabban Leo V. Youngworth of Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles, and Imperial Outer Guard Hugh M. Caldwell of Nile Temple, left early the following morning for Tacoma, where another large gathering of the Faithful awaited his coming.

In the welcoming party was Potentate W. B. Stephens, the Patrol and a large delegation of Shriners of Afifi Temple. Rain interfered with plans for golf so a social session was arranged instead. In the meantime, his daughter was the guest of Mrs. Stephens, wife of the Potentate, at a luncheon. After a dinner, given by the Potentate, Divan and Representatives, the Imperial Potentate attended a reception and entertainment in his honor.

The following morning the Imperial party left for Portland, where the distinguished visitor was met by Potentate Joseph L. Hammersly and a large delegation of Shriners who escorted him to the New Temple where a reception was held after a short concert by Al Kader Temple's Band and Chanters. The Faithful had been gathering all day, and at the Ceremonial Session the Mosque was crowded with enthusiastic Shriners who cheered and shouted greetings to the Imperial Potentate. The Ceremonial was a great success, with a horde of heathen making humble supplication for recognition, and Noble Dunbar expressed his pleasure at the way in which the work was conferred. Another reception followed the Session and hundreds of Nobles had the pleasure of shaking hands with their Chief.

The Imperial Potentate challenged Al Kader to a golf game, and with Imperial Outer Guard Caldwell, played Nobles Robert Stewart and Wm. J. Hofmann. The Temple's players met with disastrous defeat.

At Ashland, Ore., the next stop, there was another big gathering of the Faithful of Hillah Temple to meet the Imperial Potentate. Potentate Samuel H. Baker, who joined the Caravan with Potentate Fontaine Johnson of Ben Ali, Sacramento, when it left Portland, called a halt at Medford, where the members of the party were guests of the Shrine Club of that city. After luncheon and some golf, an automobile tour was made through the valley. The visitors were regaled with flowers, fruit and mountain trout. There was another round of entertainment at Ashland, which included a reception and Ceremonial Session. There was a large class of novices to work with and many new features were introduced, the result of the Temple having recently joined the Shrine Directors' Association which made these additional attractions possible. Preceding the second section, a large painting of Crater Lake, a noted

scenic wonder, was presented to the Imperial Potentate, and albums containing views of the Oregon country were presented to the other members of the party. Honorary memberships were bestowed on the visitors, and with the closing hour of the Ceremonial, Noble Dunbar led the instrumental music in several selections, his skill with the cornet being proverbial.

The Imperial party next went to Sacramento, Cal., where the Imperial Potentate was escorted to Senator Hotel by the Patrol of Ben Ali. A reception was held in the afternoon, and after a dinner there was a parade and honor salute to the Imperial Potentate. A Ceremonial Session, the best ever held by Ben Ali Temple, followed. Here again the distinguished visitor responded to the shouted demand for a cornet solo. The Session closed with a buffet luncheon during which many of the Nobles had an opportunity to meet and chat with the Imperial Potentate. The Imperial party was joined there by Potentate Julian D. Harries of Islam Temple, San Francisco, and members of the Divan.

Leaving Sacramento the next morning, the Imperial Caravan journeyed to Reno, Nev. At Truckee, Potentate V. M. Henderson and other Nobles of Kerak Temple, joined it and escorted the Imperial Potentate to their Oasis. There he was met by the Uniformed Bodies of the Temple and escorted to the Temple where a big reception was held.

The Ceremonial Session in the evening drew a great gathering of the Faithful who gave an enthusiastic welcome to the Imperial Potentate. His address brought another demonstration which stopped only when Noble Dunbar obliged by playing a cornet solo, then about the sixtieth on his tours. Another reception followed the Session. A feature of the visit was the banquet given by the Potentate and Divan.

The Imperial Potentate and his party left Reno the following morning and Potentate

Herbert W. Whitworth, who had joined it at Reno, escorted the visitors to Oakland, Cal., where members of the Divan of Aahmes Temple and the Patrol welcomed the Imperial Potentate. At a reception thousands of Nobles met Noble Dunbar and welcomed him to that Oasis. A ball followed, which was a brilliant affair never before equalled by that Temple.

In the party from Islam Temple which went to Sacramento to escort the Imperial Potentate to San Francisco, were, besides Potentate Harries and Mrs. Harries, Noble and Mrs. Phil A. Erbes, Noble and Mrs. Howard M. McKinley, Recorder Herman Wertsch, Past Potentate and Mrs. Ernest L. West and Nobles Clem T. Reese, Sam Tate and William Coffman. At Oakland the Imperial Caravan, which by that time had been joined by Past Imperial Potentate James S. McCandless of Aloha Temple, Honolulu, and Noble Louis M. Cole of Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles, was met by a large delegation of Islam Shriners who acted as escort across the Bay to the Palace Hotel. In the afternoon the Imperial Potentate was taken to Palo Alto for the Stamford-California football game, and at night he was the guest of honor at a big banquet. After a visit to the Lakeside Country Club the next day, Noble Dunbar inspected the Shriners Hospital. All the Uniformed Bodies of both Islam and Aahmes Temples paraded to the institution, where a reception for the Imperial Potentate was held on the lawn. Thousands of Shriners greeted their Chief there and the little patients had the time of their lives.

San Francisco, as in other Oases, paid royal honors to the Imperial Potentate. He spent two days there and every hour of his visit was filled with pleasurable experiences. From there he went to Los Angeles and continued his tour, which closed at Columbus, Ohio, on December 17. An account of these visitations will appear in the next number of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE.

THE ABC'S OF CROOK CATCHING

[Continued from page 31]

Maryland under the same moniker!" he said.

"And what might your name be?" he inquired of another.

"John Vaughan," muttered the prisoner. "Take those bums downstairs and print them!" snapped the inspector.

The men were taken down into the photograph gallery to be finger-printed that those impressions might be compared with the files of the department. Detectives returned in a few minutes to report that Coughlin was right about Kraemer, and to explain that John Vaughan was in reality Richard Reese Whittemore, wanted in Baltimore for the slaying of a penitentiary keeper.

There followed days that were fraught with hectic police activity, full page newspaper stories—days that succeeded long, grueling nights through which Coughlin brought first from one and then from another admissions that linked Whittemore and his gangsters with half a dozen murders throughout the land, from Buffalo to Baltimore, and a chain of robberies that netted them \$830,000. Whittemore died on the Maryland gallows after a jury had disagreed on his guilt of a double murder in Buffalo. The others went to Sing Sing for terms ranging from twenty years to life. It was the most desperate gang that ever came into the hands of the New York police. It came there because John Coughlin, drawing upon thirty years of thief catching, worked a slim bit of information into an elaborate and conclusive chain of evidence.

He has held his post longer than any of his predecessors. His men have brought to the bar the biggest crime corporations of the century. His methods—and they do not include, incidentally, blackjacks and rubber hose applied to strategic positions of the anatomy of uncommunicative brigands such as is often charged against the police authorities of the country—have drained dry those murky caverns wherein vicious gunmen once wallowed in obscurity. Pickpockets that once festered in the subways and elevated have gone West. From Toledo, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver and the Pacific seaboard come reports that New York thieves are playing their practises there.

How has he done it? Most of it, no doubt, by information. But there is as well something there, in back of the dark caverns from which his frosty eyes peer through pince-nez, beneath the full head of wavy black hair that has gone grey, that is not in the fiber of other men.

John Coughlin left school at the age of nineteen to become an apprentice at the plastering and building trades. Toil there brought him neither fame nor fortune, serving only to solidify into the fine physique of a man the scrawny body of a boy. Then came the call for able-bodied recruits to the police from Theodore Roosevelt, then president of the police board. Coughlin's father had been a policeman before him. He laid down his tools and picked up a policeman's baton on September 2, 1896.

Two qualities, at [Continued on page 64]



THE UTMOST KINDNESS

THERE is no person, however unfeeling, who is not moved to kindness in the presence of the passing of another. We are so willing, so eager to be kind. But how?

Today, the first obligation of protecting the precious remains is being easily fulfilled in thousands of families by securing the Clark Grave Vault.

This vault is absolutely positive in its protection because it is designed according to an immutable law of Nature. And it is permanent because made of Armco Ingot Iron, or Keystone copper steel, 12 gauge thickness and of special quality, which are in themselves highly rust-resisting. On the higher priced Clark Grave Vaults there is also a plating of pure cadmium (the greatest resistance to rust known to science) applied by the Udylite process. This process is exclusive on Clark Vaults.

All over the nation the Clark Grave Vault is becoming as essential a feature of burial equipment as the casket.

Leading funeral directors recommend it and give with each one a 50-year guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all

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This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave-Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

Stop GROPING FOR WORDS!

Well, I said to Mr. er-er-er what's his name--you know who I mean--that if we were going to do business with his firm, they ought to act right-er-er-regardless of what anyone else said. You get what I mean?



IF your words flow easily, if you NEVER have trouble expressing yourself, people see immediately that your thoughts run along smoothly and that you have a sparkling, active mind.

But if you hesitate and stammer, and grope for words, if you say "er" or "what-do-you-call it" or "you know what I mean" instead of using exactly the right word to express your meaning—you tell every one that your mind is asleep. You publish the fact that your education has been sadly neglected. Your limited vocabulary shows clearly that you are dull and uninteresting.

Stop Making Mistakes

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce or misspell a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. A striking command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your language is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

New Invention Makes Mastering English Easy

For many years Mr. Cody, one of our greatest authorities on English, studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes which have been hurting you. Mr. Cody's students have secured more improvement in five weeks than previously had been obtained by other pupils in two years!

Send for Free Book on English

To achieve your ambitions it is essential that you use good English as instinctively as you tie your shoes. Business today demands men and women who use correct, concise, forceful language. Society demands education, breeding, culture, demonstrated by the use of correct, interesting and convincing language.

A new book explaining Mr. Cody's remarkable method is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, or if you can not instantly command the exact words with which to express your ideas, this new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English," will prove a revelation to you. Send the coupon or a letter or postal card for it now.

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Please send me your Free Book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English."

Name _____
Address _____

THE ABC's OF CROOK CATCHING

[Continued from page 63]

least, commended him at once to the attention of his superiors: he seemed not the slightest bit interested in collecting graft; he was exceptionally well-dressed. Scandals have never seared John Coughlin. Pass him in the street, and your subconscious reaction is that you have passed a banker, a lawyer, a prosperous merchant.

A bachelor, he lives with a sister who keeps house for him in the Bronx. It will be well past midnight, however, before he slips the key into his door to tumble into bed. His nocturnal visits to police stations have caused the whole force to spend many

sleepless nights. Detectives never know when he will drop in to see them in the wee hours of the morning. If a serious crime has occurred, Coughlin is there to take charge. If an old-timer has fallen into the toils, he is there to question him before a sleepless night on an iron cot has made him even more sullen.

And so it goes through Coughlin's life—always the quest for information. Long ago he learned that it is easier to mix sand, lime and water and build houses, than to mix clues and theories and catch thieves—unless one has the all-important information.

BACK-STAGE ON THE RAILROAD

[Continued from page 17]

Such a case occurred a short time ago. A certain steward received an emergency call to travel out from the terminal on a sleeper and meet a through train in the Syracuse division which had slipped its dining car after the evening meal. His duty was to pick up another in time for breakfast.

He picked up the diner all right—but the crew was missing, with the exception of one lone waiter by the name of Johnny.

"What's happened to the boys?" asked the startled steward.

"I dunno, sir! I went to bed on the car and when I woke up there jest weren't nobody else!"

And that, you might suppose, ended the passengers' prospects of breakfast—but wait a moment!

"Know anything about cooking, Johnny?" asked the steward.

"Jest a mite, sir, jest a mite!"

"Then you get into the kitchen and leave the rest to me!"

Not only did the passengers eat breakfast, but appreciating the sportiness of the effort to overcome a difficulty, they sent so many compliments to Johnny about his cooking that by lunch time when the chef and the missing crew were discovered, they found that Johnny considered their presence as a blot in his kitchen, and not only had he cooked the chicken and roasted the beef, but he would have tackled Baked Alaskas without a qualm in his young heart.

A somewhat similar emergency, when the wits of a young buffet steward saved the day, occurred in the days of the old Biograph Company. It was about the first of the year, when the company had chartered their usual special and the whole outfit of directors, camera men, stars, and supers were emigrating to the Coast. One morning when everyone was happily anticipating breakfast there came the sad news that the diner had been detached the night before and due to a freight wreck ahead there wasn't much immediate hope of another.

The supplies of the tiny buffet made scarcely a perceptible ripple in the combination appetite, but the steward was equal to the emergency. At the next station he jumped off and quickly bought butter, eggs, milk and bread, and with his one little stove he fed the whole bunch of 135 people! It was, of course, all done entirely on his own responsibility and was in line with the Railroad training which, in spite of discipline, encourages initiative.

Having eaten his meal in a car which has probably cost something like \$50,000 or \$60,000 to build and equip, Mr. Average Passenger returns to his sleeper, and to the comfortable bed prepared by porter George—who, by the way, is paid by distance,

and travels 11,000 miles to earn a month's salary!

So that our hero may drift to sleep in the happy consciousness of his fortunate fate, let us, by way of contrast, take a flash-back, as they do in the movies.

It is a cold winter night in the year 1840—ten years after the first sleeping car had been introduced to the public and before the era of Mr. Pullman. Smoke and sparks are sweeping back from the engine, there is scant head clearance, dust from the dirt roadbed is mingling with the wood smoke of the heating stove, and the candles are flickering and making the thick atmosphere more murky.

Finally the Mr. Average Passenger of that distant day decides to retire—and right early if he is wise! Going to the end of the car opposite to that which holds a towel, a basin and water, he hunts in the closet for his bedding, and picks the cleanest looking he can find! Then, with his load, he withdraws to one of three bunks in one of four compartments, where he proceeds to the delicate business of adjusting the covers to his needs.

"And thus to bed!" as Mr. Pepys would say—in clothes and boots!

Even later, in 1858, when Mr. Pullman introduced his first sleeper, there were no sheets and the brakeman made up the beds. At that time so used had the passengers become to retiring in full rig, that it was necessary to print a notice on the tickets, requesting that at least the boots might be removed! But in the next ten years enormous strides were made and by 1868 an enthusiastic reporter was able to note that the berths were actually made up with fresh linen every day!

How paradisaical would the fate of the passenger today have seemed to those old travelers! Since 1881 when electric light was first used for train illumination, he has gradually lost the scent of guttering candles or oil lamps, and since 1887 when an entire train was first heated by steam from the engine, he has gradually lost the sparks and the smell from the old wood stove. Today he is further protected from excessive cold and heat by an insulation of cement, hair and asbestos which is packed into every cubic inch of space between the outer and inner walls.

Furthermore the housecleaning arrangements are so thorough that they would not excite the scorn of the most fastidious housekeeper! No housewife attends to the hygienic needs of her household in a more careful manner than does the Superintendent of Pullman service attend to the needs of his enormous family, which in one year amounts to 36,231,000 souls!

Under his supervision the cement floor

has been scrubbed, the car has been fumigated with a gas which kills all disease-producing bacteria, the mattresses have been remade once in the last four months, the fresh linen has been taken out of a closet which has also been "laundered."

No wonder that the hair of every superintendent of Pullman car service is turning gray! Imagine, Mrs. Housekeeper, having a composite job which entails the following yearly items:

290,005.082 pieces to put through the washtub!
\$258,744.00 to be expended in cleaning materials.
703,282 electric light bulbs used in replacements.
A cleaning staff of 4,615 men and women,

and which further entails the purchase of 4,216,946 cakes, and 126,868 gallons, of soap, 875,248 sheets, 976,834 pillow-slips, 1,876,681 towels, not to speak of the care of 9,711,155 pieces of linen!

So much for a very brief glimpse behind the scenes on the Railroad!

In that flashback we must have noticed one other thing besides danger and discomfort. Mrs. Average Passenger was conspicuous by her absence! "Say, me sleep in that disgustingly public and dangerous fashion—no, sir!"—said the lady of 1840, or whatever refined expression she would have used to the same effect. Nowadays not only can a woman travel in safety and privacy, even though she does not engage a compartment or drawing-room, but thoughtfulness for her moral comfort is still further reaching out.

Here again is another little improvement which is conducive to quiet nerves and gentle sleep. From time to time menu cards or wads of newspaper were found stuffed under the outer window. Why? "Ah!" said a clever young man—"quite evident! The passenger desires fresh air but wishes to escape the gale caused by opening the window to first notch." Therefore, with that close attention which is paid to a passenger's subtlest hint, tiny ventilators are now being fixed at the bottom of each window and may be opened or closed at will.

And here, finally, is one last item in the evidence in favor of the Railroad's paternalistic attitude. It refers to the activities of a prodigal son, who, from the other side of the country, has perhaps sent you a pathetic wire that he is broke and wants to come home—or of a servant in a distant locality whose kind services you wish to enlist. Don't send them their fare!

Go instead to the nearest depot and pay it to that human-hearted Railroad Company, who will not only provide an "issued on order" ticket but will even transfer a small sum of money, so that the prospective travelers need not go hungry en route. And if coming home is the last thing the boy has in mind, or if the servant decides to stay right where she is, you may at least be quite sure that there won't be any feasting upon your money—for you alone can obtain the refund!

"Chicago!"—"St. Louis!"—"Los Angeles!" or wherever it may be. "Last Stop!" Mr. Average Passenger, having been brushed off by George, hands him his contribution to that 7 million a year tip and gets off the train. The journey is over!

While, for a passenger, a journey begins and ends, for the Railroad it always goes on in a circle. Men may come and men may go, but the organization continues to hammer into the heads of their successors that same old motto—"The safety and comfort of the passenger is of paramount importance!"—and will go on so doing until that future date when perhaps instead of boarding a train we shall step into an airship!

FREE
1 Regular 25c. Vial
(of which more than 1,000,000 have been sold)

So positive are we that you will find Merke Derma Vials of wonderful help in ending dandruff and falling hair, and in stimulating new hair growth, that we offer you PROOF without obligation. Simply mail coupon for one regular 25c vial ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Hermetically Sealed

New Liquid Kills Germs that cause DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

STOP worrying about hair troubles—dandruff, falling hair, approaching baldness! Here is a new kind of liquid, hermetically sealed in vials, that is ending dandruff and falling hair, and growing new hair for thousands everywhere.

This new treatment, perfected by the Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York, is based on countless experiments which prove that in an enormous number of cases hair troubles are caused by tiny parasitical germs.

These germs work down into the roots of the hair and render them dormant—inactive. As a result, with the roots unable to supply their vital nourishment, the hair soon becomes dry, brittle, lifeless—and begins to fall out.

Ordinary treatments fail because they merely treat the surface skin and have little or no effect on the harmful bacteria embedded below the surface. But this new treatment, called Merke Derma Vials, penetrates beneath the surface—kills the infecting germs—carries off the unhealthy scaly substances which cause dandruff and falling hair—at the same time promoting a healthy circulation which supplies the dormant hair

roots with the life-giving nourishment they so sorely need.

Extensive laboratory tests by one of the world's foremost research laboratories concluded with a report from which we quote: "The results indicate that the tonic killed the test organism (bacteria) in less than three minutes. The results also indicate that the tonic is capable of penetrating and preventing the growth of the test organism (bacteria)."

FREE—One regular 25-cent vial

Thousands of people from coast to coast are discovering Merke Derma Vials—the secret of new, lustrous, healthy hair. Now we welcome this convincing test. Simply take advantage of our generous free offer explained in the panel above, use Merke Derma Vial liquid yourself and see how remarkably helpful it is in ending dandruff and falling hair. Sign and mail coupon TODAY. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. D-1601, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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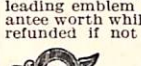
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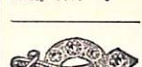
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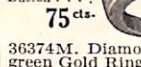
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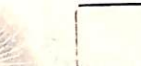
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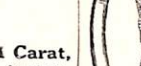
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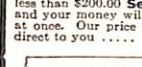
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A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

1/4 carat - \$31.00 1 1/2 carats - \$217.00
1/2 carat - 50.00 2 carats - 290.00
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The Handsome Diamond Ring for 32nd Degree Masons set with perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond of great brilliancy. The 18K Solid White Gold Ring has 2 Synthetic Sapphires encrusted with White Gold Embellish it. A \$200.00 special value.

Diamonds sent for inspection to your Bank or Express Co.—before payment, if desired. If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co., with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

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really coming and to wish it were here. The contestants have shown surprising originality and understanding of what makes Christmas a joy.

FIRST PRIZE \$10.00!

MRS. PALMER WEBER,
P. O. Box 634,
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Roast Capon	Canapes	Dressing
Browned Potatoes	Cranberry Jelly	Giblet Gravy
Sweet Potatoes with Marshmallows		
Creamed Onions, Poinsetta Salad		
Rolls	Plum Pudding	Butter
Coffee	Vanilla Sauce	Mints

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00!

MRS. MILDRED R. MARKS,
313 North Juanita avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Avocado and Grape Fruit Cocktail	
Ripe Olives	Stuffed Celery
Roast Leg of Veal	
Egg Plant Dressing	
Creamed New Potatoes	Fresh Green Peas
Red Cabbage, Cold Slaw	
Old Fashioned Bread Custard Pudding with Strawberry and Marshmallow Sauce	
Parker House Rolls	Coffee

MRS. JOHN WALKER,
Care of Penn. Hotel,
Borger, Texas.

Baked Domestic Duck	Dressing
Glazed Apples	
Feathery Potatoes in Pepper Cases	
Creamed Onions	
Apple Celery Salad	Wafers
Nut-Date Custard Pie	
Coffee	

\$2.00 WINNERS!

MATTIE G. HARLEY,
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Shrimp Cocktail	Celery
Olives	
Roast Chicken, Plain Dressing, Giblet Gravy	
Mashed Potatoes	Buttered Asparagus Tips
Cabbage Salad with Nuts	
Hot Rolls (reheated)	
Old English Plum Pudding with Sauce	
Coffee	
Raisins	Candies

[Continued on page 71]

WHAT IS YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM?

Is it cooking? Cleaning? Washing? Redecorating? Furnishing? The care and feeding of children? No matter what it is write to Mrs. Frederick and she will be glad to help you. Address a stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

PROMPTLY with January first, the beginning of a new year, make a really honest-to-goodness resolve to keep your 1928 household accounts in trim shape. It is so much worth while to know where one is going, financially—and so bad for the character to drift aimlessly and without plan or even record of expenditure.

Even if you have failed at it before; even if you have become cynical or despaired of keeping up your accounts, this time say you will and stick to it! The difficulty is always at the start in developing the habit, in getting started into the practise and making it routine.

You have no idea what an increase in self-respect, and a sense of surer grip on yourself it means at the end of a year if you carry your account-record through to December. Husbands increase their respect; even children increase their respect for you when you show the proof of responsible record-keeping. And, surprisingly, too, you will notice that you have more to spend on what you want, because you develop a better sense of spending proportion when you know from your own records, just where you stand.

Yes! turn over a new leaf, but let it be the leaf of a household account book!

And now we come to hearty puddings as cold weather desserts. Everyone enjoys a delicious steamed or baked pudding at the end of the meal. Such puddings are not only delicious but add nutrition to the meal, particularly if the rest of the menu be light. Such a dessert, dressed with a fancy sauce, is a dish fit for a king. Send in your recipes, the puddings your family enjoy most. It may be steamed or baked, plain or fancy, with or without an accompanying sweet sauce.

HEARTY PUDDING CONTEST

- 1—Write only on one side of the paper.
- 2—Write only one recipe to a page, but you may send in as many recipes as you choose.
- 3—Write recipe in standard recipe form, giving ingredients, method, time of cooking, etc.
- 4—Address Hearty Pudding Contest Editor, Shrine Service, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City.
- 5—Contributions must be received by February 15th.

First prize, \$10, next \$5, then \$2 each for the following three best recipes, and \$1 paid for any recipe used by the magazine. See if you can't win this time!

We have selected the winners for the Holiday Menu Contest, but it was not an easy task. There were so many delicious recipes, such lovely decorative effects that our appetites were all stimulated by the variety and excellence of the menus presented. It made us begin to feel that Christmas was

A PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATION

[Continued from page 30]

had staged it, and he meant to go through with it.

"He had staged it?"
"Yes. He has a grudge against Lyn. He thinks Lyn has been advising me to bring the divorce since he had counseled against the marriage in the first place. And then Joe Edwards told him about poor Lyn coming here drunk, and telling me I wouldn't live here long . . . and I suppose when he saw that can of kerosene outside Lyn's house, the whole thing flashed over him. The house is insured for all it's worth."

"The man for you to go to with this is the county attorney," Given muttered.
"I'll let you tell him," Louette said. "I can't abide the man. You tell him—everything you want to. I guess . . . you know I wouldn't want anything better than just for you to use my dead body as a stepping stone to better things."

Tom felt a flushing and pricking of the skin all over his body with those last words. "Now don't talk that way," he said almost roughly. "The man's bark is probably louder than his bite."

"Maybe it is," Louette agreed timidly. "You let me see you through."

"You're my lawyer, aren't you?"
It wasn't until he was well away from her, had seen her shut into the Grant house, that he reflected on the significance of her last words. Her lawyer. What if he chose to call all this a privileged communication—something he couldn't be called on to use against her? Something that ought not to be divulged. To let out this information now might implicate the girl herself. People would ask why she hadn't come to the authorities with her story at the time of the fire; they might, not knowing Cartier as well as she did, take with a grain of salt her plea that he had threatened to kill her.

On the other hand there was Lyn's point of view to be considered. The old dog-catcher had his rights. If Tom meant to keep Louette's story dark as a privileged communication—and he doubted the legality of that—he certainly wouldn't have the right to act as Lyn's counsel any further.

He found himself ultimately sitting in his inner office, staring at the ceiling. He felt as if an iron band had been malletted down around his temples. The gusty roaring of the falls seemed louder every minute. Whatever the balance of testimony as to the dam's being dry or not on the evening in question, there could be no doubt that now there was at least a seven foot roll, a good deal more than just a manufacturing pitch. Already it was higher than the oldest citizen remembered seeing it. Unprecedented rains, and the melting of heavy snows further upstream accounted for this; and already masses of loose pulp wood were spinning and plunging over that rounded brink.

By morning an old glue factory had come down full tilt, knocked the mill-bridge away; and the combined weight of those two rovers had finished the foot-bridge. Louette had to come round by the railroad bridge to be present at the chamber hearing on the divorce. Cartier had filed no papers at all; and the divorce was granted in an hour. Louette came out a free woman; but when she could see Tom privately, her first question was about Lyn.

"What have you done about that?" she whispered; and Tom said that he would take care of that. He was certain now that he would get Lyn off.

"Don't you worry about Lyn," he said. He asked her with a queer breathless inflection how it felt to be a free woman again; and she said candidly, she didn't know. Her quick eye caught signs of a commotion, a crowd of people gathered on

the bank back of the Hatch drug-store.

The drug-store was on made land, a mass of rubbish, ashes for the most part, sloped steeply down to the water's edge at a point on the bank half way between the two falls. A crowd had collected there, and Tom went down full hilt.

"What's wrong?" he yelled at Gilly Stone. There was no need to ask. They were staring at the figure of a man with one leg out of the topmost window of the decrepit little tower on the power rock. It was, of course, Jacques Cartier.

"Tried to get a rope out to him. Didn't work it," Gilly yelled at Tom. "We cut the wires going out there, and tied the end of this coil to one of 'em, and figured he would be able to pull himself out by the rope and a boat after that; but the wire-pole out there just cracked off short—something rammed it—the whole thing has gone."

"What are we standing here for?" Given muttered. "In half an hour it won't be possible to row out there."

"Row? It's not possible now."

"Help me get that boat down into the water," Given said.

"I wouldn't attempt it if I was you, boy," Gilly Stone wrestled with him; but some of the others were already laying hold of the boat, and urging it down over the rocks. Tom cut the end of the coil from the useless wire now dragging over the lower falls, and ran the rope through the sculling loop in the dory.

At the last moment Stone offered to go with him, but Given waved him back.

"It's a one man job, Gilly. I'll have two coming back. Three would be too many. You pay out that rope."

Louette was in the water, holding hard by the boat's side.

"You can't make it. You can't," she whispered, and Tom said, "Don't you see? I've got to."

He loosened the frantic clutch of her fingers, dipped the oars, and for half a dozen strokes felt the weight of her body pulling against him. Then somebody pulled her away.

Half way between this bank and the power house rock, a ledge stuck up two or three feet out of water. He made this ledge easily enough, and in that lee rested on his oars. Most of the pulp-wood was going down the other fall, but now and then a piece of it fell on this side, and Given had got only a few yards out of his lee when something submerged planted itself against the side of his boat.

The dory dipped and whirled, half filled. Given got back into the lee of the half way rock, and baled her out; but now he felt the edge going from his strength. When he put out again, it was like dipping the oars into cotton wool. He couldn't bring them through with the necessary snap. When he was half-way between the ledge and the crib-work of the flume on which one end of the power house was founded, those on shore paying out the rope saw him falter, take in his oars. There was a flash of steel, and they felt the rope lose its strain and swing for the falls. He had cut it; and now, lightened, and tugging with every ounce in him, he began to inch along again. Cartier now appeared clambering down the outside of the flume . . .

When it was certain that Given could get no nearer, Cartier plunged. A moment later he muscled himself into the boat, coming in over the stern. He picked up the second pair of oars.

When they grated against the shore, Cartier, leaning forward, mumbled, "You saved my skin that time." [Continued on page 68]

Living on



The Shoulder blades....

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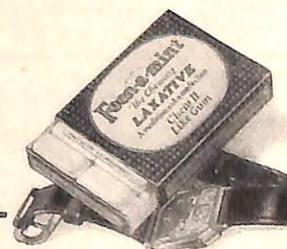
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9 to 1

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A PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATION

[Continued from page 67]

Every vestige of the power-house had vanished from the rock; and Tom said, with a kind of savage ferocity,

"I would have done as much for a dog." He pitched forward into Gilly Stone's arms, beat out; but in half an hour he was entering the court-room with Lyn Cressey and the sheriff. He had had time for just a whispered interchange with Louette in the hotel parlor.

"You leave it to me to steer a course, Louette," he said. "You leave it to me, do you hear? Don't you go putting an oar in."

"How will it come out?" "It's fixed, I tell you."

He didn't raise his eyes from the perfumed grain of that round arm planted close to him on the table edge with a silver bracelet snugged down against the wrist. "These court proceedings will be the death of me," Louette said with a staggering sigh. "They won't touch you, I tell you," he said rapidly. He had his eye on a big squashy tallowy fellow, with a red face and black brows, who was standing in the lobby, holding a lighted match to the bowl of his pipe, and squinting at them between puffs.

This fellow was subsequently drawn for the jury, and Tom didn't challenge him. When the box was filled, the case was on at once. The State didn't mean to call many witnesses, Hearne said. Nobody disputed the fact that the fire had been set. The Fire Chief would swear that it couldn't have happened as it did from natural causes; there was the fatal kerosene can as Exhibit A, and Joe Edwards on hand to swear that he had heard Lyn say to Louette through the screen door, "You won't live here long."

They settled into the case, and Tom brought witnesses to show that Lyn couldn't have crossed over the dam, because water was flowing over it at the time. Hearne put Cartier on the stand, and Cartier testified that the dam had been dry that night. As fast as the county attorney dried up the dam, Tom flooded it again with new witnesses; but he felt as if he had got back into that dory again, and couldn't make headway in it.

And old Lyn, leaning forward with a creak of that pathetic leg-harness, whispered, "Easy does it. You're going to be Queen of the May, Mister."

That voice took him in a plier-grip. It was still in his ears, it seemed, when Hearne put Louette on the stand. He was gentle enough with her, and evidently considered that he hardly needed her testimony. He asked her a few questions about Cressey's conduct on that Sunday afternoon; and then, looking down his nose, said to Tom, "You can have her."

Given stared at the fellow as if thinking that he had intended that sentence literally, or perhaps ironically. He didn't want her; or not just that fashion. Louette, in the black velvet dress she wore to the firemen's jamboree, was deathly pale.

Wrong, all wrong, everything predestined from the beginning to be wrong. He ought to get up himself and throw himself on the court's mercy; Given thought; but he couldn't help seeing that Louette had black circles under her eyes, and that she winked too fast and breathed too hard.

He cleared his throat, and said to Louette, "Lyn Cressey was always kind to you, wasn't he, when you were in his employ?"

Louette raised her eyes to his. Tom remembered once shooting a doe in Canada about sunset—it hadn't been legal—and then driving his canoe in on the reedy foreshore of the lake where he had waited for the chance, and taking that doe's head, still warm, into his hand, and seeing those great

melting eyes stare into his trustingly with the last pulses of life. The feeling that had swarmed in his throat then was there now.

"He was kind, yes." There was Tom with the fatal next question on his lips, the question that would have knocked the State's case into kindling, and cleared Lyn beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Out of the corner of his eye he could see Judge Hunt wrenching a corner off his plug. After the Judge had got that in his mouth, he didn't chew for several seconds, but just hung there, ready to shove the plug back out of sight, and with his mouth pursed up waiting for Given's next question.

It wasn't forthcoming, and Judge Hunt said in kindly tones,

"Are you through with the witness, Mr. Given?"

As a matter of fact, he was. He stepped back and sat down; and then he caught Lyn Cressey's eye again. He felt nauseated. The old man was a goner, now, unless Tom should actually make confession of duplicity in open court. He would have to come to that then. He felt his wits scattering, at that prospect of blasting his whole career at the bar.

Judge Hunt said, "We will hear the argument for the defense."

There was young Given with his throat ready to split wide open with the shouted information that what they had witnessed was a travesty, and that what threatened was a total miscarriage of justice. But he didn't shout it. He grasped at floating fragments of a sentence, his opening sentence to the jury, which he had been saying over and over again, inside his head.

"Gentlemen of the jury, we have at the bar a man of sterling probity and spotless reputation." And he went on as he had begun. "He finds himself through a curious chain of events in an unfortunate position, but which one of us, gentlemen, will dare to say that he may not be the next to be entangled in the net of circumstance? I am going to show you, and I think I have already shown you, to your own satisfaction, on the evidence, and not by asking you to read into the case what isn't there, that this old man, crippled and under the influence of liquor, couldn't at that hour of the night, and unassisted, have got across that dam with water dropping over it at a full manufacturing pitch."

Those twelve jurymen had all at once become his implacable enemies. One of the chemists at the mill had been chosen foreman; Hanley, a little cocky man with a spiky grey mustache, and a peaked beard sticking out horizontally; but the big tallowy chap in the middle of the second row was the man he really talked to.

And then, somehow, Tom had come to the end of his string. There was nothing more to say, in fact he felt as if he had said too much already; and he sat down, dripping wet.

Tom didn't hear a word of what Hearne said for the State, or what Hunt said in his final charge. He sat in a daze; just as, after the jury had been locked into the jury-room, he sat all alone in the parlor of the little hotel across the way. It grew dark, the light came on in the hall; and after an eternity he heard the threshold creak under a hesitant weight. Louette was standing there, white as bleached wax.

"Tom, the jury have agreed," she whispered.

"Have they?"

"They're waiting for you now."

"All right, my girl."

"Tom."

"Well?"

A PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATION [Continued from page 68]

"What if they—should..." she began. "Nonsense... There's only one verdict possible. Don't you worry. Maybe you had better wait here..."

"As if I could," Louette cried. The jury had worn out most of the hangers-on; they had gone home before dark, and practically only the necessary parties were in court. Given walked forward inside the rail, helping Louette to a seat; and he stumbled over Cartier's leg. Louette struck the back of her hand against her half open mouth; and Given for the first time looked square into the eyes of his client, the poor old doomed dog-catcher. He felt his world falling in pieces. The sergeant at arms rapped for order, everybody stood up, the judge came out of chambers, and the jury filed into its box.

The clerk said, "Mr. Foreman, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

The perky foreman said sharply, "We have."

The clerk said, "How say you, is the defendant guilty or not guilty?" and the foreman said without a second's hesitation, "Not guilty."

There was a kind of red flash inside Given's head; a lot of noises like scene shifting in total darkness.

There they stood, all those comical geniuses, side by side, with their arms hanging, and their heads bowing in the affirmative; and Tom could have sworn that his tallow man with the plum-colored hands had winked at him.

Counsel for the defense felt himself filling out again to his true proportions. His escape was more miraculous by a good deal than his escape from the falls. How had it come about? Here was he, a man who with both hands tied behind him, and worse, had outskilled the best legal talent the State could array against him—Hearne, to wit. Was it possible?

"You done fine," the old dog-catcher said. All these frozen and hostile shapes were beginning to melt in the sun of this unbelievable verdict.

The jury men were filing past Lyn, and shaking his hand; and the last man to do that was Mr. Tallow. He knew Lyn a little and when he picked up his hand, he got close and muttered,

"Well, Lyn, you're a free man again. Now go home and behave yourself for a change."

And at those words the hair crawled on Tom Given's neck. That juror had insinuated that the defendant was no better than he should be. Did the man actually disbelieve the truth that he had helped establish? Outrageous. There had to be legal fictions, that Tom understood; but that men got together out of the street should cast a verdict deliberately against the weight of the evidence seemed monstrous. He glared at Lyn, who was holding him back from plunging hotfoot after that devil of a jurymen.

"Easy does it," he was whispering. "Don't you upset the apple-cart now."

"Lyn, does it look to you as if they..." "I'm not saying how it looks. I'm telling you to hold your horses. Anything this town has got is yours today, my boy, from a jury verdict on down. Why, Tom, I wasn't in the picture. It was your trial, from start to finish."

His trial. That, he saw now, was true enough. The blood boiled in his veins. It was his trial, and the whole of it had been a kind of make-believe. His first case, and they had babied him the whole way. Judge, jury, witnesses, his own client, had babied him. What had Hunt said in the beginning? "Something for him to bite his teeth on," as if he had given him a rattle. They hadn't intended for him to lose.

He had been [Continued on page 72]

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Steamed puddings fall into two groups: (1) those thickened with cooked ingredients as cake, breadcrumbs, crackers, mashed potato, etc.; (2) those thickened with uncooked ingredients as flours, cereals, grains. The former take much less cooking time than the latter. But in either case, steamed puddings must be cooked over steam or water held continuously at the boiling or simmering point. The covered mold or molds may be laid into the boiling water or in an upper inset of a steamer, or placed on a trivet rack laid in the bottom of the usual saucepot. Well oiled paper should be placed between the pudding and its lid, and about one-third of the space of the mold left empty at the top in order to leave room for the pudding to rise and become light and spongy.

When using flour, cornstarch or a cereal like farina as thickening, this thickening should be cooked separately in hot liquid until it becomes a smooth sauce. Then it should be combined with the fruits, eggs and other ingredients. This method insures that the thickening is smooth, free from lumps, and ready to increase in size evenly throughout the batter. For the same reason, crumbs, bread, crackers, etc., should be covered with hot liquid and allowed to

stand to swell fully before being added. When eggs are included, their yolks and whites should be beaten separately. The yolks should be added during the last of the mixing, and the whites folded in at the very end in order to secure as much air as possible in the batter, and thus make the pudding light and spongy. Whenever eggs are employed, the temperature of the cooking water should be kept even lower than usual. Fruits like raisins, preserved ginger, dates, etc., should be cut in smaller pieces and well floured, then shaken free of excess flour and added.

All molds used should be very well greased with butter or vegetable cooking oil. It is best to heat the mold and melt the oil in it, then slide around, filling the batter into the hot and very greasy mold. Heating the mold reduces the tendency of the batter to "stick" on removing the pudding. Small molds cook in less time, are ready for individual service, and increase the chances that the pudding will be evenly light without soggy spots. But the single "melon" and "turk's head" mold are impressive and decorative and lend themselves to attractive garnishing with whipped cream, hard sauce, candied fruits, etc.

Steamed puddings offer a good way in which to use up stale cake, bread, and left-over cereal. Slices of sponge and similar cake can be arranged along the sides of the mold to completely cover it, and the batter or custard poured within. In such cases, it is better to let the entire mold stand for an hour to swell and bind the custard or batter

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"PUDDINGS AND SAUCES."

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THE JUST-SO OF STEAMED PUDDINGS (Continued from page 70)

with the cake lining, before placing to steam. Doing this also reduces the actual cooking time. Speaking of cooking time, it is not necessary to steam for hours and hours. With the aid of the new light aluminum molds which conduct heat so rapidly, puddings of medium size steam perfectly in about one and a half hours. And since this is on a very low flame, and does not require any of the housewife's attention after it is placed in the boiling water, the work of preparation is much less than that of many a pastry, cake or frilly dessert.

Boston brown bread, Indian meal puddings, Cabinet pudding are a few of the traditional dishes of this type, as delicious and appetizing now as in olden days. The addition of hard sauce, fruit sauces and maple sugar, make these puddings much more "company desserts" than their simple and inexpensive ingredients suggest. Here are a few of interesting spiciness:

Oriental Pudding: 1/4 pound stale sponge cake crumbs, 1/2 pound grated moist coconut, 2 cups milk, 1/4 cup sugar, 4 eggs, preserved ginger and syrup. Cover crumbs and coconut with hot milk and let stand; add sugar and beaten eggs. Have melon mold well oiled and decorated with thin sections of ginger cut into stars and fancy shapes. Pour in batter, cover with oiled paper, close, and steam 1 1/2 hours. Serve with heated ginger syrup.

Cranberry Pudding: 1/4 cup butter, 1/4 cup sugar, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk, 1 cup cut cranberries, white of 3 eggs. Cream butter and sugar, add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Add cut berries and fold in whipped whites. Steam 1 1/2 hours. Serve with sauce made of sweetened juice of additional cranberries.

ASK MRS. FREDERICK

(Continued from page 66)

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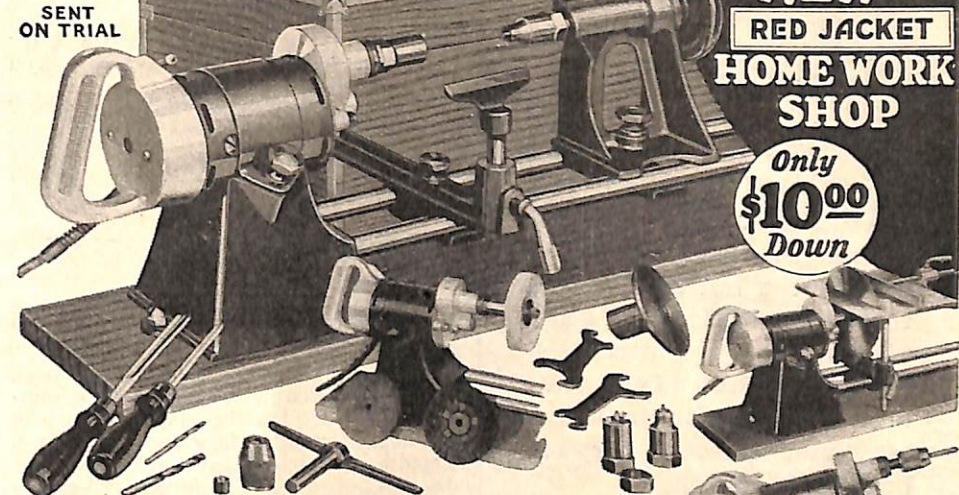
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If I were traveling

I'd choose a companion that would serve as a faithful bodyguard—a good flashlight. I'd pack it in the grip for every trip, and park it alongside my bed at the hotel.

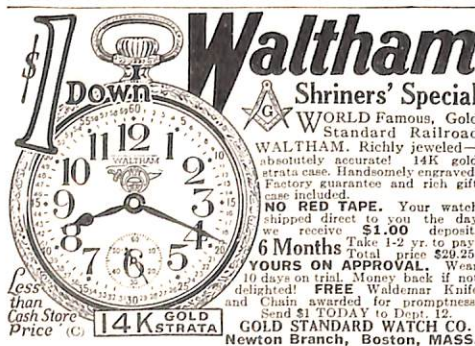
To make sure that it would deliver the goods when I pressed the button, I'd see that it was loaded with genuine Eveready Batteries—the kind that gives the brightest light for the longest time. Because they're built to do just that!

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A PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATION

[Continued from page 69]

standing in a kind of trance; the court-room had emptied out, and now Louette's cold hand was in his.

"Tom," she whispered.

"Steady. It's all right. They won't try to pin the thing on Jacques now. You needn't be afraid."

"You were wonderful. All the same," Louette half sobbed, "they couldn't have done any less for you. They just couldn't have . . . after what you . . . If you could hear what's being said about you, for this morning's work."

"Louette, you don't mean—getting Cartier off that rock?"

"What else could I be meaning?"

"Don't," Given groaned, "don't tell me it was that, that . . . on my first case . . ."

"It was that, though."

"This takes me down a good few pegs. It's horrible. You don't think for one minute, I hope, that I'm the kind of man who goes around indulging in grand-stand plays. I could have watched that man go over the falls, and not so much as blink. You believe that, don't you? But look at it all round. Isn't it demonstrable that I had to get him off the rock? Didn't I, just in the nature of things . . . Suppose I had hung back. Nobody else would have inclined to make a move, suppose he had gone over the fall, just suppose it, how could we have ever told the truth about him after that, in case the verdict had gone against Lyn? Louette, we couldn't possibly have laid it at a dead man's door, a man that had died sticking to his post, and wasn't there to answer back."

He held her closer and closer, and even shook her a little, as if to shake some sense into her. She didn't resist him; but with her eyes wide on the stone wall at his back, her chin sinking in his shoulder, she whispered, "What's the odds what their reasons were, as long as the verdict was in accordance with the evidence?"

"What's the odds? What's the odds?"

"I mean—I can't see why you should be so desperate over just what might be in people's minds. Those jurymen couldn't come out flat-footed, even if they did think Lyn was guilty, where they were under oath and everything. It won't so much as be alluded to again. It can't be. And then again, why should you be the one to get so fearfully worked up. If worse had come to worst, wouldn't it have been more my funeral than yours?"

"Don't be foolish. Weren't you my client? Weren't you?"

Louette answered softly, "Well, so I was, but that was in another case." A little sound, half sob, half laugh, fluttered in her throat.

"Well, out with it. What's so funny?"

"Nothing."

"You might as well tell me first as last."

"It really is nothing, silly. It's just that—I was wondering—it flashed into my head—whether you will have to do as much for all your women clients hereafter? Tom, didn't I understand you to say the law was a jealous mistress?"

"All the more reason why from now on she will have to reckon with a wife," the victorious attorney said.

What Louette, so recently a free woman, had to say to that, was again in the nature of a privileged communication, and naturally not yet ready to be shouted from the rooftops.

JAZZLAND [Continued from page 21]

"How do you know? Take that boy, young Pew. You went right at him. You'll be seeing a lot of him."

"Don't be silly, Ernie!"

"I will be silly! I'm just a man in love! I can't wait. You've let me go on."

"Yes, I have. Ernie, I'm not playing with you. If you'd just be patient."

"I can't be patient!"

"I'll call you up in the morning."

"If you don't, I'll call you."

"Better not do that. I'll call you. At the Touraine."

"Between ten and eleven."

He left her at the gate, by the empty roadside stand; banged the car door and drove away. There were lights on downstairs. She saw her mother's slender figure coming through the hall to the screen door. Then her father appeared from the living room, wearing his old alpaca house coat. She thought they both looked grayer and older. They would close in about her. They couldn't help that. It was going to be pretty complicated.

"Here I am!" she cried, gaily. She'd have to be gay. Keep on the surface. They were reserved; but, she knew, excited. "How good the old place seems! Where's Martha?" She was kissing them both.

"She was tired and went to bed," said the mother. "She's been a little run down lately. She asked us not to disturb her. Said she'd see you at breakfast."

"How funny! Well, here's candy for her. How natural everything looks! Are you both well?"

"Oh, yes. Quite well."

"I'm to do an article about Ham Pew."

Stella, still with her hat on, sat on the edge of a chair. She felt constraint, as

always before when she'd looked in on them. Their eyes were on her. It wouldn't do to sit around and talk much. They wouldn't be able to hide their feeling about her. They'd try, but . . . She was thinking quickly. "Be here several weeks. Maybe a month. I'll be busy . . . have to stay in Boston some (might as well pave the way for that plan, right at the start) . . . but I'll see a lot of you."

"You didn't come up by train?" asked her mother.

"No. Some friends drove me up. We left this morning and stopped for lunch in Connecticut. It was a delightful ride."

Yes, their eyes were on her. Doubtless they found her changed. They were wondering about her.

"I can't visit much this evening," she said. "Must get right to work. Is the Ford running, Dad?"

They looked at each other. "Why . . . yes."

"Will you trust me with it? I've got to have a talk with Homer Pew. Saw him down at the Center. He said tonight would be a good time."

Mrs. Bagot said—"Do you really have to run right out again, Stella? It seems too bad. You must be tired after your ride."

"I'll get the Ford out," said Mr. Bagot, and left the room. How gray and colorless he seemed. Yet he was a dear. Stella's eyes filled. She got up and moved out to the hall.

Her mother followed. "Stella dear," she remarked, in a manner less offhand than she wanted it to appear, "I'm going to ask you to be a little careful what you say before Martha. She seems to be restless."

"I . . . I wouldn't [Continued on page 75]

WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING

[Continued from page 42]

main building, and that it was hoped to do this with the \$120,000 set aside for that purpose by the Board of Trustees.

A clinic was held at the Masonic Temple, Albany, N. Y., recently, for the examination of little patients who had been discharged from the hospital at Springfield, Mass., and for children whose parents or guardians hope to obtain admittance for their little ones. More than fifty notices were sent out. The father of one little boy who had undergone treatment sent word from his home in one of the districts swept by the recent flood, that he was sorry traveling conditions made it impossible to take his son to the clinic, but that he hoped he could do so later. Part of his letter read:

"Please tell the doctor that Edward is doing fine and I am very sorry not to be able to be present. He sure has done wonderful by my son and he never will know how much I praise and thank him, also the Shriners Hospital. It is a wonderful place. Every mother I know thinks the same as I do. Edward sure appreciates it now, and I know when he gets older he will understand more and be just as thankful as I am. Every time I glance at him I breathe a word of thanks. Please tell the entering patients and mothers not to fear. They will breathe a prayer of rejoicing to the Shriners Hospital when they see as I have seen the wonderful miracles they can do."

That child was at the clinic. Shriners of Cyprus Temple sent an automobile for him.

In their work of mercy among the crippled children of the poor, the Shrine Hospitals daily are sending sunshine and happiness into hundreds of homes. One can visualize the return of happy little ones relieved of their deformities and able to romp and play like other children; the amazement of their parents, and their joy and gratitude when they realize what has been done. Stories of the children's homecoming form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of this great charitable work.

There is the case of Estella, a little Spanish girl of six years, who had never walked a step. She just slid along the floor. She never had seen a railroad train and could not speak a word of English. Her parents had no hope of her ever leaving the house. Some Shriners of Al Kaly Temple, Pueblo, Colo., heard of her and persuaded the parents she could be cured. The father was making hardly enough to support the large family and said he had no money or any way of paying. Finally he was made to understand that no money was needed, and the little girl was sent to a Shrine hospital.

When she came out of the anesthetic for the operation and saw the white room and the nurses in white, she thought she had died and gone to heaven. She was in a plaster cast, but she was so excited she rolled out of bed and hid underneath. A high school teacher was found who could speak her language, and she reassured the child that all was well and that she was among friends. Estella was in the hospital a year and a half, and the teacher was her constant companion, teaching her how to speak English and how to take care of herself. When it was time for her to return to her home she was met at the train by Shriners in an automobile. They took her to her home, and when the mother saw her little girl who had left in the arms of a doctor, come running to her, sound, rosy and happy and calling her Mama, it was more than she could stand, and she fainted. That was the first case handled by Al Kaly Temple.

The following letter, received at one of the hospitals, is one of many such expressions of gratitude from parents:

"Words cannot express to you our gratitude, thanks and appreciation for what you have done for our little son Clay. A year ago his feet were in a bad, a very bad way. Now, thanks to your noble work, his feet are straight and he does not look different from his playmates. We are so thankful that it was accomplished before he was old enough to start to school."

"The work you are doing is the noblest and most wonderful work that could be done on this earth, and to say that we thank you seems like nothing in return. The blight in Clay's life as well as our own has been erased and our hearts are filled with love and gratitude for the Shriners."

"May God bless you and reward you."

Two ambulances silently drew up to the Cenotaph in Montreal. Two crippled children on stretchers were carried out and laid in places of honor. Two others, on crutches, followed, while a fifth lad, in a chair, was conveyed by kindly hands to the foreground. Behind these were grouped several other lads, all members of the Boy Scout Troop from the Shriners Hospital at Montreal. It was the afternoon following Armistice Day. To one of the boys on crutches was given a huge wreath to be laid on the Cenotaph as another expression of tribute to Montreal's valiant dead in the World War.

At the ceremony were one hundred other Boy Scouts who had rallied to serve as a guard of honor for their crippled comrades, many war veterans, several members of the hospital staff, and a delegation of Shriners and their families. With the arrival of the patients, a Boy Scout played a General Salute, while all the scouts present raised their right hands for the scout salute. The little scout holding the wreath then placed it with many others that had been put there the day before. Stepping back, he stood at attention. Silence was observed for a minute then another scout played the Last Post. That closed the ceremony. The inscription attached to the wreath read:

"We are carrying on. The 113th Montreal (Shriners Hospital) Boy Scout Troop. Armistice Day, 1927."

The picture story of the rehabilitation of the crippled children of the poor, the great work carried on in the Shriners Hospital units, has been told in many parts of the country. The story, which is described in a three-reel picture called "An Equal Chance", closed a long tour last month. It will start on another early in the Spring when, it is hoped, the showing of the picture will form a regular part in the Ceremonial Sessions of many of the Temples. Noble Reynold E. Blight of Los Angeles, who has explained the work of the hospitals at the showings of the picture, said that his message was received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm. At the recent session of LuLu Temple, Philadelphia, where he showed the picture, Noble Blight, and the operator, Noble E. B. Olson, both of Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles, were made honorary members.

The next meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held next month, probably at St. Louis. The date has not yet been determined.

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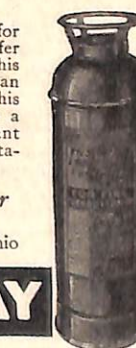
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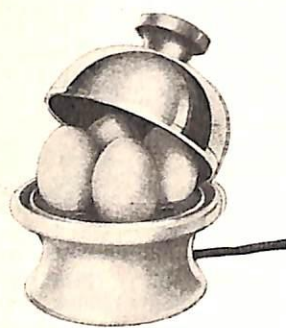
CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

(Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of the devices on this page)



(Above) A cookie sheet which browns and bakes perfectly cookies, rolls and biscuits.

(Below) An electric table egg-cooker that stops automatically when eggs are cooked. It also fries, scrambles and shirs.



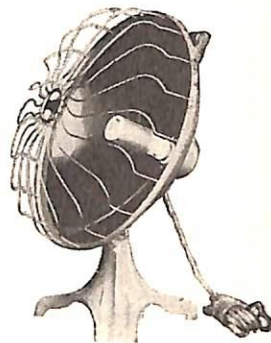
(Above) A filter that makes perfect coffee. There is no metal to affect flavor.



(Above) A floor polisher that attaches easily into its vacuum cleaner and does away with labor of polishing brush. Lightly guided it quickly polishes any floor.



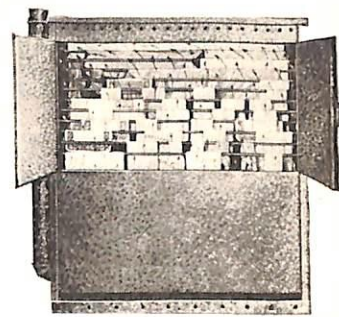
(Left) No guess work will endanger perfect candy and frying results if thermometers like this are used.



(Right) A portable electric heater which may be hung on the wall and comes in many colors. Its adjustable reflector casts heat wherever required.



(Above) A gas-heated clothes-dryer for home laundry is a great convenience in the winter. Clothes are placed on its drying rods, saving time and steps in hanging up out-of-doors.



(Above) This combined electric kitchen unit has sink, range, refrigerator, closets and ironing board in a single installation. Made of steel, it is a complete electric kitchen.

(Manufacturers, desiring to have their products or appliances tested for the benefit of SHRINE readers, can send their consignments to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Greenlawn, Long Island. Electrical appliances must be out-fitted with 32-volt motors.

by JAZZLAND [Continued from page 72]

say too much about New York before her." "Of course I'll be careful, Mother. There's Dad!... I'll take my bag up. My trunk's coming by express." "Your father will take it up. Don't bother. Go along if you must."

ALL her emotions seemed to jostle on the surface of her mind as she drove into the center. There was a caressing memory in the arching elms, a sense of peace about the pleasant homes. The old town was not wholly dead. There were smart cars, even smart-appearing people. But in the main the note was simplicity and quiet. Long since she had put all this behind, yet tonight it reached and touched her. The difficulty lay, she reflected, as she steered the ramshackle little car around the green to the Age office, in differing mental attitudes. Here in Ackland people clung to a world that was dead. Really it had passed on before the war. And then the war had finished everything. There were, of course, a lot of simple village minds living on here and there about the county. Naturally. You had to consider such and their prejudices every minute in making up a magazine. They couldn't bear the truth... facts and straight ahead thinking...

For a moment she just sat there. She'd promised to call Ernest in the morning. Apparently her time had come. No good in being jumpy about it. Everybody's time came, sooner or later. She pursed her lips. The great step would entail suffering. Her lips tightened and the dark eyes filled. Then she went into the Age office.

Homer sat at a flat-topped desk, near the door, quietly reading proof. Behind him, at other desks, were the flat-chested Miss Curry, whom she'd known from her girlhood, and a pale young man who breathed with a faint whistling sound. And the big press was throbbing like the engine of a ship. Ben March and the devil were in and out. There wasn't much opportunity to talk. She heard herself saying—"I thought I'd run down tonight after all, Homer"; and he replied, "That's good"; and then she sat at the vacant desk. Ham's desk, doubtless. Homer was courteous. He said there'd be time enough for talk as soon as the forms were closed. She remarked—"Do you know, I wouldn't mind working on a country paper for a while. It brings you close to life." To which he replied—"Oh yes, we're close enough." And added, "Look here, Stella, why don't you, while you're here, make the office your headquarters. As if you were on the staff. Answer telephone calls, meet people, just work along with us. I rather think it will give you a closer insight into our problem than any amount of looking around on the outside."

Her eyes lighted brightly. Curious how nervously eager and alive she was tonight. "Why, thanks, Homer," she said. "That's just what I'd like to do."

After ten the work slackened. Homer drew his swivel chair over with a grave—"Now we can talk, Stella. Have you read the editorials I sent down?"

"Yes. All of them." "Then you have a pretty good picture of poor old Ham. Of what was in his mind."

"Yes. And now tell me what you're planning to do."

"Oh, just carry on."

"Is there any light on the murder?"

"None. The police don't seem to be making any headway. There's one good man on the case. Wilbraham, of the State Police. But I notice he is pretty wary of the District Attorney's men and of our little local force. [Continued on page 76]

I Lost That Fat So Easily—So Quickly

Many people all about you now rejoice in slender figures. Wherever you look you can see that excess fat has largely disappeared.

Some have lost fat painfully—by starvation or abnormal exercise. But they found these methods slow and hard, and often dangerous. A great many others have gained the results in an easy pleasant way, modern and scientific.

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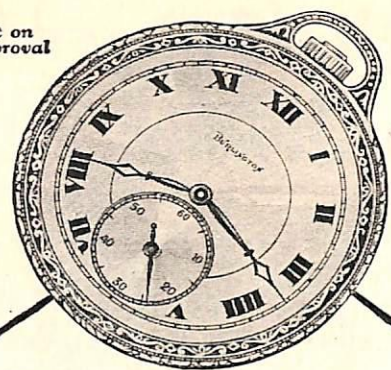
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JAZZLAND [Continued from page 75]

He doesn't say a word. But it looks to me, and I think to him too, as if there were some queer forces at work. Ham always admired our District Attorney, Billy Wykeham. But I'll confess, right now, that I don't understand the way he's acting. Something evasive there.

"I'd better talk with him."

"By all means. You might learn something that would help us, Stella."

"The district attorneyship is a political office, of course," she mused. Her mind was excitedly quick. It was a pleasure to show Homer how keen she could be. New York had done that for her. He'd see. He was friendly and frank. Older, strangely older, but open. And he looked as boyish as ever; with his curly hair brushed back in the same careful way.

"Oh yes," he was saying, "subjected to terrific pressures of one sort or another."

"Homer, I'm going to ask you to tell me just what is known about the murder."

"Well, we have the various stories of the Jazzland people. Not much else. Horwitz and Neddick are the proprietors."

"Queer names, for Ackland?"

"And queer people. But they're plausible enough. They both claim that nobody in the place that night was personally known to them. And none of the guests have come forward to speak since. You see they all got away in a panic after the shooting. Wilbraham says that's natural enough."

"But it is a little hard to see how they all could have slipped away."

"Well, here's the story. Neddick looks after the kitchens and claims not to have been in the dining room at all. Heard and saw nothing. Horwitz is the business man of the firm. He says he was in his office at the front of the building. He heard the shots, but supposed it was a truck back-firing on the state road. As he says, you hear a lot of sounds these days and don't think much about them. And it wasn't until the music stopped abruptly that he questioned these. There were no other unusual sounds, he said. No shouting or cursing, no screams; just a sudden hush. Then a noise of scuffling and people running. And the upsetting of a chair or two. He heard an automobile driving away. Then others. He says he got up then and went out through the front corridor to the dancing floor. That is a big central room with a few tables in the corners. The rest of the tables are on the two side porches. There are steps and parking grounds on each side of the building, so that it was easy enough for all of them to get away."

"According to Horwitz."

"Yes, according to Horwitz. He says he saw the last handful of them leaving the porches in a hurry. The colored musicians and the waiters were in a panic. Ham's body, he says, lay by the wall a few steps to the right of the main doorway. Apparently he had entered from the front and moved toward the tables in the right hand corner. He couldn't have been there long. None of the waiters had seen him or taken an order from him. His hat was found nearby, where it had fallen from his hand. The headwaiter, a man known as Albert, a Greek, says he had stepped out to the eastern veranda. All he seems able or willing to recall is that three roughish young men, accompanied by three girls, had a table in that right hand corner. He thought they'd been drinking before they came in."

"Haven't they a coatroom? How about hats and things?"

"That has been looked into. The coatroom boy says that only a few hats were left with him. Most of the people, he says, leave things in their cars. His story

is that after the music stopped he followed Mr. Horwitz to the dancing floor, and that when he remembered to return to his post the hats were all gone. That the owners must have slipped in at the front of the building and got them . . . That's the story. It's pretty baffling."

"Do you know why your brother went out there?"

Homer flashed a quick, thoughtful look. "No, I don't, Stella."

"There's no trace of the men who telephoned the warning to your brother?"

"Nothing, beyond the fact that it was rung in from a pay booth in Waltham."

"It certainly seems to indicate some connection between Jazzland and the bootlegging ring. Did they search the place for liquor?"

"Wykeham says they did. And found nothing. We don't seem able to get up that street at all. Of course, if we could dig out Ham's motive in going there we might have something. I'd better tell you, Stella, that the smoke screen people are making unpleasant capital of that. Persistently. Asking why he was there, after all his attacks on the place. Even around the square here, among the merchants. They don't say it to me, but I know the sort of talk that's running round."

The screen door opened and a huge figure of a man entered; a bearded elderly man, big in bone and frame, in a wrinkled old suit and a weather beaten fedora hat, smoking a long cigar. Stella found herself saying, "Why, how do you do, Mr. Harmer!" and submitting her hand to a big grip.

He was a strong man, Joe Harmer. A personage, as his father had been before him, and his grandfather and great-grandfather. Two hundred years of solid Harmers. He must have been sixty or more, at this time, yet appeared to be in his prime. But the vigor of his appearance seemed curiously belied by his voice, which was low and guardedly quiet. And the shrewdly humorous eyes were veiled. He never spoke an unnecessary word and seldom wrote a letter. He knew every clique, every group prejudice, every individual. In a sense, with limitations that none understood more subtly than himself, he might be said to rule the town. Back of his known judgment and ability loomed the strength of a respected family tradition. You could hardly take issue with Joe Harmer in Ackland; not if you wished to live comfortably in the town.

He pulled up a chair—"I saw that your lights were on, Homer, and thought I'd step in. I haven't had a chance to tell you how sorry I am."

Homer struck a match and lit his pipe. The quiet, almost colorless voice continued—"I'm glad to see that you're bearing up, Homer. It's the only thing . . . I suppose it's a little too early to ask what you're planning to do about things."

"Yes, a little early, Mr. Harmer."

"Are you thinking of keeping on with the paper?"

"Why, yes. Yes, I think I'll keep on with it."

"I think we've all hoped you would. The town wouldn't seem normal without some member of the Pew family running the Age . . . news that you'd gone to New York to stay . . ."

"I've come back." Homer's voice was firm and vibrant.

"Good! . . . sort of talk we like to hear from a Pew . . . what I was thinking . . . may find it a pretty heavy burden . . . if you need any help . . ."

"Your father was one of the best friends I ever had . . . mustn't mind my speaking of this."

"Oh, thank you a lot, Mr. Harmer. But it's really not necessary. I've taken hold and I mean to keep hold. I'm going to show you something . . . Miss Curry, will you please give me this week's editorial?"

Homer passed the strip of galley proof over to his caller, who stood reading it under the light.

"You see," explained Homer, quietly, gravely, "I'm keeping that editorial head of Ham's. I've taken up his fight. I think I know pretty accurately what was in his mind. A good deal more than he ever published in the paper. He was killed because he meant business. And I'm taking it up exactly where he dropped it. I mean business, too, Mr. Harmer."

There was a silence. Harmer's ruddy lids fluttered downward momentarily. Then, laying the strip of proof on the desk, he said:

"There's been a rumor around town that you were planning something of this sort, Homer." Then—"I'm certainly not the man to question your brother's principles or his courage."

The young man's hand tightened on the edge of the desk. "Nobody can raise such a question in this office, Mr. Harmer."

"Certainly not. I'll admit, as an older man, as a very much older man, I have at times questioned his judgment. We are dealing with a rough element, Homer. And life is pretty confusing, nowadays. A frontal attack isn't always the best policy."

"It is the policy of this paper, however. Until we've run that roadhouse out of town. I must speak plainly. You have expressed friendly sentiments. It is only fair to tell you what I propose to do. First, I'd like to ask you a direct question or two. Questions that I shall be asking in the paper . . . Why did you, as a selectman, vote to give the permit to Jazzland?"

The lids fluttered again; and a look of resignation settled on the bearded, strong face. "That is all a matter of record, Homer. There were hearings. I saw no sound legal reason for refusing. It is a legitimate restaurant business."

"That being so, why didn't you close the place after the murder?"

Another silence. Harmer leaned against the desk. "I'm glad you asked that question, Homer. A young man, feeling as you do, would naturally find it in his mind. I wish you'd come before the selectmen and ask us all. I don't mind telling you that it has been the one thing uppermost in our minds this past week. Do you suppose for one minute we don't want to?"

"I've wondered."

"Naturally. Of course you have. Do you think I could fail to understand the intensity of your feeling in the face of this awful tragedy? The unfortunate thing is, the selectmen can't act on feeling. We must show a sound reason for every step we may take or we fail in our sworn duty to the town. At the present moment there is not one shred of evidence connecting the proprietors or even the employees of Jazzland with the murder."

"You know, surely, Mr. Harmer, that before my brother was murdered, he was directly threatened, by telephone."

"It's a point, Homer. It suggests a motive. We're looking into that. But it isn't evidence. Not yet. I'm afraid we'll have to dig deeper than that. It may even have to be a blind." Harmer sighed. "Homer, I don't blame you for being impatient. Or for going out to avenge your brother's murder. But there are rough forces loose in the world. We need all the wisdom we've got. And patience."

He went slowly out.

Homer lowered his pipe and watched the selectman's departure.

Stella, glancing sidelong, found this young man stirring her blood. There were depths

in him; and there was flaming courage. What a story!

He remarked (how quiet he was!). "He came in to try to buy the paper. Funny! I don't believe he's said so much in fifteen minutes these forty years."

"He knows something, Homer."

"I wonder."

"I felt guilt in him. All that shrewd evasiveness."

"Oh no, Stella! Not guilt. Joe Harmer may be a lot of things, but Heavens, he's not a murderer!"

"You've made an enemy."

"No. Not me. He came ready-made."

"He's very strong."

"I know." He rose. "But that's that."

I wonder if you'd excuse me for a minute, Stella." The crisp edge left his voice, and his eyes filled. Hers filled too. Rather silly, but she was on edge, anyway. "I want to run home and see if Kitty's in bed and say good night. You see . . . things are still pretty bad at home. Aunt Emma's been prostrated all the week. And Kitty isn't herself. Ham was . . . well, sort of her father. And it's my job now."

She couldn't speak. He put on coat and cap and went briskly out.

A bell rang. Miss Curry, who was putting on her hat at the mirror in the rear of the room, remarked, "That's Homer's 'phone.'"

Stella said—"I'll take it." She moved over to the other desk. "Ackland Age," she said.

"Put Homer Pew on the 'phone." The voice at her ear was quick, high-pitched, husky.

"He's not in."

"You just tell him if he knows what's good for him he'll be thinking he'd better . . ."

The screen door opened. Homer had heard the bell and was returning.

"Wait a minute. Here he is!" She put her hand over the transmitter. "Take the other 'phone, Homer. I think we'd both better hear this."

He nodded, and lifted the receiver carefully, without a click. "Homer Pew speaking."

"Look here, if you know what's good for you you'll watch your step."

Stella quickly called the operator. "Where did that message come from? . . . I see." She hung up.

Homer was moving again toward the door. The asthmatic young man looked up, very white with startled eyes. Miss Curry stood motionless, staring.

"Wait, Homer!" cried Stella. "It came from the booth in the railway station."

Homer's expression had not changed at all. He merely shrugged, and turned again. But Stella was at his side, catching at his arm. "Don't go alone, Homer!"

"It's all right, Stella. The town is well policed now." That was all he said. He had no fear in him; no self-consciousness, even. He went on out; got into his car and drove off. And for a moment Stella's breath failed.

Then she hurried back to the telephone. He had dropped a casual remark about the State police appearing rather wary of the local force. So, quickly, she called the State patrol station.

"Gosh," muttered the pale young man, with a faint whistle always in his speech, "this is getting on my nerves!"

The telephone rang again. Stella took it up. Listened. Turned swiftly to the others. "A police call has come in from the Pew house," she said. "That was Miss Page, at Central."

The asthmatic youth leaped up, flushing red. "We'd better get right over there."

"My car's here," said Stella. "I'll drive you. Never mind your hat!"

[To be continued]



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SHOAL WATERS

[Continued from page 36]

"Oh, is one supposed to know what one wants to do? Fancy young men with ambition, is that it? Like me better if my brow were dark with responsibility and my jaw—" he thrust it forward at a pugnacious angle.

"I might," she laughed.

He steered the talk into lighter channels, told her about a cruise he had taken last summer in his father's yacht—"down the east coast into the Gulf—keen!" And about the Gillard estate at Beverley Hills—"stables, tennis courts, swimming pool... lot of movies been made on our own grounds... neat place for house-parties when the old man's away. You've probably noticed the place driving by," he added. "On Vista del Mar, near Laguna—high white walls—row of cocoa palms along the drive—"

"We don't go out much," Beth said. "We haven't got a car—"

"Tough, not to have a car," he sympathized. "Wish I had mine here—" Suddenly his hand came out and closed on her arm above the elbow. "Like me a little?" he asked.

"Yes," Beth unhesitatingly admitted.

His hand tightened, drew her toward him. "Something funny about you—don't know what, just—" He had her close in his arms and kissed her now in a tentative, experimental fashion. "Nice, though," he breathed, "quite surprisingly nice—"

Beth was shocked into a kind of paralysis of mind and body, her senses swimming together in a delicious blur.

"... never met anybody like you, just," he mused on. "Best of it is, you're not slippery... don't wheedle or flatter a man... don't fasten on like a leech... fetching little 'go-plumb-to-the-devil' look in your eye that I haven't seen in... in a long time—" Sentences punctuated with leisurely kisses, the tone drowsily warm.

It was terribly sudden, yet she had no sense of his taking undue advantage. She looked upon it, rather, as her initiation into modernity and lay very still in his arms, eyes closed, bravely returning his kisses one by one. Then Beth felt herself sinking into a thrall that was altogether beyond words, at the same time waiting tensely for a certain few words that must surely be spoken before anything could be sealed or sanctified. Three little words upon which everything must hinge, words that were burning right now in her heart, crowding her throat for utterance...

"You're nice," he repeated. "Do you know, Beth—you're most awfully nice?" Glib, sleepy tone—that warning gong again. "Why do you keep saying that?" she asked, drawing away.

"Didn't know you could be so nice—"

"But why don't you say—why don't you tell me—" she began desperately.

"Only give me an idea what—"

"That—that you love me!" she almost sobbed.

"Love?" he repeated with eyes closed.

"Where have I heard that little word before?"

Beth gasped. "You don't! Then why are you—why do you—"

"Pet you?" he supplied the word. "It's very pleasant—"

"Oh, I don't understand!"

He sat up and laughed at her. "A couple of old-timers like we are don't have to dress it up—"

"Dress what up?"

"Say!" he exploded. "Are you dumb—or cuter than anybody knows?" He pulled her down to him almost roughly.

Beth lay still. Dumb. No, she didn't want to be dumb. Anything but that!

She began to feel cold. The coldness began at the very center of her and worked



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its way out. It was as if she knew just one thing in the world—that she could not go through with this thing. Yet not to go through with it meant proving herself all that she did not want to be—old-fashioned, dumb.

Now on top of all the rest, she knew a sudden terrible pang at the thought of losing this man who lay so close to her. To tell him the truth about herself would doubtless mean to lose him for all time! Caught in the agony of the thought she gazed into his face—deep into it, loving him. His eyes opened and met her own. He seemed surprised for an instant, then the heaviness came back and he kissed her again. "Going to stay right here," he murmured lazily. "Not going back to that old hotel at all."

That was too much. Beth raised herself to her knees, covered her face and sobbed.

"S'matter now, for cat's sake?"

"I'm not like that!" she wailed. "I never can be! It's no use!"

"What the devil do you mean?"

She drew a long breath and held it. "I've been letting you think something that isn't true. I'm not modern at all!"

"I don't get you," he said, sudden coldness in the tone.

Now Beth's words came in gusts of tears: "I didn't want you to know! I wanted you to think just what you did! But I can't—I didn't know it was going to be like this! I've waited too long—I've grown old in the house I was born in!"

He cocked a wary but half-amused eye at her. "Just what do you expect me to draw from that last good line of yours?"

"I mean I didn't break away in time!"

Beth sobbed miserably. "I wasn't brave enough! I stayed home and let my spinster sisters and aunt decide everything! Outside of working in a bank, I've never done anything or been anywhere or seen anything—"

"If you're trying to put something over on me, it just isn't being done!" He flopped back against the pillows. "What about these?" he added, jerking a thumb at the cigarettes. "Kind of a girl that 'grows old in the house she was born in'—doesn't smoke! Besides, you played up to me—you wanted me to kiss you!"

His laugh had an angry note. "Say, what is this rot you're trying to hand me about being born yesterday?"

"I always thought people had to love each other," Beth said vaguely.

"What?"

"Maybe they don't any more. Maybe that's one of the differences between being old-fashioned and modern—"

"Oh, bunkum!" he snorted.

The callousness of that amazed her. It was like a rude awakening from the dream of fulfillment in which she had been softly carried away. In the moment of silence that followed, a complete turnover took place within Beth—all her repressed love and fierce disappointment reacting now against him.

"You're feelingless!" she cried passionately. "That's why everything seems empty to you! You yourself told me it was all 'empty'! That's why—because you've forgotten how to love!"

The suddenness of her attack made him laugh and Beth waxed angrier. "What's the use of all your experience if you can't feel what's happening to you?" she continued fiercely. "You have money—everything in the world, yet you have nothing—because you're empty inside!"

His mouth was still loose with the laugh, but his eyes had opened queerly to take in the spectacle of Beth Aubrey's flushed, passionate face.

"Probably you think it's clever to be jaded and worn out at your age! Probably you think it's clever [Continued on page 80]

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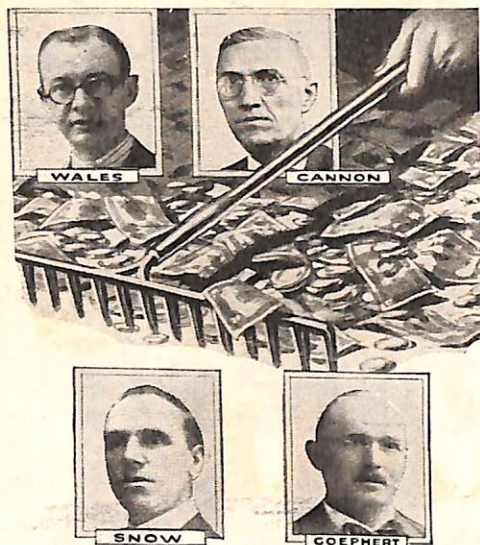
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THIS remarkable profit story written by four ambitious salesmen is a direct challenge to every man whose present line pays him less than \$5,000 clear cash profit every year.

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Or look at the four men whose records present me to address this message to you! On an average investment of \$3.78 in sales outfits they sold over \$29,500 worth of Coffield Tire Protectors in just twelve months.

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801 N. E. Harshman St., Dayton, Ohio.

I want to make \$5,000 a year. Send me details of your proposition, also FREE SAMPLE of the Coffield Tire Protector.

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SHOAL WATERS

[Continued from page 79]

to worry your father and scorn his business. If I were your father I'd give that filing desk to somebody who deserved it and would work to keep it! . . . Oh, you can call me 'dumb' if you want to! It's true! If it weren't for the movies and newspapers I wouldn't know there was a 'modern generation.' 'Shoal waters,' you said. I'm like that! Only not the way you mean it—not 'backwash,' because I've never been out! I was brought up like a prude! I'm not, though! But I'm not worn-out and disillusioned either! I haven't lived much—I've missed about everything there is, but I haven't forgotten how to love! I mean I'd know *how* all right—I can see that—" Beth halted, breathless, abashed.

Still Gilland did not speak. He glanced up at the curtains now purpled with dusk, and then at his watch. He yawned, stretched, straightened his tie, flicked a grain of ash from his coat-sleeve, glanced at her. Then he got up and moved to the door. Standing there his eyes came round to her again. "Well," he said, grinning with sheepish uncertainty. "Well, I guess that will be about all—if you feel like that about it!"

The following morning Beth decided to go back to Town.

The sun was shining—clean blue morning outside. Suddenly she remembered the hole in the white sand among the dunes. Why hurry away? Tomorrow would do as well. And so Beth went out for a last sun-bath and there in the hole waiting for her, was Griff Gilland.

"It was good of you to come," he said queerly.

"I didn't think you'd be here . . . " "Fact is, I've been thinking a lot . . . wanted to talk to you . . . thought I'd come over this afternoon, if you didn't show up here—"

Beth's brain was one vast expectancy, but seconds passed and he said nothing. "Had a queer night of it," he said once, by way of introduction, but the attempt flattened out. His manner was actually diffident. The bright, hard surface of his eyes had somehow melted, so that she could look way in and see the boy in him. "Wish I had my car here," he said at length. "Like to take you for a run somewhere—if you'd go."

Beth flushed with sudden happiness. "Would you?" he asked.

"I'd love to!"

He seemed relieved. "Less than three weeks more," he muttered. "Then we can do a lot of things—if you like. Ever make the drive along the Coast to Santa Barbara? . . . Slick! San Diego's a nice run, too. Ever been to Tia Juana?"

"No," Beth confessed.

"Will you go with me?"

"Of course!" she laughed.

Pause. "Wrote to the O. M. last night. Told him to rest easy about my taking position at that filing desk—"

Beth's eyes came round to him, big and moist with astonishment. "You did!" she breathed.

"Yeah, he'll be burning rubber this way soon as he gets it," Griff said confidently. "Like to have you meet him—"

"I'd like it, too—" her voice a warm huskiness now.

"Holding anything against me?" he inquired at last.

"No—" she whispered.

"Glad."

More silence, with the sunlight playing between them. "Say," he broke out. "I acted funny about it last night, because it was all so doggone new! But I wish—I wish you'd tell me some more about love . . . "



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Play your best game—
Do your best work—

You are but half a man!

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This is the plaintive cry of many sufferers. The undue pressure of the truss constricts the blood-vessels, interfering with circulation and tending to devitalize the parts. Afflicted people everywhere feel their ruptures steadily getting worse, largely due to the maltreatment of the condition by the punishing truss. Men who are young in years, but aging prematurely in body, spirit and vital powers, are found in alarming numbers among truss-wearers. Decide now—finally to

Free Yourself From the Truss!

Be a 100% Man!

Mr. Wm. Schenck, North St. Paul, Minn., declares under oath that he used trusses for 35 years and also underwent operations without getting well. He further states that he used STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS and now has no more rupture. His brother is also one of the many who used the PLAPAO-PADS with equal success.

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